

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
RICHARD RIGBY, Esq.

PAYMASTER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

MEMBER OF THE MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.

AS A SMALL BUT SINCERE TRIBUTE

OF ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

THIS TRANSLATION

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

Queen-Street,
May 15th, 1780.

THOMAS FRANCKLIN.

ON THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
L U C I A N.
A D I A L O G U E,

BETWEEN
LUCIAN, AND LORD *LYTTELTON,
IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

L U C I A N.

BY that shambling gait, and length of carcase, it must be Lord Lyttelton coming this way.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

And by that arch look and farcastic smile you are my old friend Lucian, whom I have not seen this many a day. *Fontenelle* and I have just now been talking of you, and the obligations we both had to our old master: I assure you, there was not a man in all antiquity, for whom,

* *Lord Lyttelton, &c.*] Not the last Lord Lyttelton, but his illustrious father, author of *Dialogues of the Dead*, the *Persian Letters*, &c. &c.

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a

whilst

whilst on earth, I had a greater regard than yourself.

L U C I A N.

Nor is there a modern writer whom I more esteem and respect than the amiable, the elegant, the moral, and virtuous Lord Lyttelton.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

In this, though Lucian was never remarkable for panegyric, I would fain think you sincere: that I am myself so in what I have said of *you*, I have given you, I think, in my life-time, sufficient proof by my *Dialogues of the Dead*: those who flatter a man may deceive, those who court may betray; but those who take pains to imitate, have certainly the highest esteem for him. I endeavoured to come as nearly to you as I could.

L U C I A N.

And were, upon the whole, tolerably successful; though, to say the
truth,

truth (and truth you know is always spoken in these regions), you are rather too grave to be quite *Lucianic*, too polite to be merry, and too wise to be very entertaining. I speak with freedom on this head, and the rather, because your Dialogues, however ingenious, are but an inconsiderable part of that large property of literary fame which you acquired, whereas they in reality make up *my* whole estate; you can bear therefore better than myself a little deduction from it.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

In point of humour and irony, I must acknowledge, I have followed you,

Haud passibus æquis.

There is a vein of ease and pleasantry in your works which I have always thought inimitable, nor do I know any author, ancient or modern, that in this respect can enter into compe-

tition with you; and yet you are not half so much read, at least amongst *us*, as many much inferior writers: the true value and admiration of *Lucian* will, after all, I am afraid, in every age and nation, be confined to the judicious few, who have a kind of classic reverence for ancient story, and an enthusiastic love of the fabulous and poetical: to these his delicate satire and refined humour will always give inexpressible pleasure.

L U C I A N.

But surely, my friend, general satire, and true humour (and these you are kind enough to grant me), stand as fair a chance of general approbation as any other species of authorial merit can entitle us to.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

That, I grant you, is a fair supposition, and might have its effect, were it equally true that delicate irony, like your's, were universally
tasted

tasted and understood; but, as my friend *Tristram Shandy* says, "It is not in the power of every man to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God."

L U C I A N.

Humour, I grant you, is the gift of heaven, and so, for aught I know, may be a taste for it; but you will take this along with you, that whatever is possessed by few is always affected, and pretended to, by many: though not one in a thousand has a proper and adequate idea of true humour, yet every one puts in a claim to it: few, therefore, would willingly be thought totally unacquainted with, or disclaim all knowledge of and acquaintance with *me*; especially amongst you Englishmen, of whom humour is said to be characteristic.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

It may be so; but the unlearned
 a 3 have

have never yet seen you in a good English dress, and our literati are too proud or too idle to visit you in your own: they accuse you, besides, of certain faults, which it would ill become me to mention.

L U C I A N.

O pray, my Lord, be not scrupulous in that point; I took the liberty but just now to censure *your* works, and you have a fair right to retaliate on *mine*: let us hear what your * Alexander's and Peregrinus's have to urge against me.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

To be plain with you then, my friend, they object that in some parts of your works there is some degree of obscurity.

L U C I A N.

Nothing, my Lord, so obscures

* *Alexander's, &c.*] The enemies of Lucian, whom he has severely satirized. See the Translation, vol. ii. page i. and vol. ii. p. 431.

an object as seeing it through a bad medium, that both distorts and discolours it; place that, I beseech you, to the blunders of tasteless and ignorant transcribers, who have frequently adulterated my sterling coin, and put their own base metal in its stead; have often taken a great deal of pains to make me speak false grammar, bad Greek, and nonsense not half so agreeable as my own; and yet, my sense and meaning, in spite of all their interpolations, may in most places, I believe, be fairly made out by the context. But this is by no means the worst treatment which I have received. Translators, critics, and commentators have united to injure, misrepresent, and disgrace me. I need not point out to your lordship the dull, imperfect, and unmeaning things which they have imputed to me, and which I never wrote, though they are to be

met with in every edition of my works.

LORD LYTTLETON.

In this, I own, you are to be pitied; but to have more literary crimes to answer for than you were ever guilty of is what men of wit and genius must always expect; you have only to comfort yourself with this reflection, that readers of taste (and such only you would wish to please), can easily distinguish, by internal and indisputable marks, what is really your's from what is falsely ascribed to you. Can any man in his senses suppose that the humorous author of *Timon*, *Toxaris*, and *Hermotimus*, could ever have thrown away his time and talents in such school-boy declamations as the *Tyrant-Killer*, *Harmonides*, and the *Disinherited Son*; or that the avowed enemy of superstition and hypocrisy, would so contradict himself as to

enter

enter into a serious defence of Judicial Astrology?

L U C I A N.

You have forgot the * last, though not the least of their impositions, the *Ocypus*, which they have been so obliging as to compliment me with; this, as I believe I one day hinted to you, was written by a witless Sophist, who, encouraged by my success in the *Trago-Podagra* (one of my best performances), took upon him to imitate it in that very dull and unentertaining after-picce.

But this is not all that I have to complain of; the same obliging gentlemen, who have attributed to me what I did *not* write, have thought proper also to rob me of what I really *did*: some of them, on the wings not of love but of hatred, have

* *The last.*] The *Ocypus* is the last of Lucian's tracts, and follows the *Tragopodagra* in Hemsterhusius's, and, I believe, every other edition

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made no scruple of flying away with my † *Halcyon*, because, forsooth, the bird is too grave for me, “ Vix credibile fit (says one of them), Lucianum de deorum vi et potentiâ tam rectè sensisse, et tam magnificè locutum ; it is impossible that Lucian should think so properly, or speak so nobly of the power of the gods.”

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This, indeed, my good friend, was rather hard upon you ; but, as our English proverb says, “ give a dog an ill name and hang him.” You had spoken, however, it must be acknowledged, pretty freely of your Pagan deities ; so freely, indeed, that I have often wondered how you came off with impunity, whilst you lashed with so much poig-

† *Halcyon*.] See p. 53 of the Translation. Dialogum hunc (says the commentator), inter apertè nothos numerat Diogenes Laertius.

nant satire the established religion of your country.

L U C I A N.

I will tell you, my Lord, how that happened: at the time when I wrote, three parts of those whom I wrote to and conversed with were of the same opinion with myself: I had not only the laugh on my side, but the majority also; add to this, my Lord, that, with regard to matters of this kind, if we ancients had not so much zeal as you philosophers of latter days, you must allow that we had more good-nature; and, however we might differ amongst ourselves in our religious sentiments, we did not, like you Christians, cut one another's throats about them.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Well observed, my friend, and with your usual asperity; but I shall soon return the compliment with another accusation against you in the
court

court of criticism, for repetition and tautology. Some of our learned doctors say, you frequently labour under a plethory of wit, a kind of overflowing of the satiric gall, which gives an ugly tinge to your complexion; when you get hold of game you run it down till you are out of breath: your branches, to say the truth, are sometimes rather too luxuriant.

L U C I A N.

My faults I fear are but too numerous, and so, my Lord, are the images you make use of to illustrate them; the whole, however, amounts to no more than that I am apt to be too entertaining, and, when I am in the merry mood, know not where to stop. The plethora of wit, and an over-flow of good satire, I must beg leave to observe, are disorders which you moderns seldom labour under: you should, nevertheless,

theless, have some pity on those who do.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This may be wit, but it is not argument. And now, my dear *Lucian*, to be a little more serious, I must proceed to a heavier charge, and which you will not, I fear, so easily get over; and that is,

Want of decency,

which, as my friend Pope well observes,

is want of sense.

There are certain liberties, which all the wit in the world, or, which is nearly the same thing, all the wit and humour of *Lucian*, can never palliate, or excuse. I could point out some passages of this kind, but, at present —

L U C I A N.

If any such there are, and such, perhaps, there may be, I wish, my
Lord

Lord, with all my heart, that they had never been written. I guess, indeed, at what you allude to, and must fairly confess, I have loaded my * *Afs's* panniers with a little too much salt: but, to speak in the language of the † friend you just now quoted, when we get upon our hobby-horse, (and then, you know, the *afs* was mine,) there is no knowing what lengths he may carry us.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

But this is not the only ride you have taken: what think you of the † *Ερωτες*, which you cannot deny being the author of?

L U C I A N.

There, indeed, I stand self-condemned: but the age I lived in, and the manners of those licentious times,

* *The Afs.*] See the translation, vol. ii. p. 125.

† *The friend.*] Tristram Shandy.

‡ *Ερωτες.*] Or, the Loves. This curious tract is omitted in the translation.

must

must mitigate my crime. The subject of that little tract was then as common a topic of discourse, and thought as innocent a one as it has since been, and, perhaps, to this day is, in modern Italy : but this, your Lordship will say, is a poor plea in my favour,

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

But an indifferent one, indeed : the grossness and obscenity, so often to be met with, not only in *your* works, but in many other ancient authors, is to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever you chuse to throw a veil over ideas of the loose kind, (instances of which might be given in the piece I just now mentioned,) you do it in a manner more elegant than we generally find amongst the chaster writers of modern ages : how it has happened, I know not ; but we are certainly much more nice in this point than *you* used to be.

LUCIAN.

. Which, by the by, my Lord, is no irrefragable proof that you are a whit more virtuous ; for, as our friend Voltaire has prettily observed, “ la pudeur s’est enfuié des Cœurs, et s’est réfugiée sur les levres : ” he adds also, which, I think, is going too far, in still stronger terms, and less to your credit, that “ plus les Mœurs sont depravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées ; on croit regagner en langage ce qu’on a perdu en vertu.”

LORD LYTTLETON.

You come off pretty well, as you generally do ; but, now we are upon this head, let me ask you one question : did you write what are usually called the Meretrician Dialogues, or Dialogues of the Harlots, which your enemies have attributed to you ? I hope they are the production of some other pen.

L U C I A N.

By Hercules, every one of them : they were written, I assure you, by one of those pretenders to wisdom, whom I so severely ridiculed ; on purpose, I suppose, to bring down my character upon a level with his own.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This, indeed, was always my opinion ; for they are as dull as they are lewd, as void of wit and humour as of decency, and just as entertaining as, would be a detail of the conversation between abandoned courtesans in a modern brothel.

L U C I A N.

They are so. Apollo forbid I should ever have stained my papyrus with such ribaldry ! Upon the whole, my lord, with all my looseness and immorality, if you will needs judge from what I left behind me, I am not so bad as some folks

think me : setting aside my writings, I could appeal to my *life*, which is the fairest testimony, for my real character.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Of that, as well as of your works, we have had various, and even contradictory accounts : never could I fit down to read the dull history of it in the balderdash Latin of a Dutch biographer. I should be infinitely obliged to you, therefore, if, whilst we ramble across this pleasant meadow, you would indulge me with a little sketch of your life from your own mouth.

L U C I A N.

That I will, with all my heart.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

“ And brief, good Lucian, for I am in haste.”

L U C I A N.

Know, then, my dear lord, my family, I must confess, none of the
noblest,

noblest, was originally Grecian, and came from Patra in Achaia, from which place, for some prudential reasons, not necessary to be here mentioned, they retired to Samosata, a city of Commagene in Syria, on the Euphrates, which had the honour, for so I know your lordship will call it, of giving * birth to your friend Lucian.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

And an honour it certainly was; for who, but for this fortunate circumstance to immortalize it, would ever have heard of Samosata? as I do not remember to have read that it ever produced any man of wit or genius except yourself. I have often, indeed, wonder'd to find you, in several parts of your works, mentioning, as if you were proud of it, the place of your nativity.

Birth.] Probably about the year 90.

- . I will tell you, my lord, why I did so: because I knew my enemies, of whom I had always a sufficient number, would certainly take notice of it, if I did not; would have talked perpetually of Syria, and thrown it in my teeth, that I was not a Grecian, but a Barbarian. I was resolved, therefore, to be before-hand with them, and to let them know, that a native of Samofata could write as well as the best of them. But, to resume my narrative. As my father, who was a poor labouring man, had not an obolus to spare, my education in my younger years was, as you may suppose, but indifferent; and though I had a very early and strong propensity to literature, could meet with very few opportunities of improving it: I remained, consequently, for a long time, totally ignorant.

LORD LYTTLETON.

Under disadvantages like these, it is astonishing how you could ever have attained to a style so pure, elegant, and correct; and, which is still more extraordinary, in a corrupt and degenerate age, when taste and genius were almost extinct, and scarce any footsteps remained of true Grecian perfection in the world of science and literature. At such a period to emerge from the darkness of scholastic jargon, and shine forth, as you did, in all the lustre of classic purity, was a singular phænomenon, and not easily to be accounted for.

LUCIAN.

If I have any merit as an author, which you seem partial enough to suppose, I can attribute it to nothing but the early habit which I had contracted in my infancy of having perpetually in my hands the works of some of the best ancient writers, Ho-

mer, Plato, Xenophon; and two or three more; these, when I was sent of errands by my father, I used to beg, borrow, or steal from some of the great men in our neighbourhood: these I devoured with the greatest eagerness, and to these I frankly own myself indebted for all the fame which I afterwards acquired.

The unfortunate adventure at my first setting out in life, and the desperate quarrel with my uncle, I need not here repeat to you, as you are already acquainted with it by the * Dream which, I doubt not, you have often read. I shall only, therefore, observe to you, that, after the memorable event there recorded, meeting with nothing at home but hard words, and yet harder fare, I took the first opportunity to decamp;

* *The Dream.*] See Lucian's first tract.

packed up my little all, (little enough, heaven knows, it was) and made the best of my way to Antioch: there, under the tuition of my illustrious patroness, having gained knowlege, or, at least, impudence enough to become a professor, I set up as teacher of Rhetoric, which was the fashionable accomplishment of those times, and universally sought after and admired, as it was the general opinion, that eloquence might be as easily taught, and as readily acquired, as dancing, playing on the flute, or any thing else which nature might, or might not have any objection to.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

That idea, absurd as it is, was not confined to Antioch, or the age you lived in, but extended to later times: our witty and sensible friend, lord † Chesterfield, entertained the same

† See the Letters to his Son.

opinion, and has gravely asserted that every man may be an orator if he pleases, provided he will take the pains to make himself one: experience, however, in the person of his son, convinced him of the contrary. But, pray go on.

L U C I A N.

There, then, I soon distinguished myself, and got many a hard-earned festerce by beating eloquence into the heads of the young nobility: by this, together with the aid of writing exercises and declamations, which were much in vogue, I gained a tolerable livelihood. * Some of them are, perhaps, still extant in my works.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

I thought you had also, either at Antioch or Macedon, I know not which, another trade, and practised as a lawyer.

* *Some of them.*] Of these notice is taken in the course of the translation.

L U C I A N.

I blush to own it, my lord, but this. I certainly did: the scholastic harangues which I had been long used to, and a habit of defending both sides of the question, insensibly qualified me for a pleader at the bar. In this crooked path, full of thorns and briars, I wandered for some time, and dealt in abuse, equivocation, and chicanery, with tolerable success: a certain unavoidable sense, however, of right and wrong, and some qualms of conscience, which I could never entirely get over, soon estranged me from a profession which might, perhaps, have turned out in the end very advantageous to me.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Your opinion of the law, my good friend, we are not now to learn; you have given it us pretty freely in many parts of your works: but, pray, what became of you after you
left

left Antioch? for, if I am not mistaken, in the early part of life, you were a great Rambler.

L U C I A N.

I was so: the success which I met with in my two professions of law and rhetoric, enabled me, in a few years, to gratify the strong passion which I always had for travelling, and I accordingly, during the reigns of the Antonines, took my route from Antioch into Ionia and Greece; from thence I roved to Gaul and Italy, and returned, through Macedonia, into my own country: this agreeable peregrination was, as you may suppose, of infinite service to me; during the course of it, I acquired a stock of useful knowledge, with regard to men and things, that laid the foundation of all the little share of merit and of fame which I could ever pretend to.

Tired, however, at last, with repeated

peated wanderings, I fixed my habitation in the seat of empire, retired to the groves of Academus, and, as I advanced in years, sought for ease and pleasure in the bosom of philosophy.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Who, herself, if we are to credit your assertions, was not in a very easy situation ; being, at that time, like yourself, rather on the decline.

L U C I A N.

I endeavoured, however, to restore her to her pristine rank and dignity, and was, upon the whole, I believe, of some service to her. I had not, indeed, rank or fortune enough properly to defend or support her, and was, moreover, having now lost the practice of both my professions, sinking apace into poverty and old age, when Providence interfered in my favour, and put it into the head of an honest Emperor

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peror most amply to provide for me : the good Marcus Aurelius took me into his house, made me his friend and companion, and gave me the superintendency of Ægypt, an honourable and lucrative employment.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Which, I suppose, like the great pensioners of my time, you performed the duty of by deputation, and made an agreeable sinecure of it.

L U C I A N.

I did, and spent the remainder of my days in ease, pleasure, and festivity.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Your life, if I have been rightly informed, was a pretty long one : but, pray, what, after all, put an end to it ? for of this, as of many other things concerning you, we have had various accounts.

L U C I A N.

I know you have, * Suidas has
fet

* *Suidas.*] Who calls Lucian an Atheist and Blasphemer,

fet his dogs at me, and worried me to death: another has charitably conſigned me to hell flames, which, notwithstanding, I have hitherto, as you ſee, had the good fortune to eſcape; and all this, I believe, on account of a little tract called † *Philopatris*, which, between friends, I had no hand in; but the real cauſe of my death was, by Hercules, that raſcally diſorder, which had killed ſo many honeſt fellows before me, even that *opprobrium medicorum* the ‡ Gout, whoſe attacks I ſeverely felt for many years, who at laſt ſnatched me away in the prime of my life, and tranſported me, in the ninetieth

phemer, and tells us he was torn in pieces by dogs as he returned from a feaſt.

† *Philopatris*.] See the Tranſlation, vol. iv. p. 446. This tract, together with that on the Death of Peregrinus, were both proſcribed in the Romiſh Index Expurgatorius, during the Pontificate of Alexander VII. as not fit to be read by Chriſtians.

‡ *The gout*.] Podagrâ nonnigenarius obiit, ſays Bourdelotius.

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year of my age, from a wicked world to these happy mansions, where I have now the pleasure of conversing with your Lordship.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

I thought, by your Tragopodagra, that you spoke feelingly, and like one who had experienced the miseries which you so pathetically, as well as so humorously describe; considering, however, the length of your thread, you have little reason to complain of Atropos for cutting it too soon; though there it was certainly no small degree of ingratitude in the lady, whom you had raised to the rank of a divinity, to kill the man who had so exalted her.

L U C I A N.

It was a return, indeed, which I little expected, and had I foreseen her conduct, I am inclined to think I should never have made a goddess of her,

L O R D.

LORD LYTTLETON.

In good truth I believe *not*. I thank you, my friend, for your little *hifloriette*, and wish with all my heart I could * convey it to a friend of mine in the other world, to whom, at this juncture, it would be of particular service: I mean a bold adventurer, who has lately undertaken to give a new and complete translation of all your works. It is a noble design, but an arduous one; I own I tremble for him.

LUCIAN.

I heard of it the other day from Goldsmith, who knew the man. I think he may easily succeed better in it than any of his countrymen, who hitherto have made but miserable work with me; nor do I make a much better appearance in my

* *Convey.*] How the translator came into possession of this Life of Lucian, and the whole Dialogue, my readers may probably be informed at some convenient opportunity.

French habit, though that I know has been admired. D'Ablancourt has made me say a great many things, some good, some bad, which I never thought of, and, upon the whole, what he is done is more a paraphrase than a translation.

LORD LYTTLETON.

All attempts to represent you, at least in our own language, which I have yet seen, have failed, and all from the same cause, by the translator's departing from the original, and substituting his own manners, phraseology, expression, wit and humour, instead of your's: nothing, as it has been observed by one of our best critics, is so grave as true humour (and almost every line of Lucian is a proof of it); it never laughs itself, whilst it sets the table in a roar; a circumstance which these gentlemen seem all to have forgotten: instead of those set features,

tures, and furious aspect, which you always wear when most entertaining, they present us for ever with a broad grin, and if you have the least smile upon your countenance, make you burst into a vulgar horse-laugh: they are generally, indeed, such bad painters, that the daubing would never be taken for you, if they had not written Lucian under the picture. I heartily wish the Doctor better luck.

L U C I A N.

And there is some reason to hope it: for I hear he has taken pains about me, has studied my features well before he sat down to trace them on the canvas, and done it, CON-AMORE: if he brings out a good resemblance, I shall excuse the want of grace and beauty in his piece. - I assure you I am not without pleasing expectation; especially as my friend Sophocles, who, you know,

fat to him some time ago, tells me, though he is no Praxiteles, he does not take a bad likeness.—But I must be gone, for yonder comes Swift and Rabelais, whom I have made a little party with this morning: so, my good Lord, fare you well.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

And I must meet my dear Lucy in the myrtle grove; so, honest Lucian, good morrow to you.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS a *Complete* Translation of Lucian was promised, some Apology may be thought necessary for the omission of the few following tracts; viz.

The * *Δίκη φωνηεντων*; or, Judgment of the Vowels.

In this little piece Sigma, or the letter S, complains of the injury done him by Tau, or T's, intruding himself into several words where he had no right to appear; that Thalatta, for instance, is used instead of Thalassa, and so forth. The subject is treated with great humour, in the manner of a judicial process, and in some measure resembles Addison's petition of Who and Which in the Spectator. But as the examples adduced are confined entirely to the Greek language, it was impossible to represent a proper idea of it in a translation.

* See vol. i. p. 82. of the original in the edition of Hemsterhufius, four vols. quarto.

* Πέγειτε ἐν τῇ προσαγορεύσει πταισματος; or,
a Mistake in Saluting a Friend.

Lucian had met one morning an old acquaintance, and instead of saying *Χαίρε*, or, Good morrow, had made use of the word *ὑγιαίνει*, or Farewel ! This had probably brought on him the censure of some severe critics for want of accuracy and precision, which he endeavours in this piece to excuse, by observing that the word *Χαίρε* was not only used by many authors at *meeting* but at *parting* also, and the word *ὑγιαίνει* indifferently on both occasions. He quotes at the same time several passages from poets and historians in his defence; but as the fact itself is, at this distant period of time, very uninteresting, and the whole of the tract turns upon two words in the Greek language, the precise signification of which cannot be well ascertained in our own, I have entirely omitted it.

† Λεξιφάνης; or, Lexiphanes.

In this Dialogue, which in many parts of the original is very obscure, Lucian is sup-

* See vol. i. ib. edit. p. 724.

† See vol. ii. ib. edit. p. 317.

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posed to ridicule some of his contemporaries, whose writings were stuffed with quaint and affected phrases, obsolete words, and pompous unmeaning expressions, both in verse and prose, examples of which are given from their works. Gesner, one of the most learned commentators on Lucian, observes with regard to these examples, that “ Frustra fuerit, si quis speret, ea sic posse quacunque aliâ linguâ reddi, ut quid auctor sibi voluerit, aliquis Græcè non doctus adsequatur.” That, it is impossible so to translate this dialogue in any other language as to convey the author’s meaning to any but those who well understand Greek.

This, I hope, may be a sufficient reason for not submitting it to the English reader.

† *Ερωτες* ; or, the Loves.

My female readers will perhaps consider it as an injustice to them that I should pass over untranslated, a tract of Lucian’s which bears so pretty a name as *The Loves*. They will, however, I doubt not, readily excuse me, when I inform them that this piece is nothing more than a dispute between the sexes con-

† See vol. i. 1st edit. p. 197.

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cerning superiority; but as this is a point which, at least in this nation, has been long since determined in favour of the ladies, it stands in need of no farther discussion: the Dialogue is therefore, for this, as well as some other still more material reasons, which will occur to those who are acquainted with the original, entirely omitted.

† Ἑταϊρικοὶ Διαλογοὶ; or, the Dialogues of the Harlots.

These Dialogues exhibit to us only such kind of conversation as we may hear in the purlieus of Covent Garden; lewd, dull, and insipid: besides, that they were certainly not written by Lucian, and I am glad to find we have his * own word for it. I leave them therefore to be translated by the author of the Essay on Woman, the Meretriciad, or any other gentleman of that class, and in the mean time can assure my readers, that they will lose nothing by the omission of them.

† See vol. iii. ib. edit. p. 280.

* See the Life of Lucian, p. xvi. xvii.

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† Ψευδοσοφιστης : Σολοικιστης ; Pseudosophista, .
or Solæcista.

This is a Dialogue between Lucian and a man who makes or repeats solecisms.

It is impossible, except by chance, to render a Greek solecism by an English one, that shall entirely correspond with it. I have not translated this Dialogue, therefore, for the same reason that I offered for not translating the Lexiphanes, and which, I hope, may pass for a good one, viz. that it is *untranslatable*.

Ωκυπας ; or, Ocypus.

This Dialogue, ‡ Lucian has informed us, is none of his, being only a dull and awkward imitation of the Tragopodagra, which wants no foil to set it off. I could never, therefore, persuade myself to take the unnecessary trouble of translating it.

† See vol. iii. ib. edit. p. 552.

‡ See Life of Lucian, p. ix.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Besides these, two or three indelicate passages are omitted, which the reader will find taken notice of in the course of the work. The rest of Lucian is faithfully translated in the following pages, and submitted, with all deference, to the judgment of the public.

THE D R E A M.

This Dream is very properly placed, in every edition, at the beginning of LUCIAN's works, as it gives us some little insight into his character and situation in life. It was apparently designed as a humorous kind of parody on the celebrated Choice of Hercules, which we meet with in the Memorabilia of XENOPHON. Some of our author's dull commentators have likewise thought fit to call it Βίος Λυκίανου, or, the Life of Lucian, though it contains but one single circumstance of it, viz. that of his early preference of learning and the polite arts, to a profession which his father had originally designed him for; a circumstance, however, very interesting to his readers, as it is to that alone we are, probably, indebted for all the valuable remains of this lively and entertaining writer.

· **A**T the time when I was leaving school, and rising towards manhood, my father consulted with his friends what profession he should bring me up to; most of them seemed to think that an application to letters would be a work of time, attended besides with great labour and expence, and, in short, only fit for such as were possessed of a splendid for-

tune; that my abilities, moreover, were but very moderate, and would stand in need of immediate assistance and support; whereas if I turned mechanic I might get something by my trade, not live idly at home upon my father, but in a little time be able to repay him for the expence of my education. The next question, therefore, was, which trade was the best, the most cheaply and easily learned, the most liberal, and that would bring in the surest profit; they all then gave their opinions; one preferring one, another another, according to their judgment or experience: when my father, looking stedfastly on my uncle, who was then present, one of the best * statuaries of his time, Whilst you are here, says he, we ought by no means to prefer any art to yours; take him, therefore, along with you, and make a good sculptor of him; he will do very well, for you know he has a natural turn and genius for it.

* Statuaries] Εμμογλυφος, literally translated, is a *carver of Mercuries*. Mercury was such a favourite deity amongst the ancients, probably because he was both a thief and a pimp (characters always in fashion), that the principal business of a sculptor was to make representations of him; insomuch that Statuary and Mercury-maker were, according to Lucian, synonymous terms: there was a time, we know, when the carvers were very curious in the choice of their materials for him; according to the old adage, Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

This

This my father imagined from having seen some little things I made out of wax, when, after school-time, I used to divert myself with modelling horses, oxen, and sometimes men, which he seemed mightily pleased at, and for which, by the bye, I was often whipped by my school-master. My father's friends, however, took this opportunity of exciting my ambition; and all conceived, from this natural propensity to the art, that I should soon acquire the perfect knowledge of it; no time, it was determined, could be more proper to enter upon it than the present, and I was accordingly delivered over to my uncle, to which I had not then the least objection: I considered it as a kind of agreeable amusement to be able to gain some reputation in the world, and at the same time to oblige my friends by carrying out images of gods or men, to adorn their houses, or my own; a custom, I knew, always practised by young beginners. My uncle took me home with him, and gave me a piece of marble, bidding me run over it gently with my tool, and repeating at the same time the old adage of " * a good beginning is half the work."

I knew

*. *A good beginning*, [Sc.] Lucian attributes this saying to Hesiod, in whose works, however, it is not at present, I

I knew little of the matter, and pressing too hard on the marble, broke it in pieces. My uncle flew into a violent passion, and taking up a switch that happened to lay near him, with no great tenderness fell upon, and belaboured me pretty handsomely, by way of † initiating me into the art. Thus were tears the first fruits of my profession. I ran away home as fast as I could, crying and bawling, shewed the marks of the switch upon my flesh, represented the barbarity of my uncle; and, moreover, took care to insinuate that he did it merely through envy, and for fear I should excel him in his art. My mother resented it highly, and railed at her brother for his cruel treatment: I went to bed in great affliction, full of gloomy thoughts, and at last fell asleep. What I have

believe, to be found. We meet with it in Plato, Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and some other Greek writers. Horace has adopted it in his

Dimidium facti qui cepit habet.

There is likewise a proverb of our own which bears some similitude to it: "A good beginning makes a good ending;" but this is not the exact sense of the Greek, I have therefore not ventured to adopt it. Ovid has nearly the same sentiment,

Fac tantum incipias, sponte disertus eris.

† *Initiating me, &c.*] The Greek word is very strong and expressive, signifying the rites performed at sacrifices ist before the victim was slain.

already

already told you is childish and ridiculous, but I shall now acquaint you with something more worthy of your attention; for, to speak in the language of Homer,

— * As I slumber'd in the shades of night,

A dream divine appear'd before my sight, so clear and plain, as to have all the appearance of truth. Even at this distance of time, what I saw is actually before my eyes; and every thing I heard, still sounding in my ears; so powerful was the effect it had upon me. Two women, methought, laid violent hands on me, each dragging me with all her force towards them, as if they would tear me in pieces; they struggled hard; one of them got the better, and held me fast for a little time, and then the other. They both made a great noise, one crying out that she would have her own; the other, that she had no right to that which belonged to her only. One of them had a masculine air, like some working person, with hard hands, and dirty hair, covered with dust, as my uncle used to be when he was polishing marble; the other had a beautiful face, a modest appearance, and was dressed in a neat and becoming garb.

* See Homer's Iliad, book ii. ver. 71, Pope's translation.

At length they agreed to submit the affair to my decision, and the first of them thus addressed me ; “ Know, my dear child, that I am Sculpture, that art which you yesterday began to learn, no stranger to yourself, and well known to your family ; your grandfather (and named his name) was a statuary, and so were both your uncles also, whom I rendered illustrious ; if therefore you will leave that idle trade which she (pointing to the other) would fain teach you, to follow and live with me ; by being brought up to toil and labour you will grow strong and robust, and will live free from the attacks of malice and envy : you need not leave your country and your friends to go into foreign parts, nor shall you gain a reputation by mere words alone. Despise not my external appearance, or this mean and sordid habit ; thus was the great * Phidias clad, so famous for his statue of Jove, and Polycletus, no less celebrated for his Juno ; Myro and Praxiteles are universally admired, and † even adored, together

* *Phidias, &c.*] The statue of Jupiter Olympius, by Phidias, is celebrated by almost all the best Greek writers as the chef-d’œuvre of antiquity ; great encomiums are likewise bestowed on Polycletus’s Juno, the famous cow by Myro, and the Venus of Praxiteles.

† *Adored, &c.*] See Cicero’s first book of Tusculan Questions.

with

with the deities whom they represented ; and shall not you, when one of them, inherit the same praise and adoration from all men ? You will make your father happy, and immortalize your country." Thus, uncouthly, and with a barbarous accent, did Sculpture address me, adding many other things to the same purpose, in order to seduce me ; but I have forgot half what she said : when she had finished the other began, pretty nearly in these words, " I, my son, am Eloquence, not unknown to, though at present not fully possessed by you ; what advantages you will reap by turning statuary she has already told you : to be nothing but a low mechanic, living on the work of your hands, and confining all your hopes and desires to that alone ; getting a mean and scanty maintenance in obscurity, poor and dejected, neither serviceable to your friends, nor formidable to your enemies, neither courted nor envied by your fellow-citizens ; a low plebeian, always, like the timid hare, in dread of your superiors, and looking up with adoration to the great and eloquent above you, on whom you must depend for support : should you even produce the noblest works, and become a Phidias or Polycletus, all men will admire your skill, but not one, whilst they are in their senses, will wish to

change conditions with you ; for, after all, you will be considered as a vulgar mechanic, * who lives by the labour of his hands. Whilst, on the other hand, if you follow me, I will shew you all the wonderful works of antiquity, illustrate and explain to you the maxims of the sages, and adorn your mind, that best and noblest part of you, with modesty, justice, piety, gentleness, prudence, fortitude, the love of virtue, and a thirst after every thing that is praiseworthy ; these are the unperishable embellishments of the human soul. Nothing that is past shall lay hidden from thee, in what is present and to be done I will instruct thee ; every thing divine or human shall soon be known unto thee : thou who art now poor and unknown, the son of an obscure and indigent father, going to embrace a mean and illiberal profession, shalt soon be the envy and admiration of all men, crowned with glory and honour, praised and caressed by the rich and great, clothed in such a garment as this, and (shewing her own splendid vest) thou shalt be placed in the first seat, adorned with, and raised to rank and precedence. If thou travellest, even in foreign

* *Lives by the labour, &c.*] The word in the original is remarkable, and could not be translated literally, *χρηματίας*, dominus sive rex manuum; one who is master of nothing but his hands.

countries thou shalt not live unknown or inglorious; for I will render thee so illustrious, that whosoever beholds thee shall point thee out to his neighbour, and say, * “that is he.” In aught that is of moment or concern, either to thy friends or country, the eyes of all shall be turned on thee; when thou speakest they shall listen with eagerness and attention, admiring the power of thy eloquence, and envying thy father’s felicity in having such a son as thou art. Men, thou knowest, have been raised to gods, and on thee will I confer immortality; for when thou departest out of this life, thou shalt still converse only with the great and good. Think on Demosthenes, whose son he was, and to what eminence I advanced him. Think on † Æschines, whose mother was a player on the timbrel; by my assistance how was he courted by the great Philip! ‡ Socrates himself, bred

* *That is he,*] Digito monstrari & dicier: hic est. Pers. sat. i.

Muneris hoc tui est

Quod monstror digito prætereuntium.

Hor. lib. iv. od. 3.

† *Æschines,*] A great orator, and rival of Demosthenes, whose Philippics so stung the powerful invader of the liberties of Greece, that he applied to Æschines to answer them. See Ælian.

‡ *Socrates,*] As Diogenes Laertius informs us, was the son of Sophroniscus, a statuary, and Phanarete, a midwife.

up by a statuary, turned his mind to other things; he quitted his profession, and came to me; and is not he the theme of every song? Would you then leave such men as these; would you leave honour, wealth, fame, and power, splendor, rank, and title, all the glory which eloquence shall bring, to put on a mean and sordid garb, to handle tools, saws, and hammers, and stoop to mean and abject labour; to think on nothing manly, liberal, or great, but merely to see that your work is finished, taking no care to keep your person neat and clean, but being ever as dirty and contemptible as the stones you are carving?"

Scarce had she said this, when not permitting her to go on, I rose up, and leaving the ugly mechanic, flew with rapture to my fair patroness, Eloquence: doubtless with the greater joy, from my remembrance of the blows which I had received the day before. She whom I had deserted seemed at first enraged at me, doubled her fists, and gnashed with her teeth, till at length, like Niobe of old, she became stiff, and, wonderful to relate, was turned into a block of marble. If this should seem incredible, I desire notwithstanding that you will believe it, for dreams are always miraculous. The other, then, fixing her eyes on me, said,
" You

“ You have determined aright, and I will recompense you for it; approach, therefore, and ascend this chariot, (pointing to one drawn by winged horses, like Pegasus), and see what you would have lost if you had not followed me.” As soon as I got up, she took the reins and drove. I was lifted up on high, and carried from east to west, beholding, as I passed along, various nations, kingdoms, and people, like * Triptolemus, scattering his seed over the earth. † What it was I dropped upon them myself I cannot remember; I only know, that wherever I went, men looked up to and addressed me like a deity with prayers and praises. When she had shewed me these things she brought me

* *Like Triptolemus,*] Triptolemus, king of Eleusis, is said to have first brought into Greece the worship of Ceres, who, in return for his civilities, equipped him with a fine chariot drawn by two dragons, in which he drove round the world, and as he flew along scattered seeds upon the earth. The invention of the plough is likewise ascribed to him. The foundation of this story is probably no more than that Triptolemus was one of the first who practised husbandry, and perhaps wrote some books concerning it, which were transported into foreign countries in a ship called the Dragon.

† *What it was, &c.*] Though Lucian modestly pretends not to know, his readers, however, can tell what it was he dropped on this occasion, viz. a large quantity of good sense, wit, and humour, which are scattered throughout his works.

back,

back, not clothed as when I set out, but in an elegant and splendid garb, which she took care to shew to my father, who stood waiting for my return, not without hinting to him how mean and unworthy a profession he and his friends had condemned me to. Such, I remember, was the dream which I had when a boy, terrified as I was by the blows I had just received. But whilst I am relating it, methinks I hear some one crying out, O Hercules, what a tedious judicial dream is this! A winter's one, says another, when the nights are longest, or rather perhaps as long as † Hercules's three nights together. What does he mean by trifling so with us, and talking of his boyish dreams; does he think we have nothing to do but to be his interpreter? Such frigid speeches as these are always ridiculous. But, soft and fair, my good friends; § Xenophon was not of that opinion, when he told you what he dreamed at home and elsewhere; he designed it not merely as an idle fiction, to divert you, as you may suppose by his doing it in the time of war, at a dangerous crisis, and even sur-

† *Hercules's, &c.*] Jupiter is said to have spent three nights with Alcmena when he begat Hercules. These three nights Lucian humourously calls Hercules's dream.

§ *Xenophon, &c.*] In the two dreams of Xenophon, as related in the third and fourth books of his *Anabasis*, or *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*.

rounded

rounded by enemies, but because he thought the relation of it might be useful to mankind. And for the * same reason I have told you my dream, that by it I might persuade our young men to the study of literature; more especially if any of them, induced by poverty, should be inclined to throw away good parts and genius, and embrace some mean and illiberal profession; whoever they may be, I am satisfied they would change their resolution when they heard this discourse, and would follow my example, when they reflected on what I was, when, turning my mind to better things, I applied to literature, without regard to the narrowness of my circumstances, and considering what I am, as I now appear before you, at least preferable, if nothing more, to a statuary.

* *For the same reason, &c.*] That is, Xenophon did not tell his dream to the officers about him merely to entertain and divert them; it was not a FICTION, (which is the best sense we can put on the word *ὑποκρίσις*) but a real vision; he was in earnest, and so am I; his dream was attended with the best consequences, and so I hope will mine; his saved the army, and mine perhaps may save many a young man from throwing away his time and talents on views much beneath him!—This is Lucian's meaning in his allusion to Xenophon, which does not so well appear at first reading; the Greek is in this place rather obscure.

P R O M E T H E U S.

At the time when this EPISTLE (for such it appears to be) was written, the Dialogues of LUCIAN having, we may suppose, engaged the general attention, a certain supercilious critic, who it seems was a lawyer, partly perhaps from resentment of LUCIAN's having quitted the bar, abused, and, amongst other reflections, had called him PROMETHEUS, probably considering that species of dialogue, for which he was so eminently distinguished, as a kind of creation of his own. This answer, abounding in agreeable and playful raillery, contains a defence of that manner of writing which LUCIAN had adopted, and may serve to convince my readers that this universal genius, if occasion had called forth his talents in that way, would have made no inconsiderable figure as a controversial writer.

I SHOULD be glad to know, my good friend, why you call me Prometheus. If by this you mean that my works are dirty, I acknowledge the similitude, and have no objection to the title of a modeller in clay, even though my stuff should be the worst I could pick up, the very mud of the highway; but if you really compared them for their excellency with the performances of that most learned Titan,

Titan, I shall look upon your praise as ironical, and nothing but an Attic sneer : for what, indeed, have I to boast of that is so mighty ingenious ? What great wisdom or knowledge is there in my writings ? It is sufficient for me if you esteem them as not quite earthy and forbidding, nor as such condemn them to Caucasus. With how much more justice might I compare you to Prometheus, you famous gentlemen of the law, who wage eternal war with truth ; how full of life and spirit are your works ! so animated that they seem all on fire : performances truly Promethean, save that your images are made of gold instead of clay. We, who work for the vulgar, only make plaister statues for a public spectacle, and puppets of clay, as other potters do ; but they have no motion like yours, no representation of life, a mere sport, and childish diversion : sometimes it occurs to me that you call me Prometheus, as the * comic poet did Cleon, “ a † perfect Prometheus (says he) is Cleon, after the

* *The comic poet,*] Most probably Aristophanes, whom our author frequently quotes, though the passage alluded to is not to be found in any of that author's comedies now extant.

† *A perfect Prometheus,*] That is, Cleon was a mighty clever fellow, as active and ingenious as Prometheus, and who shewed great abilities, like him, when there was no occasion to exert them.

business

business is done." The Athenians themselves used to call every earthen vessel maker, every builder of ovens, and in short every dealer in clay, by the name of Prometheus, in allusion to the stuff he worked with, and his manner of baking it in the fire: if this be your meaning, you are a good marksman; it is a true bitter Attic sarcasm: for my works are as brittle as their earthen ware; throw but the least stone, and you dash them in pieces. But somebody, perhaps, to comfort me, will say, it is not in this I am so much like Prometheus, as because my work is new, and not made after any model; even as he, before the existence of men, formed some according to his own invention, and created beings that moved about, and were beauteous to look at: upon the whole he was an excellent architect; but Minerva assisted him, breathed into, and animated his clay. Thus, perhaps, taking it in the most favourable sense, it might be interpreted, and such, we will suppose, was the true meaning and intention of him who said it; but it will not satisfy me to have made something new, unless it was beautiful also; for, be assured, if it was not so, I should be the first to despise it. If it was ugly, the novelty would never save it from destruction: and if I did not think

so,

so, I should deserve to be preyed upon by sixteen * vulturs, for not knowing that what is good for nothing is but so much the worse for being new. Ptolemy, the son of † Lagus, carried two novelties into Egypt, a Bactrian camel all black, and a man half black and half white; and produced them amongst other spectacles in the public theatre, where the Egyptians were assembled, expecting, no doubt, that they would be greatly struck with the sight; instead of which, when they saw the camel, they were frightened out of their wits, and ran away as fast as they could, though he was covered with a cloth of purple and gold, with a bridle of gems and precious stones, as if he had belonged to a Darius, Cyrus, or Cambyzes; as to the black and white man, some laughed at it as ridiculous, others abhorred it as a monster. When Ptolemy perceived there was no great honour to be got by them, and that the Egyptians did not so much admire things for their novelty, as for their beauty and perfection, he forbade the

* *Vulturs,*] Alluding to the vultur appointed by Jupiter to prey on the liver of Prometheus. See Æschylus, act i. scene 1. The whole of this absurd story is severely ridiculed by Lucian in his *Caucasus*.

† *Son of Lagus,*] To distinguish him from Ptolemy Philadelphus. Both these great princes were remarkable for their attention to natural philosophy.

shewing them any more; and no longer held in estimation the person who had procured them for him. The despised camel died, and the two-coloured man was made a present of, to one Thespis, a piper, for singing a good song after dinner. I wish my works may not be like the Egyptian camel, and that they are only admired for their gold and purple. The mixture of dialogue and comedy, though both of them excellent models, will not render them completely elegant, unless there is a harmony of composition, with a just symmetry and proportion observed in them: from two things, in themselves beautiful, might otherwise arise something monstrous and unnatural, like the well-known * Centaur; a creature not very agreeable, but rather, if we trust those painters who have represented their battles, riots, and intemperance, to the last degree odious and disgusting. Is it impossible then, out of two good things to form one that shall be excellent, like that sweet mixture which we have of wine and honey? by no

* *Centaur,*] The centaurs are described to us as monsters of Thessaly, half men and half horses; a fable which probably took its rise from the Thessalians being the first people who made the proper use of horses; it is natural to suppose that such an appearance might convey to those who followed them the idea of a monster, half man and half beast: a country squire always on horseback is to this day little better.

means :

means: yet would I not venture to say this of my own performances, where I rather fear the beauty of both parts may be spoiled by the mixture of them. † Dialogue and comedy did never properly accord together from the beginning; one walking alone, or with a few chosen friends, held her private disputations in some obscure recess; whilst the other, a votary of Bacchus, mingled in the public theatre, sported to the found of the pipe, and delighted in gibes, ridicule, and laughter; sometimes, soaring aloft in anapæstic verses, would she laugh the followers of dialogue to scorn, call them idle disputants, contemplators, and so forth, scoffing at them with true Bacchanalian licentiousness; now exposing them as ‡ air-walkers, and conversing

† *Dialogue and comedy,*] This observation seems very strange and absurd to us, who have always considered dialogue as indispensably necessary to, and inseparable from comedy, which, notwithstanding, if we look back to the rise of the ancient songs, we shall find, was no more than a song to Bacchus, or afterwards, the single speech, or declamation, of one drunken actor, besmeared with lees of wine; whilst philosophy-dialogue was confined to the grave philosophers, who disputed about very serious matters. Lucian's Dialogues, which he is here defending, have certainly a dramatic cast, and his application of the *vis comica* to philosophic matters, is that which, above all things, has secured him the universal approbation of later ages.

‡ *Air-walkers,*] This alludes to Aristophanes's comedy

versing with the clouds, now describing them as measuring the * leaps of fleas, to ridicule their subtle reasonings about things far above them; whilst Dialogue, on the other hand, employed herself in grave disputations concerning the nature of things, and the virtues of philosophy; running, like the musician, through all the chords, from the lowest to the highest note: these opposites, which will never blend or associate together, have I rashly endeavoured to reconcile and unite, and therefore, I fear, shall but too nearly resemble your Prometheus, who blended male and † female, and, like him, shall be condemned for it; or rather, perhaps, for covering the ‡ bones with fat, and deceiving of the Clouds, where philosophy is severely ridiculed, as building castles in the air, disputing about trifles, &c.

* *Leaps of fleas,*] See the Clouds of Aristophanes, act i. scene 2. where the great Socrates is ridiculously represented as calculating how far a flea can go at a leap.

† Lucian tells us, in another place, that the principal crime attributed to Prometheus was (an observation not very favourable to the fair sex) his making of women.

‡ *The bones with fat,*] Prometheus, according to the fabulous history, once upon a time played Jupiter a slippery trick; he killed two large oxen, in the skin of one of them he inclosed all the fat and flesh of them both, and in the other put nothing but the bones. Jupiter, who was to have his choice, took the latter, and Prometheus, who was a wag, laughed at the jest; which he afterwards paid dearly for, when the vultur gnawed his liver on mount Caucasus.

my

my readers, by mixing comic mirth with philosophical gravity. As to theft, (for there is a * god of theft, you know,) I am sure you will acquit me of it, for whence should I steal? unless there be one in the world, which I do not believe, who makes as strange monsters as myself; but what, after all, must I do, but persist in the way I began? it was || Epimetheus, and not Prometheus, that was given to change.

* *God of theft,*] Mercury.

|| *Epimetheus,*] Epimetheus, we are told, was the son of Japetus and Clymene, and husband to the famous Pandora; he is likewise supposed to have been an excellent statuary, and changed into an ape, probably because his figures approached nearly to real life. Lucian, who is now and then fond of a pun, seems only to have mentioned him here from a similarity of sound between the words Prometheus, and Epi-metheus.

N I G R I N U S',

O R T H E

P H I L O S O P H E R S.

NIGRINUS, a Roman, or Greek philosopher (for the commentators are divided about that matter), had most probably given some lectures, which LUCIAN, in the course of his travels, attended, and, in gratitude for the instructions received from him, wrote this dialogue, which he sent, as we may suppose, before publication, with the short epistle prefixed, to NIGRINUS himself. The philosopher is here described as a perfect master of the science which he professed, instructing his scholars in every thing that was good and great, living up to his doctrine, and reproving the fashionable follies of his time, with a spirit and freedom becoming the advocate of truth and virtue. In his ridicule of the reigning vices of his age, LUCIAN has put into the mouth of NIGRINUS no inconsiderable share of his own wit and humour. This dialogue is admirably written, in a fine flowing agreeable style, and, perhaps, one of his best serious pieces.

* The commentators have given us another title to this piece, and call it, "Concerning the Manners of Philosophers;" but as no philosopher is mentioned except Nigrinus himself, who differed greatly from the generality of them, the title is both absurd and unnecessary.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to NIGRINUS.

LUCIAN to Nigrinus, sendeth greeting. Who sends † owls to Athens? says the proverb; as if it were ridiculous to carry them there, where there are already so many: as absurd would it be in me to write a book, to shew my oratory, and send it to Nigrinus. But as I only mean to declare my present sentiments, and to shew my high opinion of your eloquence, I flatter myself I shall not incur the censure of Thucydides, who tells us, that ignorance makes men bold, but knowlege keeps them humble; for here, it is evident, I hope, my freedom must be attributed more to my love of science than the want of it. Farewel.

N I G R I N U S.

A DIALOGUE between LUCIAN and a FRIEND.

L U C I A N.

How solemn and sublime you are, since your return! So far from conversing familiarly as

† *Owls to Athens,*] The owl, though degraded by modern times into an emblem of folly, was considered by the ancients as a type of wisdom, and the favourite bird of Minerva, the patroness of Athens, where, no doubt, she formerly was treated with great respect. Owls were consequently very numerous: hence arose the proverb which is quoted by Erasmus and other writers. The saying is analogous to our own, of "carrying coals to Newcastle."

you used to do, you will scarce condescend to look down upon one. A mighty sudden change! I am afraid you are grown proud, and should be glad to know the reason of it.

F R I E N D.

What can be the reason, but my good fortune?

L U C I A N.

How's that?

F R I E N D.

I tell you, I'm grown a great man; and, what's more, quite by chance, and when I little thought of it. In short, I am the happiest of men, or, as the tragic poet says, Thrice happy.

L U C I A N.

By Hercules that's strange; and in so short a time too!

F R I E N D.

'Tis very true.

L U C I A N.

And what is the cause of all this supercilious behaviour? I beg I may know every particular, that I may congratulate you properly upon it.

F R I E N D.

Is it not sufficient matter of admiration, that from a slave I am become free; from a beggar, rich; from a blind and foolish fellow, temperate and sober?

L U C I A N.

L U C I A N.

Most indisputably. But I don't rightly understand how this happened.

F R I E N D.

Know, then, I was going into the city in search of an oculist; for the disorder in my eyes was growing worse every day.

L U C I A N.

I know it was; and have often wished you might light on some skilful hand to relieve you.

F R I E N D.

Having, therefore, for some time intended to call on Nigrinus, the Platonic philosopher, I got up early, and knocked at his door; his boy announced me, and I was admitted. On coming into his room, I found him with a book in his hand, and surrounded by a number of busts of all the learned men of antiquity. In the middle were placed tablets, with geometrical figures on them, and a sphere made of reeds, to represent the universe. He embraced me very cordially, and asked me how I went on; and, when I had satisfied him, I took the liberty in my turn to enquire what he was about, and whether he had resolved at last to travel into Greece. But no sooner did he begin to communicate his sentiments to me, than

than there poured forth from his lips such a profusion of ambrosial eloquence, as called to my remembrance the sweet * Syrens (if ever such there were), and the nightingales, and the † lotus of old Homer : so divine were the

* *Syrens*,] These musical ladies, half women, and half birds, according to the fabulous history of them, were the daughters of the river Achelous, and the muse Calliope. Ovid tells us, that they prayed to the gods for wings, that they might fly round the world in search of Proserpine ; they stopped, however, and took up their abode on some rocks between the island of Caprea and the coasts of Italy ; where, being excellent singers, they allured voyagers to stop and listen to them, the consequence of which was, that the poor men forgot, so enchanted were they with the songs, either to eat or drink, and consequently perished. The shores were whitened, Homer tells us, with the bones of these unhappy victims to the power of harmony. See the twelfth book of Homer's *Odyssey*. Lucian doubts, as well he might, whether such beings ever existed. The allegorizers of heathen fable have changed them into harlots ; which, indeed, easily accounts for all this wonderful fascination.

† *Lotus*,] from the fruit of this plant, or tree, was extracted, according to Homer, a liquor, of such attractive qualities, as to make Ulysses's followers very unwilling to quit the place where it grew, in the land of the *Lotophagi* : he describes it as a

— Divine nutritious juice,
 ————— which who so tastes,
 Infatiate riots in the sweet repasts ;
 Nor other home, nor other care intends ;
 But quits his house, his country, and his friends.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyss.* ix. l. 106.

This was probably the Burgundy of the ancients.

words

words he uttered. He talked in praise of philosophy, and that freedom which is ever attendant on her; deriding at the same time those things which are prized by the vulgar, riches, honour, glory, gold, and purple, which appear so valuable in the eyes of the multitude, and which once indeed attracted my esteem also. I was so struck with every thing he said, that I knew not what to compare my feelings to on the occasion; but was transported as it were a thousand ways. I grieved, methought, to see the things which I had so long held dear contemned, and could scarce refrain from tears at the loss of them: but now, those very riches, glories, and honours, which I so esteemed, appear trifling and ridiculous; I rejoiced to find myself freed from the dark and heavy atmosphere of my former life, and breathing a purer air, in serenity and sun-shine. The weakness in my eyes, to my great astonishment, was soon forgotten, and in a very short time my mind became more enlightened; for hitherto I knew not that it was blind. It was not long before I felt myself even just as you seemed to think me. I was elated by his discourse, and lifted up as it were to the skies, nor can I think more of any thing low or mean. I am intoxicated with philosophy, as the Indians were with

with wine, when they first tasted of it; warm by nature, and drinking largely of such potent liquor, they soon turned Bacchanals, grew mad, and saw double; and just in the same manner do I run about, drunk and mad with his eloquence; though mine is not properly drunkenness, but temperance and sobriety.

L U C I A N.

Happy should I be to hear, if possible, the speech you talk of, nor will you deem it right, I hope, to refuse a friend's request, whose taste and studies are so similar to your own.

F R I E N D.

Be of good cheer, my friend; for, as Homer says,

* Why urge a soul already fill'd with fire?

If you had not asked me, I should have desired you to hear it, for I want to bring you in as an evidence in my favour, that I may not run mad without a reason; besides, that I always take a pleasure in recollecting it: it is my constant employment, and, when I am by myself, I repeat it three or four times in a day; just as lovers, when their mistresses are absent, call to mind every word and every action, and converse with the dear object, as if it were be-

* See Homer's *Il.* book viii. l. 293.

fore their eyes ; and thus, by dwelling perpetually upon it, soften the disease ; talking with them, and making kind answers for them, which delight as much as if they were real : thus do I, in the absence of my dear philosopher, call to mind the words which I heard, and joy in the recollection of them ; tossed, as it were, on the ocean, in a dark and tempestuous night, I look still towards this light, to guide and direct me in every thing I do or say ; imagine this great man present, and think I hear him talking to me ; his face is ever before my eyes, and his voice still sounding in my ear ; for, as the * comic poet says, he left a sting in the minds of his hearers.

L U C I A N.

Pray, my worthy friend, have done with your prologues, and tell me the whole from beginning to end, for I am sick of your preambles.

F R I E N D.

You are certainly right, and it shall be so ; but did you never see a bad actor hissed off

* *Comic poet,*] Alluding probably to that passage of Eupolis, quoted by Diodorus Siculus, where, speaking of Pericles, the famous orator, he says, of all the great speakers,

— he could leave behind,

The sting, deep-pointed, in the hearer's mind.

the

the stage, for spoiling a very excellent performance?

L U C I A N.

Aye, many a one; but what of that?

F R I E N D.

I am afraid I shall be like them, sometimes putting things together awkwardly; and at others, by my own ignorance marring the sentiment itself, till the whole piece by degrees becomes ridiculous. With regard to myself, indeed, I shall not be much concerned; but if my dear philosophy should appear mean and contemptible, from my bad representation of it, I own it would affect me deeply: I must beg you, therefore, to remember throughout the whole, that the poet is innocent, sits a great way off from the scene, and never troubles himself about what is going forward on the stage. I will try my talent, however, as an actor, and shew you at least how good a memory I have, though, with regard to every thing else, I may be little better than a tragedy messenger. If at any time, therefore, I seem to fail, you are to suppose the thing itself much better, and that, when the poet made it, it was quite another affair: if you should hiss me, I assure you, I shall not be angry.

L U C I A N.

L U C I A N.

By Mercury, your proœmium is excellent, and according to the rules of rhetoric; but you should have added, that * you conversed but a very little time with him, that you came unprepared to speak, that it would have been much more agreeable to have heard it from his own mouth, but that you had brought away as much as you could commit to memory: would not something of this kind have been of service to you? but, with me, there is no occasion for it; for I am ready to clap and halloo for you; though if you grow tedious I shall certainly be angry with, and hiss you dreadfully.

F R I E N D.

It is what I should expect; but remember, I shall not give it you in the same order, nor in the same words, which he made use of; for this I cannot possibly do, lest I should resemble those actors, who often put on the mask of

* *That you conversed, &c.*] Lucian is laughing at the formal and stated rules laid down, we may suppose, by the teachers of rhetoric in those days, and which, like all other rules, never made an orator. We meet with many, notwithstanding, similar to these, in Tully, and several other writers on this subject. No less a man, however, than lord Chesterfield maintains the possibility of making an orator by mere dint of art and industry *invitâ Minervâ*: he tried the nostrum on his son, but it did not succeed. See Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

Creon,

Creon, Agamemnon, or perhaps Hercules himself, and then strut about in their golden vests, and from their fierce visages, and wide-gaping mouths, send forth a weak womanish sound, as feeble as a Hecuba, or Polyxena. To avoid putting on a † mask, therefore, too big

† *A mask,*] The mask, used in the Greek theatre, was a kind of casque, or helmet, which covered the whole head, representing not only the face, but the beard, hair, ears, and even, in the women's masks, all the ornaments of the coif, or cap; the most perfect and durable were of wood, which were generally copied by the most eminent artists, from the busts or statues of the principal persons represented, and consequently conveyed the most exact resemblance of them. This gave the actor an opportunity of playing several different parts in the same piece, without being discovered; in so extensive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be necessary, by these large and frightful masks, to exaggerate the features; but at the same time we must remember, that by all these exaggerations the natural expression of the eyes and countenance must be entirely lost. After all, indeed, that can be said in favour of the ancient masks, it is scarce defensible. The face is certainly the best index of the mind, and the passions as forcibly expressed by the features as by the words and gesture of the performer; for my own part, I prefer the English to the Athenian stage, in this as well as in many other particulars; though I will promise to join the *πρῶτοι*, and vote for the restoration of the ancient mask, whenever they can shew me one that can represent the happy features of Quin, in Falstaff; or give us an idea of a frantic Lear, like the look and face of the inimitable Garrick. See the Dissertation on Tragedy, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles.

for

for my head, and disgracing my part, I shall speak to you in my own proper person, that my hero and I may not sink together.

L U C I A N.

Will the man never have done with his stage, and his tragedy ?

F R I E N D.

I will, and return to my subject. He began with an eulogium on Greece, and those who dwell at Athens, preferring philosophical indigence to every thing beside ; never rejoicing in the company of either citizens or strangers, who would lead them aside into the paths of pleasure ; but if they met with any such, would soon transform them, teaching them how to change their ancient manners, and walk in purity of life. He then mentioned one of those fine gentlemen, who came to Athens, dressed out in gold and silver, with a large attendance, and who thought himself the admiration of all men, and that he was the happiest of human beings ; but to them the creature appeared miserable : they tried however to reform him, not by open and sharp reproaches, as if a man in a free city might not live as he thought proper ; but when at any time he grew troublesome, either at the baths, or wrestling places of public exercise, crouding in with a

heap of servants, and pressing people to death, would put somebody in his way, that, in an humble voice, and unwilling to offend him, should whisper, " 'This man sure is afraid of being murdered in the bath, though, as it is the seat of perpetual peace, there is no occasion for an army there.'" He hears what is said of him, and is the better for it; they persuaded him, withal, to lay aside his fine purple robe, and all his gaudy apparel, by sncer- ing at the tawdriness of it: the spring is approaching, they cried, whence comes this peacock? Perhaps the gown is his mother's, and so forth. In like manner they reprov'd the rest of his follies, sometimes laughing at the quantity of rings on his fingers, sometimes his extraordinary nicety in the dressing of his hair, and sometimes his extravagant manner of living; thus, by degrees, was he reformed, and went away apparently a much better man than he came. To shew that philosophers were never ashamed of their poverty, he told me a story, which was current at the public games, of a man, who appearing there in a * coloured robe,

* *Coloured robe,*] The privilege of putting on a fine coloured robe was one of the rewards with which the conquerors at the Olympics were honoured; it was consequently considered as a crime to appear in them before the combat.

was seized on, and carried before the president of the games; many of the people took compassion on, and interceded for him: but, when the crier pronounced him guilty of acting against the laws, by his appearance in such a habit on that occasion, they unanimously acquitted him, because it was the only garment which he had. He took occasion at the same time to extol the liberty which they enjoyed in their retreat, their manner of living, free from envy and ambition; their safety, ease, and happiness, with all the virtues that accompanied it, proved how consonant it was with true philosophy, that such a life alone could preserve pure and untainted morality, and highly became the good and virtuous, who knew how to despise riches, and live according to the dictates of nature. * For those, indeed, who are in search of wealth, who measure happiness by power and splendour, who have never tasted of liberty, enjoyed the open freedom of speech, or beheld the face of truth; but have been brought up to, and for ever conversant with ser-

* *For those, indeed, &c.*] These observations, though originally calculated for the meridian of Rome or Athens, would serve, with very little alteration, for our own corrupted capital. Compare this with the tenth satire of Juvenal, and Dr. Samuel Johnson's excellent imitation of it, in his poem called London.

vitute and flattery : for those who are given up to pleasure, fond of luxurious tables, wine, and women ; full of fraud, treachery, and lying ; who attend to the sound of the harp, and listen with delight to lascivious sonnets ; for such men the city alone is the proper habitation ; where every street and market-place is full of enjoyments ; there pleasure enters in at every gate : through the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell ; through every part and every sense she gains admittance, and not a path remains that is not widened by this rapid and ever-flowing torrent. There meet together, adultery, avarice, perjury, and every other vice ; the soul is overwhelmed beneath them, and justice, modesty, and virtue are no more : bereft of these, the mind becomes dry and barren, or only teems with savage and brutal extravagance. Such, according to his description, is this great city, and such the lessons of instruction to be learned from her. “ When first, said he, I came out of Greece, before I entered into this place, I stopped short, and reasoned thus with myself ; why, cried I, should I, as † Homer says,

Leave the fair sun, the light of chearful day,

† *Homer says,*] See the *Odys.* A. v. 92.

Leave

Leave Greece, the seat of happiness and freedom, for a place where there is nothing but noise and tumult, ceremonious visits, sycophants, feasts, murders, legacy-hunting, and pretended friendships? What can you do when you can no longer have it in your power to leave it, nor at the same time can ever bring yourself to comply with the modes and customs of it? When I had thus consulted my own heart, and withdrawn myself, as Jupiter, they tell us, withdrew * Hector from the battle,

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Like him, I determined to remain at home, and chose this inactive, and what some would call effeminate way of life, that I may converse with Plato, philosophy, and truth. Here, placing myself, as it were on a high seat in a crowded theatre, I look down on what is passing below, a scene sometimes of mirth and entertainment, and sometimes of such hazard and danger, as puts virtue to the proof. If even the worst of things, as it may sometimes happen, deserve praise for the good they may produce, I know no better school of virtue, no better

* *Hector*,] See the eleventh book of Homer's *Iliad*, l. 164.

place of trial for the mind of man, than this very city, and the modes and habits of it. It is not an easy task to resist the attacks of so many diversions, pleasures, and amusements, the variety of temptations, which on every side, and from every sense attract and betray us. But we should follow the example of Ulysses, and sail by them, not like his followers, bound hand and foot, that, indeed, would be frightful; nor waxing up our ears, but free, open, and determined, with a mind rising superior to them: how low does such folly sink, when put in competition with that philosophy which contemns the gifts of fortune, which beholds, as on a stage, a multiplicity of characters in perpetual change; sees the servant made a lord, the poor turned to rich, and the rich to poor, friends one moment, and enemies the next; but what we should most lament is, that though fortune is for ever sporting with human affairs, and convincing us that there is nothing stable, nothing to be depended on, those, notwithstanding, who are every day spectators of them, still fall in love with riches and power, still intoxicate themselves with vain and idle hopes of what can never be possessed.

But I will now proceed to what, as I observed

served to you, will delight and entertain us, the objects of mirth and ridicule. What can be more contemptible than those rich fools, who are always shewing their purple garments, stretching out their fingers that you may see the rings upon them, and practising a thousand follies: but what is still more ridiculous, if they meet, they will speak to you only by proxy, as thinking it honour sufficient if they permit you but to look at them; some are so proud as even to expect adoration, not at a distance, or after the Persian mode, but coming close up, with your eyes fixed on the ground, and shewing the submission of your soul by the humble posture of your body, kissing the breast or hand: and even this is looked upon as a high and mighty favour, by those who are not so happy as to arrive at it: and thus the idol shall stand for a long time, and suffer himself to be made a fool of. At the same time, I must own, we are obliged to the cruel creatures for refusing us the honour of their lips. Those, after all, are more to be despised, who run after and cringe to them, who will rise up in the middle of the night, and run about the city; a set of fawning curs, whom the very servants turn out of doors, who will yet press in to flatter them; the reward of all their trouble is only a sup-

per, that is a burthen to them, and brings on a thousand ill consequences; for after eating and drinking more than they like, and saying perhaps more than they ought to say, they return home sick and sorry, find fault with the supper, the company, the house, and the master of it; some are found sick in the lanes and alleys, others quivering in the flues, whilst three parts of them lie in bed till noon, and give the physicians an opportunity of taking their rounds to visit them; though some, indeed, which you will say is most ridiculous of all, cannot even find leisure to be sick. The flatterers are, in my opinion, worse than those they flatter, as they are generally the supporters of their pride and insolence; when such men throng to their levees, admire their riches, and, when they meet, salute them as their lords and masters, what must they think? Whereas, on the other hand, if they would agree to shake off this voluntary servitude, * would not the rich, think you, come themselves to the doors of the poor, and beg them not to let their happiness pass unnoticed? the magnificence of their houses,

* *Would not the rich, &c.*] This is a most sensible and judicious observation, founded on truth and reason. Nigrinus abounds, indeed, throughout with reflections of this kind, equally applicable at all times, and in all places.

and

and the sumptuousness of their tables, useless and unobserved? for it is not their riches that gives them so much pleasure, as the satisfaction of being thought happy in the possession of them. Fine palaces, gold, and ivory, are of no service to the master, unless others admire them. The only means, therefore, to render the gifts of fortune of no esteem, is to guard against power and splendour, by this contempt of them; whereas, on the other hand, by paying them respect, the possessors are led into madness and folly. In the low and illiterate, who openly confess their ignorance, such conduct might be forgiven; but, for those who pretend to philosophy, to act still more foolishly and ridiculously, even than they do, is to the last degree unpardonable. What do I feel when I behold any of these, especially such as are advanced in life, mixing with the croud of flatterers, attending, like humble followers, on one of these great men, talking familiarly with the common servants, in all their superb dress and finery: I am provoked that, whilst in every other respect they act the part of slaves, they do not wear the habit also. What are these better than professed parasites? Do they not feed more luxuriously, get in liquor sooner, rise later from table, and carry more away with them;

them; nay, and do not those amongst them, who are most polite, * sing as often?" These were the things which he thought truly ridiculous: he took particular notice, likewise, of those who turn philosophers for hire, and sell virtue, as it were, at the public market: the schools of such, therefore, he called shops and taverns; as he thought those, who pretended to teach others the contempt of riches, should above all men be themselves free from venality. What he dictated he practised: not only conversing freely, without fee or reward, with all those who desired it; but supplying the poor with necessaries, and shewing the utmost contempt of every thing superfluous. So far was he from seeking that which did not belong to him, that he took very little care even of his own estate, which was falling to ruin; and though he had a farm not far from the city, never took the pains for many years so much as to visit it; he even said, it was really none of his: arguing, I suppose, that in things of this kind, we cannot properly be called the

* *Sing as often,*] In Greece the people of fashion never sung themselves, but hired slaves for that purpose. These always made an indispensable part in feasts, both public and private: Lucian, therefore, considers the practice of singing, to entertain company, as degrading, and beneath the character of a gentleman.

masters

masters of it, seeing that law, or heritage, only gives us a temporary possession of it for a short and uncertain time : that time expired, another occupies, and enjoys it by the same tenure. Thus did he enforce his precepts, to all those who were willing to learn, by his own example ; by the frugality of his table, proper exercise, the modesty of his appearance, and decency of his attire ; but above all, by the composure of his mind, and the sweetness of his manners. He counselled his followers never to put off, or defer the time of acting aright, as too many do, who allot some particular season, a public festival perhaps, or solemn meeting, when they will begin to leave off their vices, and study to be good. The bent of the soul towards virtue, he thought, was by no means to be turned aside for a moment ; and blamed those philosophers exceedingly, who harrassed their pupils with perpetual toil and labour, compelling some of them to bind themselves with cords, others to endure * stripes, others, of a more delicate frame, to rase their skin with swords : the firmness, strength, and solidity of their minds, in his opinion, ought much rather to be attended to, and, in the education of youth,

* *To endure stripes,*] See the Anacharxis of Lucian, where this severe discipline is finely ridiculed.

a proper regard paid to the soul, as well as the body, their age, and former manner of life, at the same time duly considered, that they might not be hurt, by attempting any thing beyond their strength and abilities; as by this irrational method of straining themselves, many, he observed, had perished. I knew, indeed, one myself, who, after suffering a great deal from such preceptors as these, came to him, embraced true learning, and returned with a mind highly improved.

This subject dismissed, he turned to the consideration of many others; talked of our civil broils and tumults, the stage, the circus, the statues of the charioteers, the names of the horses, and the conversations about them in every street; for no disorder is so universal as the † hippomany. Many of those who pass for grave and sober men, did he reprove: then, as if entering on a new act of his play, began upon funerals, and attacked the last will and testament men; remarking, that the Romans,

† *The hippomany.*] The hippomany, or horse-madness, as Lucian here humourously styles it, is a disease to the full as equally prevalent and epidemical in modern as in ancient times: few nations have been more severely afflicted with it than our own. We have of late, it seems, bit our next neighbours also, and the French course on the Sablon already vies with the races at Newmarket.

young

young or old, speak truth once in their lives, meaning in their last wills, which they durst not do before, for fear of bad consequences. I could not refrain from laughter when he added on this occasion, that they all would have their follies buried with them, and yet acknowledge them under their own hands at the last hour; some ordering their cloaths, or any thing else, which they most delighted in, to be burned with them on the funeral pile; others commanding servants to watch at their sepulchres; others desiring to have their tombs hung with garlands: persevering thus in error and absurdity, even beyond the grave. One might easily conjecture, he thought, what kind of lives they must have led, who could order such things to be done after their deaths. These are the men that purchase the most costly dainties, and mix * saffron and spices with their wine; such as are crowned with † roses in the midst of winter,

* *Saffron and spices,*] Plutarch, in his *Symposia*, mentions the mixing saffron with wine, as an article of fashionable luxury; this is a species, however, of ancient Epicurism which the moderns have not hitherto adopted.

† *Roses,*] This custom is at this day as fashionable in England as it ever could have been in Greece or Rome, no lady of the Ton appearing without winter-roses; it even descends to the lower orders, and a genteel footman never hires himself to a woman of quality, without first knowing how much she allows a week for nosegays.

which

which they are fond of then, only because they are rare and out of season; and yet, at the proper time, when produced by nature alone, utterly reject and despise them; such as use ointments and perfumes; men, who did not even know, for which he most condemned them, how to enjoy those pleasures which they were perpetually in search of, but missed their aim, and destroyed their own end and purpose, by leaving their minds a prey to continual dissipation; coming in, as upon the stage, † any way rather than by the street-door; this he called a solecism in pleasure. As § Momus found fault

† *Any way rather, &c.*] The commentators on the original of this passage are much perplexed, and have written two or three quarto pages about and about it, without seeming to have discovered the true meaning, which, after all, appears to be no more than an allusion to the entrance of the persons of the drama, at back-doors, windows, &c. Lucian's argument, therefore, runs thus; why will not the sons of luxury and pleasure follow the plain road and dictates of nature, instead of thus turning out of her path, and coming in, like actors on the stage, at any entrance rather than the right?

§ *As Momus, &c.*] Momus found fault with the gods, or nature, for not placing the horns of an ox rather under than above the eye, as imagining, perhaps, that in such a position they would have acted with more force, and, consequently, been more serviceable to the animal. Lucian tells us, in his True History, that he met with some of this kind, made according to Momus's plan, but he does not tell us they were a whit the better for it. See Aristotle de Part. Animal. lib. iii. cap. 2.

with

with nature, for not placing the ox's horns before his eyes ; in like manner did he laugh at these fools, for placing their perfumed crowns on their heads, for, as he observed, if they are so fond of roses and violets, they should rather put them under their noses, that the smell might be stronger, and more agreeable ; those, above all, did he turn into ridicule, who are so wonderfully expert in grand entertainments, and perpetually employed in the search of dainties and delicacies of every kind. They went through a deal of trouble and fatigue, he said, to procure a short and momentary pleasure, as scarce any man's throat was above four fingers long ; for neither before, nor after, they had tasted this costly food, would it give them more satisfaction than the plainest and cheapest diet ; purchasing, thus, a fleeting and transitory pleasure, at a price the most extravagant ; and all because they wanted true taste, to enjoy that real and solid satisfaction, which philosophy alone can afford, to those who industriously search after her.

The next thing which he took notice of, was what passed in the baths ; where the rich and great, with a large train of attendants, are carried on the shoulders of their slaves, as if laid out

out for their funeral. One absurdity, in particular, frequently practised in these places, raised his indignation : servants walking before their masters, and crying out to them to * look to their feet, and give them warning of every hillock, or puddle, in their way, that they might know (which was to the last degree ridiculous) how to walk safely. It was intolerable, he thought, to see people, who never made use of other's hands or mouths, to eat, or of other's ears to hear, should, notwithstanding, when they were in full health and vigour, borrow other men's eyes to see with, and suffer themselves to be hawled to like the poor and blind ; and yet the greatest men, and those to whom the care of the state was committed, even in the middle of the day, and in the public market-place, would submit to this indignity. With these, and many other observations of the like nature, he finished his discourse. I was lost in astonishment ; and listening still with attention, dreaded his silence, when I perceived he had quite done. The same thing happened to me, as did to the

* *Look to their feet,*] This is a proof, amongst many others, that the Romans, in the decline of the empire, were sunk into the lowest state of sloth and effeminacy, and had adopted almost all the modes of Eastern luxury.

Phœacians

† Phæacians of old ; I stood a long time with my eyes fixed on him : my head turned round, the sweat dropped from me, I almost fainted ; I endeavoured to speak, but could not ; my tongue faltered, my voice was gone, and, at last, I burst into tears. His discourse had not slightly affected me, or grazed the skin alone, but left a deep and mortal wound, and pierced, as it were, to my inmost soul. The mind, in my opinion, of every well-disposed man, is like a soft mark, or butt ; many are the archers in this life, with their quivers full of speeches of every kind ; but few amongst them aim aright : some stretch the cord too tight, and the arrow, sent forth with more force than is necessary, doth not stick in, but passing through, leaves the mind sore with its gaping wound ; whilst others, from a looser bow, and want of strength to carry them on, fall short of the mark, and, with languid motion, drop down in the middle of their course ; or, if they reach the butt, lightly touch the surface of it, and go no farther. But the skilful marksman, like our philosopher, examines first the mark he is to

† *The Phæacians*]

He ceas'd, but left, so charming on their ear,
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.

Homer's *Odys.* b. xi.

shoot at, with all possible diligence and care, to see whether it be soft or hard, for some are impenetrable; then dipping his arrow, not in poison, like the * Scythians, nor in opium, like the Curetes, but in a kind of sharp, yet pleasing liquid, take a sure and certain aim: the † dart thrown out with that degree of force which is necessary, and fixed in the center, diffuses its medicinal virtues over every part of the soul. Hence it arises, that the hearer is ravished with the sound; and, as he listens, dissolves in tears: as I myself experienced. I could have said to him in the words of ‡ Homer,

Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd:

* *The Scythians, &c.*]

—————tinxere sagittas

Erantes Scythiæ populi—————

Lucan, lib. iii. v. 356.

and Virgil,

Non secus ac nervo per nubem impulsa sagitta

Armatam sævi Parthus quam telle veneni

Parthus, sive Cydon telum immedicabile torfit.

Æneid xii. v. 856.

† *The dart, &c.*] When Lucian lays hold of a favourite image, to illustrate his subject, he is too apt, like Ovid, to dwell too long upon it; till his reader is tired with a constant repetition of the same idea. This is the case with regard to the passage before us.

‡ *Homer,*] See Pope's translation of the Iliad, book viii. v. 340.

for,

for, as not all who hear the Phrygian pipe are seized with madness, but only those whom * Rhea herself selects; so those alone are affected by true philosophy, whose genius and disposition are by nature turned towards it.

L U G I A N.

What noble, wonderful, and divine things, my dear friend, have you communicated to me! You have treated me, as it were, with lotus and ambrosia: when you spoke, I was in raptures; when you left off, I was in despair. To use your own words, I am deeply wounded; nor is it to be wondered at; for those, you know, who are bitten by mad dogs, are not only themselves seized with the disorder, but if in their madness they bite others, make them delirious also. By the bite the malady is communicated from one to the other, and the infection spreads on every side.

F R I E N D.

You own then, you have caught the distemper?

* *Whom Rhea herself, &c.*] The priests of Rhea; who alone are worked up into a religious phrenzy by the sound of the Phrygian pipe, which is supposed to have no effect on common hearers: *nec aliter concitantur*, (says Seneca, see Ep. 119.) *quam Phrygii solent tibicinis sono semiviri & ex imperio fluentes.*

N I G R I N U S.

L U C I A N.

Most certainly : and I intreat you, moreover,
to provide a proper remedy for us both.

F R I E N D.

We must even do then as * Telephus did.

L U C I A N.

How is that ?

F R I E N D.

Go to him from whom we received the
wound, and desire him to heal it.

* *Telephus*] Achilles (says the commentator) alterâ plagâ
Telepho illatâ priorem, ut fama est, sanavit.

T I M O N;

T I M O N;

O R T H E

M A N - H A T E R.

The Timon of LUCIAN is deservedly esteemed one of his best pieces. A fund of good sense and reflection, enlivened by frequent sallies of wit and humour, runs through the whole. Our great SHAKESPEARE has filled up LUCIAN's outline, drawn forth the characters into action, and formed, from him and PLUTARCH together, no unpleasing drama.

TIMON, JUPITER, PLUTUS,
MERCURY, POVERTY, &c.

T I M O N.

O Jupiter! the friendly, the hospitable, the social, the domestic, the oath-binder, the thunderer, the cloud-compelling, the far-resounding, or by whatever name thou art called by frantic poets, especially when the verse halts (for then they have a thousand names to prop the falling metre, and fill up the hiatus), where is now your crackling lightning, and your deep-toned thunder? Where are all your white, blazing, and terrific bolts? All dwindled into nothing; a mere poetical smoke; a heap of

idle names. Those unerring, far-shooting darts, so celebrated and revered, have, I know not how, lost all their fire; they are grown quite cold, and preserve not the least spark of wrath for the punishment of the guilty. The wretch who had forsworn himself, would be more afraid of the snuff of a lamp, than the flame of your all-subduing thunder. The firebrands which you throw, are quenched in such a manner, that nobody fears being burned by them; and all the hurt they can receive from it, is to be covered with smoke. For this reason * Salmoneus dared to thunder against you; and well he might. Man will boldly attempt every wickedness, whilst Jove is thus cold and inactive. What should hinder him, indeed,

* *Salmoneus*] Salmoneus was the son of Æolus, and brother to the famous Sisyphus. He conquered all Elis; and growing, like other conquerors, intoxicated with success, took it into his head, as Alexander did long after him, that he must be king of the gods. To prove his divinity, he built a large bridge of brass, over an immense plain, and rolled upon it chariots of brass, by way of imitating Jupiter's thunder; and that he might also have a little good lightning with it, threw down firebrands from it on a few devoted victims below. Jupiter, not approving the humour of so poor a mimic, sent him to Tartarus. Virgil has immortalised him in the following lines, in his description of the Pagan Hell:

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonæa pœnas
Dum flammas Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi.

when

when you, as if stupified by † mandragora, are fast asleep: you, who neither hear the perjured, nor observe the wicked; blind to every thing about you, and with your ears stopped, like an old dotard. When you were young, lively, and prone to resentment, you never spared the guilty and oppressive; never made peace or league with them: the lightning was always employed, and the ægis shaken over them. The thunder was for ever rolling, and the shafts perpetually darting down upon them. Then we had earthquakes in abundance, snow in heaps, hail like stones, and, to speak plainly to you, most violent and rapid showers, and rivers overflowing every day. Witness the great deluge in the time of Deucalion, when every thing was sunk under water, and only one little boat preserved, which landed on Mount

† *Mandragora*,] Mandragora, or the mandrake, is an herb, or plant, of a cold and narcotic quality, especially the root, which is large, and shaped like those of parsnip, carrot, white briony, &c. its roots are sometimes forked, which, perhaps, made the superstitious imagine they resembled the legs or thighs of men; Columella therefore calls it *femihomo*. The idea of its soporific quality is adopted by the modern as well as ancient naturalists.

—— not poppy nor mandragora

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,

Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owdest yesterday. Shakspeare's Othello.

* Lycoris, with the small remnant of mankind, saved only to propagate a still more impious generation. And now you are well rewarded for your indolence; for nobody sacrifices to you, or offers you garlands, except, perhaps, some person at the † Olympic games; who does it not, because he thinks it a duty, but merely because it is an old custom. In a little time, most generous of deities as you are, you will let them dethrone you, as they did Saturn. I forbear mentioning their sacrilegious attacks of your temple, or their laying hands even upon yourself at Olympia, when you, the great thunderer, never so much as set on the dogs, nor called in your neighbours to help you take the thieves, when they ran away. The noble giant-queller, and conqueror of the ‡ Titans, sat quietly, with his thunder-bolt

‡ *Lycoris*,] A mountain, on which Deucalion and Pyrrha were supposed to land after the universal deluge. For a better account of this great event, see our author's Treatise on the Goddesses of Syria.

† *Olympic games*;] The Olympic games were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, at, or near, the city Olympia, otherwise called Pisa, upon the river Alpheus, in Peloponnesus. For a full account of them, I refer my readers to Mr. Gilbert West's excellent dissertation on them, in the third volume of his works, printed for Doddsley, 1776.

‡ *Titans*,] Titan, according to the ancient theogony, was the eldest son of Coelus and Vesta, or heaven and earth; but

bolt of ten cubits length in his hand, and let them pull the hair off his head. When, O thou great deity ! wilt thou cease to pass over these things, or when wilt thou repay this wickedness ? How many † Phaetons, how many Deucalions will suffice, to expiate such iniquity ? But to leave this general cause, and come to my own : I, who have raised so many Athenians from poverty and misery to riches and power, assisted the indigent, and lavished away all my substance to make my friends happy, am now myself left poor and destitute. I am not so much as known by them ; those will not condescend to look upon me, who for-

but getting, it seems, under petticoat government, was persuaded by his mother to give up his birth-right, no less than the empire of the universe, to his younger brother, Saturn, on condition that, in process of time, he would cut off the entail, by putting to death all his male heirs, that so the kingdom might revert to the elder branch ; but discovering, some time after, that, by the artifice of Rhea, three of Saturn's sons had been secretly preserved and educated, he waged war against his brother, subdued, and took him and his wife and children prisoners. Jupiter, however, as soon as he arrived at years of maturity, set all his family free again, conquered the Titans, and sent them all to Tartarus.

† *Phaetons*,] How many conflagrations, and how many deluges must happen, how often must this wicked world be burned, or drowned, before it will be thoroughly reformed !

merly

merly revered, adored me, and hung upon my nod. If by chance, as I go along, I meet with any of them, they pass by me as they would by the grave-stone of a person long since dead, that was worn out, and fallen to decay, as if they had never seen me; others turn away from me as from a loathsome and abhorred spectacle, though not long since they extolled me as their benefactor and preserver. Reduced, at length, to the utmost distress, and clothed in a garment made of skins, I dig this little spot of earth, which I bought for four * oboli.

Here

* *Oboli* ;] As Lucian frequently refers to the Attic monies, the following table will explain the whole to my readers.

A Table of Sums in Attic Money, with their several Proportions to our Own.

O B O L I.					<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>
1	-	-	-	-	0	0	1	$1\frac{1}{8}$
2	-	-	-	-	0	0	2	$1\frac{1}{8}$
3	-	-	-	-	0	0	3	$3\frac{3}{6}$
4	-	-	-	-	0	0	5	$0\frac{2}{3}$
5	-	-	-	-	0	0	6	$1\frac{5}{6}$
6 equal to a drachma	-	-	-	-	0	0	7	3
D R A C H M Æ.								
1	-	-	-	-	0	0	7	3
10	-	-	-	-	0	6	5	2
100 equal to a mina	-	-	-	-	3	4	7	0
M I N Æ.								
1	-	-	-	-	3	4	7	0
10	-	-	-	-	32	5	10	0

Here do I philosophise, in the desert, with my mattock and spade. All the happiness which I enjoy is, that I no longer behold the prosperity of the wicked; for that would be the worst of evils. At length, therefore, O thou son of Saturn and Rhea! shake off thy profound and heavy slumbers (for thou hast slept longer than † Epimenides), light thy bolt at Mount

					<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>
20	-	1	-	-	64	11	8	0
60	equal to a talent			-	193	15	0	0

T A L E N T A.

1	-	-	-	-	193	15	0	0
5	-	-	-	-	968	15	0	0
10	-	-	-	-	1937	10	0	0
15	-	-	-	-	2906	5	0	0
20	-	-	-	-	3875	0	0	0
100	-	-	-	-	10375	0	0	0

In the *Adelphi* of Terence, mention is made of a half mina, which in proportion must have been, 1 12 3 2

The obolus was brass, the rest were silver.

† *Epimenides*] Epimenides, of Crete, lived in the time of Solon. Diogenes Laertius, who tells a great many strange tales, informs us that this very extraordinary man was sent, when very young, to take care of some cattle; and wandering into a cave, fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued for no less than seven and forty years. He then awoke, and came home, where he was, with some difficulty, recognised by a younger brother, now grown an old man. The story of his long nap, being circulated, soon procured him respect and admiration. He set up for a prophet, and lived, according to Cretan tradition, to the age of 289. *Credat Judæus.*

Ætna,

Ætna, and send it forth; let it flame out once more; shew the power and indignation of the once strong and youthful Jove; unless what the † Cretans fable, concerning thee and thy sepulture, be a real fact.

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, who is this Athenian that bellows thus to us from the bottom of Hymettus? a horrid dirty wretch, and clothed in skins; he lays all along upon the earth, and seems to be digging; some bold, prating fellow; a philosopher, I suppose, or he would not have uttered such profane speeches against me.

M E R C U R Y.

Don't you know Timon, the Colyttian, the son of Echecratides; he who used so often to treat us with the choicest victims; that grew so rich on a sudden, and sacrificed whole hecatombs; the man that celebrated the feasts of Jupiter with so much splendor?

J U P I T E R.

Alas! Alas! What a change is here! Is this our honest Timon, the rich man, that

† *Cretans fable*] The idea of the supreme father of gods and men being buried in a tomb, is too absurd even for Pagan philology; and of itself sufficiently proves the truth of the proverb quoted by St. Paul, of

Χρητις αει ψευδαι,

The Cretans are always liars.

had

had so many friends about him ; how happens it that he appears thus dirty and miserable ; digging the earth, for hire, I imagine, by the heaviness of his spade ?

M E R C U R Y.

To speak the truth, his probity, humanity, and charity to the poor, have been the ruin of him ; or rather, in fact, his own folly, easiness of disposition, and want of judgement in his choice of friends : he never discovered that he was giving away his all to wolves and ravens. Whilst these vulturs were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered ; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger ; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire ; ashamed to shew himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those, who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon.

J U P I.

J U P I T E R.

He is not to be despised or neglected, and has but too much reason to complain. Considering his condition, I should be as bad as those execrable flatterers, were I to forget a man who has offered up so many fat bullocks and goats on my altars; the sweet savour of which still smelleth in my nostrils. But I have had so much business of late, what with false swearers, thieves, and plunderers; and, above all, those who commit sacrilege, who are very numerous, and keep me always on the watch, that I have not, for a long time, turned my eyes towards Athens; never, indeed, since philosophy and dispute became so rise among them; insomuch that their fighting and squabbling made such a noise and clamour, that I could not hear the prayers of mortals; so that I was forced either to shut my ears, or to be torn in pieces by those who bellow out about virtue, incorporeal natures, and I know not what. Hence it happened that this man escaped me, though he ought by no means to be neglected. Go, therefore, Mercury, to him immediately; take Plutus along with you, and let him carry a large treasure: let both remain with Timon, and not leave him so easily as they did before, though, ~~from~~ his generosity, he should again endeavour

endeavour to turn them out of doors. As to those ungrateful parasites, I shall think about them hereafter, and reward them according to their merit, as soon as I have repaired my lightning; for two of my best rays were blunted the other day, which I launched with a little too much vehemence against the sophist * Anaxagoras, who was persuading his followers that there were no gods. I missed him, indeed, for Pericles held out his hand to protect him; the thunder-bolt fell upon the temple of Castor and Pollux, set it on fire, and split it all in pieces. Their punishment, however, in the mean time, will be sufficient in seeing Timon made rich again.

M E R C U R Y.

How necessary it is to be impudent, clamorous, and importunate; not to lawyers only, but to every one that has any thing to ask! Behold this Timon, from a beggar becomes

* *Anaxagoras,*] This philosopher, who, in an age of ignorance, had some imperfect idea of the true God, held, in opposition to the received opinion, that the world was governed by an eternal and omnipotent Spirit. For this he was accused, by the sophists of his time, of atheism and idolatry. Pericles, the famous orator, strenuously defended him. Lucian's image of Jupiter's striking at him, and, on Pericles' turning off the blow, setting the temple of Castor and Pollux on fire, is, to the last degree, humorous and severe.

a rich

a rich man ; he has got Jupiter over to his side, merely by dint of clamour and abuse ; whereas, if he had continued digging, and said nothing, he might have dug on for life without being taken any notice of.

P L U T U S.

Jupiter, I'll not go near him.

J U P I T E R.

* Not when I command you ? Why so ?
Plutus ?

P L U T U S.

Because he has used me very ill, cast me away from him, and split me into a thousand pieces ; nay, though I was like a father to him, beat me, as I may say, out of doors ; threw me out of his hand, as a man would serve a hot burning coal : and shall I go again to him to be squandered away upon whores and parasites ? No : send me to those who wish for, who will embrace me, and know my value ; not such stupid animals as these, who make a league with Poverty, whom they prefer to me ; get a garment of skins and a spade

* *Not when I command you, &c.* Shakspeare, in his Timon, says,

———— Plutus, the god of riches,
Was but his steward.

I would advise my learned readers to turn to the Plutus of Aristophanes, and compare it with Lucian's Timon.

from

from her, and are glad to earn four farthings by digging, though once they could give away ten talents without reluctance.

J U P I T E R.

Timon will never serve you so again ; his spade has taught him, by this time (unless his belly is famine-proof), that you are much more desirable than Poverty. But the truth is, you are a querulous malecontent, finding fault with Timon for opening his doors, and letting you go where you will, instead of being jealous of, and shutting you up at home ; and yet, sometimes, you used to be angry with the rich, for confining you with bars, bolts, and seals, in such a manner that you could never see the light. This you lamented to me, and complained that you were buried in utter darkness. I have met you pale and full of care, with your fingers contracted, and threatening to run away from them the first opportunity. Such a horrible thing did you count it to be locked up, like Danae, in a brazen or iron chest, or let out by a 'set of wretches on vile usury. They acted absurdly, you said, in loving you beyond measure ; and though they possessed, not enjoying the object of their affection, but always watching and fixing their eyes on the locks and the bolts that contained it, thinking it hap-

piners sufficient to gaze upon it; not because they made use of it themselves, but that they could prevent others from making any of it; like the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the corn himself, nor suffer the hungry horse to feed upon it. How you used to laugh at those that carked and spared; and, what was most ridiculous, were jealous even of themselves! little thinking that a wicked servant, a steward, or their children's tutor, might come privately, rob them of their all, and then laugh at the poor miserable master, who, perhaps, was sitting by his dingy lamp, brooding over his imaginary treasure. How absurd is it in you, who used to talk in this manner, now to rail at Timon!

P L U T U S.

If you would take the pains, notwithstanding, to enquire into the truth, you would find I was right in both: for Timon's extravagance, with regard to me, was not benevolence, but folly; and as to those who lock me up in darkness, and take so much pains to make me fatter and bigger, and swell me to an immense size, and, at the same time, never touch me themselves, nor bring me to the light, for fear I should be seen by others, I look upon them as madmen; and think they treat me very ill, who never did
 them

them any harm, when they let me grow mouldy in prison, without considering how soon I may leave them, and go away to some other of Fortune's favourites. Wherefore I neither commend them, nor such as part from me too easily; but those only, who, observing the true medium, neither totally abstain from, nor entirely devour me. For I would ask you, Jupiter, whether if a man were to marry a young and beautiful wife, and afterwards should never watch or be jealous of her, but give her leave to go wherever she would, night and day, and keep company with whom she pleased, nay, should open his doors, invite every body in, and expose her to prostitution, would you believe this man loved her? You, who know what love is, could never think it: or if a man takes a fine blooming girl home, in order to have children by her, and then never touches her, nor permits any body else so much as to look at her; himself, at the same time, a poor emaciated wretch, with his eyes sunk in his head, and yet pretending to be fond of her; would not you call such a fellow mad, who, instead of enjoying the pleasures of matrimony, should let a sweet and beautiful creature pine away her whole life in virginity, like a priestess of Ceres? And have not I the same reason to com-

plain, who am kicked and cuffed, and torn to pieces by some, and treated by others like a run-away thief, and laid by the heels ?

J U P I T E R.

And yet, after all, you have no reason to be so angry ; for they are all of them sufficiently punished. The one, like Tantalus, neither eat nor drink, but stand, with their mouths open, catching at their beloved treasure. Whilst the other, like * Phineus, see it snatched out of their jaws by harpies. But get away now to Timon : you will find him, by this time, quite another man.

P L U T O S.

I shall only run through his wicker basket ; he will pour me out faster than I can flow in, as if he was afraid I should overwhelm him. I may as well get into the Danaid's tub, as into a vessel that will hold no liquor ; so wide are his gaps, and his doors so open.

J U P I T E R.

But if he does not fill up these gaps, and stop

* *Phineus*,] Phineus was a king of Thrace ; he married Cleopatra, daughter of Borcas, by whom he had two sons, Plinippus and Pandion ; growing tired of his first wife, he repudiated her to make way for another, who persuaded him to put out the eyes of his two sons. The gods punished him for this crime with blindness, and moreover gave him up to the harpies to be tormented by them.

the

the current, when it is all run out, he may chance to find his blanket and spade at the bottom of the cask. But, away with you, and make him rich once more. Do you, Mercury, remember to call on the Cyclops at Mount *Ætna*, and bring him here to sharpen the points of my lightning, for I shall want to make use of it.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, Plutus, let us be gone. How is this? limping : I did not know you were lame as well as blind.

P L U T U S.

I am not always so, Mercury ; but whenever Jupiter sends me to any body, I do not know how it is, but I am generally tardy, and hop a little ; so that sometimes the person that expects me, grows old before I get to him. Whereas, when I take my leave, I have wings swifter than a bird ; no sooner are the doors unbarred, than, like a conqueror in the race, I fly over the whole course at a leap, and am scarce seen by the spectators.

M E R C U R Y.

That is false ; for I could mention several who had not a farthing over night to buy a halter with, and next day lived in riches and splendor ; were drawn in their chariots by white horses, though a little before they were not

worth a jack-ass : some I have seen clothed in purple, and rolling in money, who could hardly believe it themselves, and thought it came to them in a dream.

P L U T U S.

That is quite another affair, Mercury : I did not walk on my own feet then, but was carried ; not Jupiter, but * Pluto, the god of riches, as his name imports, sent me to them ; these people, when I am to pass from one to the other, put me into their wills, seal me up carefully, and carry me about in a bag. When the possessor dies, he is thrown into some dark corner of the house, and covered with a rag of old linen, where the cats fight for him. Mean time, the wishful heir gapes after me, like young swallows after the old bird that is flying round them ; at length, when the seal is taken off, the ribbon untied, and the will opened, my new master's name appears ; perhaps some relation, perhaps a parasite, or dirty slave, who had curried favour by servile adu-

* *Pluto,*] Pluto, the god of hell, was called Πλουτοδότης, the giver of riches ; probably because the searchers after gold and silver penetrate into the bowels of the earth, and even to the center of it, his dominions, for hidden treasure. Lucian therefore means, that those who grow rich so very suddenly, are indebted for it not to him, but to the god of mines, the infernal deity, for their riches.

lation,

lation, some pander to his pleasures, who now enjoys the rewards of his infamous service, who immediately seizes on me and the will together, and runs off; changes his name, and, instead of Byria, * *Dromo*, or *Tibius*, now takes the name of *Megacles*, or *Megabyzus*, or *Protarchus*: leaving the rest of the expectants gaping and looking at one another in silent sorrow; grieving with great sincerity, that so fine and fat a fish should escape out of their net. He seizes immediately upon me, and, though the wretch has hardly forgot the terrors of a whip and goal, falls upon every body he meets, and beats his fellow-servants most unmercifully, by way of retaliation; till, at length, falling into the hands of some rapacious harlot, turning horse-racer, or becoming a prey to flatterers, who swear he is handsomer than † *Ninus*, better born than ‡ *Codrus* or *Cecrops*,

* *Dromo*, &c.] Names generally given to slaves.

† *Iban Ninus*,] *Ninus*, the son of *Charopus* and *Aglæ*, brought three ships to the siege of *Troy*, and is celebrated by *Homer* for his extraordinary beauty.

Three ships, with *Ninus*, fought the *Trojan* shore,
Ninus, whom *Aglæ* to *Charopus* bore,
Ninus, in rattleless shape and blooming grace,
 The loveliest youth of all the *Grecian* race;

Cecrops, wiser than Ulysses, and richer than fifteen Cræsus; in a very short space of time, he lavishes away all that treasure which he had been scraping up for so many years by rapine, perjury, and extortion.

M E R C U R Y.

It is often, indeed, as you say : but when you go of your own accord, blind as you are, how do you do to find your way ; or, when Jupiter sends you to any body, how do you distinguish so as to know whether they are deserving of his bounty, and the persons he means to oblige ?

P L U T U S.

Do you think I can always find that out ?

M E R C U R Y.

By Jove, very seldom, or you would not pass by Aristides, and go to Hipponicus, Callias, and many others, who do not deserve a single farthing. But how do you do when you are sent abroad ?

P L U T U S.

I run up and down, from place to place, till I light on somebody by mere chance ; and

Pelides only match'd his early charms,
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Pope's Iliad. b. ii. l. 815.

† *Codrus*, &c.] Cecrops was the founder of Athens, and Codrus the last king of it

whoever

whoever he is that comes first in my way, has me, takes me home with him, and pays his adorations to you for his unexpected good fortune.

M E R C U R Y.

Jupiter then is deceived all the while in imagining that you bestow riches on those only whom he thinks deserving of them!

P L U T U S.

And deceived he ought to be, when he knows I am stone blind, to send me out in search of a thing that is no longer to be found upon earth; or at least so scarce and so small, that a * Lynceus could not easily discover it. When the good are so rarely to be met with, and the bad so numerous and so fortunate, it is no wonder I should fall so perpetually in the way of, and be caught by them.

M E R C U R Y.

But how happens it, that when you leave them, you get off so expeditiously, though you cannot possibly know the way?

P L U T U S.

Then have I the use both of my eyes and

* *A Lynceus*] Lynceus was the son of Aphaneus, king of Messenia, and one of the Argonauts. This hero, according to Pindar, had such piercing eyes, that he saw Castor, from an immense distance, in the trunk of a tree. Other authors carry the matter still farther, and affirm that he could see into the bowels of the earth.

feet, whenever I find an opportunity of flying away from them.

M E R C U R Y.

One thing more I would ask you : how comes it about that, with that pale visage, without eyes (for blind you are), and so weak in the ancles, you have so many admirers ? All the world seems in love with you ; happy are those who enjoy you, and to those who cannot, life is burthenfome : many have I known so deeply smitten with you, as to cast themselves from a high rock down into the wide ocean, only because you seem'd to flight and take no notice of them. Though, at the same time, I believe you will confess, if you know any thing of yourself, that they are little better than madmen in entertaining so ridiculous a passion.

P L U T U S.

Do you think I appear to them such as I really am, blind and lame, and with all those imperfections about me ?

M E R C U R Y.

Why not, unless they are as blind as yourself ?

P L U T U S.

They are not blind, my friend ; but that ignorance and folly, which is now become universal, darkens their understanding : add to
this,

this, that to hide as much as possible my deformity, I put on a beautiful mask, covered with gold and jewels, and appear to them in a robe of various colours; they, imagining that they are beholding true and native beauty, fall most miserably in love with, and die if they do not possess me; though, if I was fairly stripped naked before them, they would condemn their own blindness in loving any thing so unlovely and disgusting.

M E R C U R Y.

But when they are grown rich, and, by virtue of this same mask, you have happened to deceive them; how happens it, that, rather than part with the mask, they would sooner loose their head? When they look on the inside, it is impossible but they must see it is nothing but the deception of the gold.

P L U T U S.

In that case, Mercury, there are many things in my favour.

M E R C U R Y.

What are they?

P L U T U S.

No sooner, you must know, does the happy man open his doors to me, but with me rush in unseen, Pride, Folly, Madness, Fraud, Insolence, and a thousand more; these take immediate possession

possession of his soul : he admires every thing that should not be admired, and pursues every thing that he ought to avoid : dotes on me who brought all the evil upon him ; and would suffer any thing rather than be forced to part from me.

M E R C U R Y.

But you are so smooth and slippery, that when you are upon the wing, there is no such thing as laying hold of you ; you slip away, some how, through the fingers, like an eel ; whilst Poverty, on the other hand, is glutinous, and sticks close ; and has so many crooked hooks all over her body, that if once you touch, you cannot easily get rid of her. But whilst we are prating here, we have forgot the main point.

P L U T U S.

What's that ?

M E R C U R Y.

The treasure we were to have brought along with us, which is most essentially necessary.

P L U T U S.

Make yourself easy about that : when I come up to you, I always leave that behind me safe under ground, shut the door, and command the earth to open to none, without my orders.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us away then for Attica ; and do you
hold

hold fast by my coat, till we come to our journey's end.

P L U T U S.

You are in the right to keep me close by you ; for, if you should set me free, perhaps I might go astray, and blunder upon Cleon or Hyperbolus. But what is this noise, like the clinking of iron upon a stone ?

M E R C U R Y.

It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us ; and see along with him is Poverty, and Labour, and Strength, and Fortitude, and Wisdom, all driven thither by Hunger ; a body-guard stronger, I am afraid, than your's.

P L U T U S.

Mercury, let us be gone immediately : we can do no good to a man that is surrounded with such an army.

M E R C U R Y.

Jove thinks otherwise : therefore come along, and fear nothing.

P O V E R T Y.

Whither, Mercury, are you leading this friend of your's ?

M E R C U R Y.

To Timon : we are sent by Jupiter.

P O V E R T Y.

Shall Plutus then come to Timon at last, after
-3 I have

I have taken him under my protection, corrupted as he was with Sloth and Luxury; con-
signed him over to the wholesome instruction of
Labour, and Wisdom, and rendered him a man
of worth and character? Will you thus de-
spise and affront me, as to rob me of my only
possession, the man whom, with so much care,
I had formed to virtue; to throw him into the
hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as
idle and wicked as ever he was; and, when
he is good for nothing, will give him me back
again.

M E R C U R Y.

Such, O Poverty, is the will of Jove.

P O V E R T Y.

Then, I take my leave. Do you, Labour,
Wisdom, and the rest of you, follow me: soon
shall he know the value of her whom he has
lost, his best friend and instructor, with whom,
while he dwelt with me, he enjoyed a sound
mind and healthful body, lived as a man ought
to live, and had an eye upon his own conduct,
looking on every thing else, as they really are,
as superfluous and unnecessary.

M E R C U R Y.

They are gone; let us approach him.

T I M O N.

Who are you, rascals? and what do you
want?

want here? to disturb a poor labouring man in his business: but you shall not return unrewarded, a parcel of scoundrels as you are, for I shall pelt you handsomely with these stones.

M E R C U R Y.

Softly, good Timon, we are no mortals: this is Plutus, and I am Mercury. Jupiter heard your prayers, and sent us to you: accept therefore of his bounties, cease from your labour, and be happy.

T I M O N.

If ye are gods, as ye say, you will fare never the better; for, know, I hate both gods and men: and as for this blind wretch, whoever he is, I will certainly knock him on the head with my spade.

P L U T U S.

For heaven's sake, Mercury, let us be gone for fear of accidents; this fellow appears to me to be stark mad.

M E R C U R Y.

Timon, lay aside this savage disposition; embrace your good fortune, be once more rich, the prince of Athens, and despise the ungrateful wretches who deserted you.

T I M O N.

Disturb me not: I have no need of you: my spade is all the riches I desire, and I shall esteem

teem myself the most happy of men if none will come near me.

M E R C U R Y.

And art thou thus divested of all humanity ?
and must I

* Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods ?

Men, indeed, from whom thou hast received so many injuries, might be hateful ; but not the gods, who have been so indulgent to thee.

T I M O N.

To you, Mercury, and to Jupiter, for your care of me, I acknowledge my obligations ; but as for this Plutus, I will by no means accept of him.

M E R C U R Y.

Why so ?

T I M O N.

Because he was the author of all my past misfortunes, gave me up to flatterers, and evil counsellors, corrupted me with perpetual temptations, and rendered me the object of hatred and of envy ; but, above all, because he basely and perfidiously deserted me. Poverty, on the other hand, my best and truest friend, exercised me with wholesome labours, supplied me with what was necessary, and taught me to condemn every

* *Bear this, &c.*] From Homer, see Pope's translation, b. xv. l. 205.

thing superfluous, and to rely upon myself alone; shewed me what true riches were, those treasures, which neither the fawning sycophant, nor the angry multitude, the time-serving orator, nor the ensnaring tyrant, can ever wrest from me. Thus whilst with pleasure I till this little field, a stranger to all the vices of public life, my spade most abundantly supplies me with every thing that is really necessary. Return therefore, good Mercury, the way you came, and carry Plutus back with you to Jupiter. I shall be satisfied if he makes fools of all mankind, as he has of me.

M E R C U R Y.

It is not every one, Timon, that can bear the trial so well as you have: but leave off, I beg you, this foolish, childish resentment, and receive him: the gifts of Jove are not to be rejected.

P L U T U S.

Will you, without flying in a passion, give me leave to plead my own cause?

T I M O N.

Plead away; but let us have none of your long prefaces in the oratorical style: I will listen to you a little, for the sake of my friend Mercury here.

P L U T U S.

You ought to hear a great deal from me, for

you have abused me pretty handsomely. I cannot conceive how I could ever, though you say it, have done you any injury ; I, who heaped honours, titles, crowns, every thing that was good and desirable upon you ; through me you became conspicuous and respectable. If you suffered from flatterers, it was not my fault, I have more reason to be angry with you, for throwing me away in so shameful a manner, 'on wretches who fawned upon, and betrayed you, and laid so many snares to entrap me. As to your last accusation, of my deserting you, I may retort it with justice on yourself ; as you very well know that you absolutely drove me away, and turned me headlong out of doors ; when your dear friend, Poverty, instead of the fine soft garment you used to wear, wrapped you up in this blarkey. Mercury here is my witness, how earnestly I entreated Jupiter, not to send me to a man who had thus treated me as his enemy.

T I M O N.

Mercury, I will obey, and be rich again, since the gods will have it so ; but take care what you compel me to : hitherto I have been happy and innocent : so much riches, on a sudden, and so much care, I fear, will make me miserable.

M E R.

M E R C U R Y.

For my sake, Timon, accept the burthen; if it be only to make those rascally flatterers of your's burst with envy. I shall immediately to Ætna, and from thence to heaven.

[Mercury flies off.]

P L U T U S.

Mercury, I imagine, by the fluttering of his wings, is off: do you work on, and I will send you the money; but dig away now. Treasure, I command thee, listen to Timon, and put yourself in his way: Timon, go on, work as hard as you can. I shall take my leave.

T I M O N.

Now, spade, exert thyself, nor give out till thou hast called forth this treasure into light. O Jupiter, thou great worker of miracles, you, ye friendly * corybantes, and thou, wealth-dispensing † Mercury, whence all this gold? Is this a dream? When I awake I fear I shall find nothing but coals: it is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold, heavy, sweet to behold.

* *Corybantes,*] The corybantes were priests of Cybele. Many reasons are assigned by the commentators, but no satisfactory one, why Timon should call upon them.

† *Mercury,*] Mercury was always reckoned the god of gain.

Richest offspring of the mine,
 Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
 From afar conspicuous gleam,
 Through night's involving cloud.
 See Pindar's first Olympic Ode.

Burning, like fire, thou shinest day and night :
 come to me, thou dear delightful treasure : now
 do I believe that ‡ Jove himself was once turned
 into gold : what virgin would not spread forth
 her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover ? O
 Midas, Croesus, and all ye Delphic offerings,
 how little are ye, when compared to Timon,
 and his riches ? The Persian king cannot boast
 of equal affluence. You, my spade and blarney,
 shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgements
 to the great deity. I will purchase some retired
 spot, there build a tower to keep my gold in,
 and live for myself alone : this shall be my ha-
 bitation ; and, when I am dead, my sepul-

‡ *That Jove, &c.* Alluding to the story of Jupiter and
 Danae. When Timon finds the gold, Shakspear makes
 him say,

— What's here ?

Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold ? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench,

Shakspear's Timon, act iv. scene iii.
 chre

chre also: from this time forth, it is my fixed resolution, to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it: I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion: to pity the distressed, or to relieve the indigent, I shall consider as a weakness, nay, as a crime: my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them were profanation, to herd with them impiety: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight: I will look upon men, in short, as no more than so many statues of brass or stone; will make no truce, have no connection with them: my retreat shall be the boundary to separate us for ever. Relations, friends, and country, are empty names, respected by fools alone. Let Timon only be rich, and despise all the world beside; abhorring idle praise, and odious flattery, he shall be delighted with himself alone: alone shall he sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be his own neighbour, and his own companion. I am determined to be alone for life, and, when I die, to place the crown on my own head; the fairest name I would wish to be distinguished by, is that of misanthrope. I would be known and

marked out by my asperity of manners, by moroseness, cruelty, anger, and inhumanity. Were I to see a man perishing in the flames, and imploring me to extinguish them, I would throw pitch or oil into the fire to encrease it: or, if the winter flood should overwhelm another, who, with outstretched hands should beg me to assist him, I would plunge him still deeper in the stream, that he might never rise again; thus shall I be revenged of mankind, this is Timon's law, and this hath Timon ratified; thus it is determined, and this I will abide by. I should be glad, however, that all might know how I abound in riches, because that, I know, will make them miserable. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? What crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath; some how or other they have smelt out the gold. Shall I get upon this hill, and pelt them from it with stones, or shall I, for once, break my resolution, and have some conference with them? It will make ~~them~~ more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; this will be the best method; I will stay, therefore, and receive them. Ha! who is that, the first of them? O, it is * *Gnathopides*, who, but the

* *Gnathopides*,] It is observable, that Terence, in the Eunuch,

the other day, when I asked him for a supper, held out a rope; though he had emptied many a cask with me. I am glad he is come, for he shall first feel my resentment.

G N A T H O N I D E S.

Said I not, the gods would not long forget so good a man as Timon? hail, Timon! hail, thou fairest, sweetest, most convivial of men!

T I M O N.

Hail to thee, Gnathonides, thou most rapacious of all vulturs, thou most detestable of all human beings!

G N A T H O N I D E S.

Thou wert always a lover of raillery and sarcasm; but where is the feast? for I have brought you a new song out of the † Dithyrambics, which I lately learned.

Eunuch, calls his parasite Gnatho, and, as if it were a new name, makes him say, after the conversation between him and the inferior flatterer,

I bade him follow me,
And, as the schools of the philosophers
Have ta'en from the philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all parasites
Be call'd from me, Gnathonics.

Colman's Terence, p. 130.

† *Dithyrambics*,] Hymns in honour of Bacchus, who was called Dithyrambus, for a reason too ridiculous to deserve an explanation to the English reader.

T I M O N.

I shall teach you soon, by the help of this spade, to sing some mournful elegies, I believe.

[Beats him.]

G N A T H O N I D E S.

What now! Timon, do you strike me? Bear witness, Hercules! O me! O me! but I will call you into the Arcopagus for this.

T I M O N.

Stay a little only, and you may bring me in guilty of murder. *[Beats him again.]*

G N A T H O N I D E S.

By no means; you need only heal my wounds, by sprinkling a little gold upon them; it is the best thing in the world for stopping the blood.

T I M O N.

So you will stay here yet?

G N A T H O N I D E S.

I am gone, and a curse on you for changing from an honest fellow to such a savage!

T I M O N.

Who is this coming to us with his bald pate? O, it is that most villainous of all flatterers, Philicides; he whom I gave a large piece of ground to, and two talents for his daughter's portion, for praising my singing, when no body else would, and swearing that I was more musical

musical than a swan : and yet, afterwards, when I was sick the other day, and implored his assistance, the wretch fell upon and beat me.

P H I L I A D E S.

O impudence ! now ye will know Timon again, now Gnathonides will be his friend and companion : but he is rightly served for his ingratitude. We, who are his old friends, countrymen, and playfellows, shall behave a little more modestly, and not rush upon him with so much rudeness and incivility. Hail, my noble master ! take proper notice, I beseech you, of these vile flatterers, who never come near but to devour you, like so many ravens ; but in this age there is no trusting to any body ; they are all base and ungrateful. I was coming here to bring you a talent, to supply you with necessaries, but was informed by the way that you have got riches in abundance of your own : I came on, however, to caution you against these people ; though you want, indeed, no such monitor as I am ; you, who are able to give advice to Nestor himself.

T I M O N.

May be so : but pray come a little nigher, that I may compliment you with my spade.

P H I L I A D E S.

Friends, neighbours, help here ! this ungrateful

grateful man has broke my head, only for giving him good advice.

T I M O N.

So : here comes a third ; Demeas, the orator, with a decree in his hand : he pretends to be one of my nearest relations. He was bound to the state for seventeen talents, and, unable to pay it, was condemned, when I took pity on, and redeemed him ; and yet, when he was employed to distribute the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share of it, he declared he did not know I was a citizen.

D E M E A S.

Hail, Timon ! the chief support of thy noble family, the defence of Athens, and the bulwark of all Greece. The senate and people assembled await thy presence ; but first hear the decree which I have drawn up concerning thee :

“ Whereas Timon, the Colyttensian, son of Echechratides, not only the best, and worthiest, but the wisest, and most learned man in Greece, hath, during his whole life, studied to deserve well of the commonwealth ; and hath, moreover, in one day, gained the prize in boxing, wrestling, and the foot-race ; a victor at the Olympic games, both on foot, on horseback, and in the chariot ——.”

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

I never so much as saw the Olympic games in all my life.

D E M E A S.

No matter for that, you may see them some time or other; these things must be inserted: "Moreover, whereas last year he fought valiantly for the republic, against the Acharnensians, and cut off two Peloponnesian battalions."

T I M O N.

How is that? when I never bore arms, or entered my name as a soldier?

D E M E A S.

Your modesty is pleased to say so, but we should be very ungrateful to forget your services. "He hath, moreover, been of no small advantage to the state in drawing up decrees, in councils, and in the administration of military affairs: wherefore, it hath seemed meet to the senate, magistracy, and people here assembled, to all and every one of them, that a golden statue of Timon should be placed in the Acropolis, next to Minerva, with rays over his head, and a thunder-bolt in his hand; that he be crowned with seven golden crowns: that this shall be proclaimed at the theatre, by new tragedians, appointed for that purpose, this

this very day in the *Dionysia, for they shall be celebrated this day on his account. Demeas the orator proposed this decree, a near relation and follower of the said Timon, who is, moreover, himself an excellent orator, and indeed every thing else, which he hath a mind to be." This is the decree. I wish I had brought my son with me, whom I have called Timon after your name.

T I M O N.

How can that be, Demeas, when to my knowledge you were never married?

D E M E A S.

True: but I intend to be next year, and get a boy, (for a boy it shall be), and I will call him Timon.

T I M O N.

In the mean time I shall so bruise you that I do not know whether you will be able to marry or not. [Beats him.]

D E M E A S.

What do you mean, Timon? To fall upon a free man and a citizen in this manner, you who are neither one nor the other? But you

* *Dionysia*, Solemnities in honour of Bacchus, or Dionysus, observed with great splendour in all parts of Greece, and particularly at Athens, celebrated with songs, dances, and games of every kind.

shall suffer for this; aye, and for setting the Acropolis on fire too.

T I M O N.

It is not on fire, you villain; you are a liar and a calumniator.

D E M E A S.

You may well be rich; you have broke open the † treasury.

T I M O N.

It is no such thing, rascal! it is your own invention.

D E M E A S.

If it is not broke open, it may be hereafter; in the mean time you have got all the riches belonging to it.

T I M O N.

And in the mean time do you take that.

[Beats him again.

D E M E A S.

O my poor shoulders!

T I M O N.

No bawling, or I will give you another. It would be a comical jest indeed, if I, who un-

† *The treasury,*] In Greek *οπισθοδομιον*, so called from its situation, being placed at the back of Minerva's temple: here, besides other public money, a thousand talents were always laid up in store, in case of any pressing exigency; and if any man embezzled, or expended the least part of it, on any trivial account, he was immediately put to death: this was the SINKING FUND of antiquity.

armed, as I am, have cut off two battalions, as you told me just now, could not make an end of one poltroon like you. I should have been conqueror in the Olympic games to very little purpose indeed. But, who is this, is it not Thrasycles the philosopher? most assuredly it is he, with his long beard, and arched eyebrows, muttering something to himself, his hair curled over his forehead, a Titanic aspect, and looking like another * Boreas, or Triton, painted by Zeuxis. This fellow, if you meet him of a morning, shall be decently cloathed, modest and humble in his manner and behaviour, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and intemperance, and praise frugality; and yet when he comes to supper in the evening, and the waiter brings him his large cup, (for he loves a bumper), then will he, as if he was drinking the water of Lethe, forget every thing he had said in the morning, and act in direct opposition to it; devour every thing before him, like a hungry kite, croud his neighbour with his stretched-out elbows, and lean

* *Boreas,*] Timon compares Thrasycles to Boreas, or Triton, probably from his consequential appearance, puffing and blowing, so as to resemble the god Boreas when he blows, or a Triton when he sounds his trumpet.

upon

upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of, at the bottom of them: picks out all the dainties, and seldom leaves a morsel of the † *oglio* behind him; always complaining of his bad supper, though the best part of it generally falls to his share: after which he gets drunk, the natural consequence of his gluttony, dances, sings; and scolds, and abuses every body: always talkative in his cups, and even when he is so intoxicated as to be laughed at by the whole company, will harangue to them about temperance and sobriety: This, perhaps, is succeeded by a puke; then is he carried away from table with both arms clinging round one of the fidlers. Even whilst he is sober the most sordid, impudent, and lying fellow upon earth; the meanest of all flatterers, and famous for oaths, insolence, and imposture: on the whole a most perfect character; we shall see presently, with all his modesty, what a bawling he will make. Ha! how is this? Thrasycles here at last?

T H R A S Y C L E S.

I come not hither, Timon, as others do, with the hopes of sharing your riches, or partaking

† *Ooglio*,] In Greek *μυστρε*, 'a kind of strong sauce, according to the scholiast, made of garlick, leeks, cheese, oil, and vinegar.

of your feasts ; to fawn upon, and flatter an honest and generous man, as I know you are : you very well know, a little pulse satisfies me, that the best supper I desire is an onion and a few creffes, or, when I choose to indulge, a little salt for luxury ; my drink, water from the public fountain. This old tattered cloak to me is better than a purple robe, and as to gold, I value it no more than the sand on the sea-shore. I came hither only to serve you ; to prevent, if possible, your being corrupted by that worst and most dangerous of all human possessions, money, which has been the fatal cause of so much misery to thousands. If you will take my advice, I would have you throw all your riches into the sea, as things unnecessary to an honest man, and one who knows the treasures of philosophy ; not that I would have you cast them into the main ocean, but rather walk in up to your middle, and throw them a little beyond the shore, where no body could see you but myself ; or, if you do not choose this, you may go another way to work, throw your gold immediately out of the window, give one five drachmas, another a mina, another a talent, and not leave yourself a single farthing. If there should chance to be a philosopher in your way, it is proper you should give him twice or thrice

thrice as much as the rest; for my own part, not that I mind it myself, but that I may give it away to some of my poor friends, I shall be satisfied if you will only fill this little pouch, which holds scarce two bushels: philosophers should be content with a little, and wish for nothing beyond their scrip.

T I M O N.

I entirely approve of what you say; before I fill your bag therefore I shall give you a few thumps on the head, and my spade shall make up the rest to you.

T H R A S Y C L E S.

Now, laws and commonwealth assist me! Here am I beaten and bruised in a free city by a villain.

T I M O N.

What dost thou grumble at, my good friend; have I wronged thee? But I will give thee four measures over and above to make thee amends. [*Beats him again.*] What is all this? more of them? Laches, and Blepsias, and Gniphon, and a whole heap of scoundrels: they shall all meet with the same fate; but I will let my spade rest a little, climb up this rock, and hail down a shower of stones upon them.

B L E P S I A S.

No more, Timon, I beseech you, we are going.

T I M O N.

But you shall not go without wounds and bloodshed.

VOL. I.

H

H A L.

H A L C Y O N.

The strange story of the Halycon, which the reader will find in the body of the dialogue, is here finely ridiculed by LUCIAN; the reflections of SOCRATES are sensible, but short: this dialogue ends rather abruptly, and seems to have been only a fragment.

A DIALOGUE between CHÆREPHON
and SOCRATES.

CHÆREPHON.

WHAT voice is that, Socrates, a good way off from the shore? How sweet it is to the ear! I wonder what creature it can be, for the inhabitants of the deep are all mute.

SOCRATES.

It is a sea-fowl, Chærephon, called the Halcyon, always crying and lamenting. They tell an old tale concerning it: that it was formerly a woman, the daughter of Æolus, a Grecian, who married Ceyx, of Trachis, the son of Lucifer, beautiful as his father; that when he died she * mourned his loss incessantly,

* *Mourned his loss,*] According to the generally received fable, on hearing that her husband was drowned she threw herself into the sea; by the intercession of Lucifer and Thetis they were afterwards both changed into Halcyons: the
story

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SOCRATES.

It is a sea-fowl, Chærephon, called the Halcyon, always crying and lamenting. They tell an old tale concerning it: that it was formerly a woman, the daughter of Æolus, a Grecian, who married Ceyx, of Trachis, the son of Lucifer, beautiful as his father; that when he died she * mourned his loss incessantly,

* *Mourned his loss,*] According to the generally received fable, on hearing that her husband was drowned she threw herself into the sea; by the intercession of Lucifer and Thetis they were afterwards both changed into Halcyons: the
story

ly, and, by divine permission, was changed into a bird, and, after wandering in vain over all the earth in search of him, is now perpetually hovering over the sea.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

Halcyon, do you call it? It is a voice I never heard before, and has something in it wonderful plaintive: how big is it?

S O C R A T E S.

Very small; but the gods, they say, bestowed on her a great reward for her singular affection to her husband: whilst she makes her nest, the world is blest with Halcyon days, such as this is, placid and serene, even in the midst of winter. Observe how clear the sky is, and the whole ocean tranquil, smooth as a glass, without a curl upon it.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

This, indeed, is, as you say, a Halcyon day, and so was yesterday; but how, Socrates, can we believe the tales you spoke of, that women can be turned into birds, and birds into women? nothing seems to me more improbable.

S O C R A T E S.

Short-sighted mortals, my dear Chærephon, story is beautifully told by Ovid, in the eleventh book of the *Metamorphoses*, and alluded to by Virgil, Theocritus, Aristophanes, Plautus, and other writers.

are but poor judges of what may or may not be: we cannot go farther than human abilities will permit us, and which are seldom able to see, know, or determine aright. The easiest things appear difficult to us, and the plainest incomprehensible; partly from the want of knowledge and experience, partly from the weak and infantine state of our minds: all men in reality * are but children, be they ever so far advanced in years; for brief as childhood, is the utmost extent of life: how then can those, who know not the power of gods and demons, say what is possible or impossible? You saw, my friend, how dreadful the storm was but three days ago; the thunder, lightning, and fury of the winds; we shudder even at the thoughts of it; one would have imagined the whole earth was torn to pieces, and sinking into ruin; and yet in a short time after all was placid and serene, and has continued so to this moment. Was it not, think you, as difficult to still the rage of that tempest, to change the face of heaven, and adorn it with this

* *Are but children &c.*] Non bis pueri sumus, ut vulgo dicitur, sed semper, verum hoc interest quod majora nos ludimus. Seneca apud Lactantium.

As Dryden says,

Men are but children of a larger growth.

tranquil

tranquil beauty, as to transform a † woman into a bird? Children, who know how to model in wax or earth, will imitate various forms from the same materials; and shall not the divine Power, so wonderful, and superior to our own, command and perform all things with ease and pleasure? Canst thou tell how much greater the heavens are than thyself?

C H Æ R E P H O N.

What man, O Socrates, can conceive or declare it? It is infinitely more than words can express.

S O C R A T E S.

How much do men, when compared one with another, differ in strength and power! How much from themselves, at different periods of their lives! What changes, both of mind and body, happen in the space of a few years! How superior are men to children! Inasmuch that one may with ease destroy a thousand: infancy is, by the law of nature, weak and destitute of all things. If man thus differs from man, what must be the infinite distance

† *Woman into a bird?*] The reflection is sensible and just, highly agreeable to the sentiments and character of the great Socrates. We are surrounded, indeed, as a modern philosopher observes, with miracles on every side, and yet scarce believe in or acknowledge the divine Author of them.

between us and heaven! Doubtless as much as the whole world is greater than Socrates or Chærephon, so much must the divine Power and Intellect exceed our weak and limited capacities.

Things, moreover, which you and I, and many more like ourselves, think impracticable, others will perform with ease: playing on the flute, to those who have never learned; writing, or reading, to the ignorant and illiterate; is, perhaps, as difficult as to make women out of birds, or birds out of women. Nature finds a creature dropped in the hive, without feet or wings, she adds both, adorns it with a variety of beautiful colours, and produces the wise and provident bee, the artificer of divine honey: from the dumb and lifeless egg she brings forth a thousand different species of birds, aquatic and terrestrial, by the assistance, and under the direction of the supreme Will.

Since, therefore, so great is the power of the gods, and we weak mortals are neither able to dive into deep mysteries, nor even to judge as we ought of the little things around us, let us not pretend to determine any thing concerning Halcyons or * nightingales. For my

* *Nightingales,*] Alluding to the story of Philomela.

own part, as I received the tradition from my forefathers, I will deliver it to my children: thy hymns, melodious mourner, will I ever remember, and celebrate thy pious conjugal affection, telling thy tale to my wives † Myrto and Xantippe, not forgetting the honour which thou hast received from the gods: thou, Chærephon, I hope, wilt do the same.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

That you may be assured I will: for what you have remarked may be profitable both to husbands and wives.

S O C R A T E S.

Salute Halcyone, then, and let us away to the city.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

I attend you.

† *Myrto and Xantippe,*] Lucian here informs us that Socrates had two wives, and Plutarch (see his life of Aristides), is of the same opinion. Plato and Xenophon, however, give him but one, Xantippe; who, according to all accounts, was full enough, if not rather too much for him. This question is discussed by Bentley, in his Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, to which I refer the curious reader.

C A U C A S U S*;

OR

P R O M E T H E U S,

A D I A L O G U E.

*In this little tract, which is replete with wit and humour, LUCIAN apparently considers the whole story of PROMETHEUS as an absurd and ridiculous fable, and treats it accordingly, not without some severe strictures on the whole system of Pagan divinity. There seems to be likewise some concealed satire on the lawyers, and their manner of handling causes: the defence made by PROMETHEUS is probably a parody of a speech made by some famous orator of that time, whose works are not handed down to us: For, as the ingenious † Dr. Beattie observes, “ in the ludicrous
“ writing of the ancients, there must have been,
“ as there are in our own, many nice allusions,
“ which none but persons living at the time could
“ properly comprehend.”*

* This is generally called Prometheus, or Caucasus; I have chosen the latter name, because the former has already been made use of.

† See Dr. Beattie's Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, 4to. p. 616.

MERCURY,

MERCURY, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS.

M E R C U R Y.

THIS, my friend Vulcan, is Caucasus, where we are to nail up this miserable Titan: let us look about for some convenient rock, free from snow, that we may fasten him the better, and where, while he hangs, he will make the most conspicuous figure.

V U L C A N.

Right, brother Mercury; let us look sharp; for we must not nail him low, least some of the mortals whom he has created should come to his rescue; nor must we place him quite at the top of the mountain, for then he will not be seen by those who are below. We had better fix him here, I believe, about the middle, just above this precipice, with his arms extended.

M E R C U R Y.

Good; for the rocks here are broken, and inaccessible, inclining to the precipice, and so narrow, that you can hardly stand upright on it; the finest place that can be for a cross: come, get up, Prometheus, and let us fix you to the mountain.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Have pity, good Mercury and Vulcan, on
a poor

a poor wretch, thus doomed to suffer most undeservedly.

M E R C U R Y.

And so you would really have us two nailed up for disobedience of orders, instead of yourself: we are infinitely obliged to you. But come, give us your hand: take it in your's, Vulcan, and nail it down as fast you can; now the other, fasten that also; now it will do: the eagle will be here presently to pick your liver, and you will enjoy the full reward of your ingenuity.

P R O M E T H E U S.

* O Saturn, O Japetus, O mother Earth! what do I suffer, and all for nothing!

M E R C U R Y.

For nothing, say you? Call you it nothing to defraud Jupiter in the manner you did, when, on the distribution of the meats entrusted to you, you covered the bones with white fat, and got all the best parts for yourself; for so, if I am not mistaken, † Hesiod tells the story. Moreover, did not you make men, those

* O *Saturn, &c.*] Prometheus, according to Hesiod, was the son of Japetus, who was descended from Ouranus, heaven, and Gaia, or mother earth; Saturn also was the son of Cœlus and Terra; the persecuted deity calls therefore, we see, with propriety on his nearest relations.

† *Hesiod,*] See the Weeks and Days.

mischievous

mischievous creatures, and, what is worse, women also? Lastly, and above all, who stole the sacred fire, that best and noblest possession of the gods, and gave it to mortals? and yet, after doing all this, you complain of suffering for nothing.

P R O M E T H E U S.

In truth, Mercury, you seem, as the poet says, "to blame the blameless," and accuse me of that as a crime, for which, had I been properly rewarded, I deserved to have been kept in the † Prytaneum at the public cost. But, if you have leisure now, I will this moment plead my own cause before you, and plainly convince you that Jupiter has passed a most unjust sentence against me. You may, yourself, if you please, for you are an orator, I know, and famous for chicanery; take his side of the question, defend his decree, and prove he was in the right, to hang me up, a miserable spectacle to the Scythians, on this same dreary Caucasus.

† *Prytaneum*,] A common hall at Athens, where the senators met and dined together: such as had done eminent service to the state were here feasted at the public cost. Lucian is supposed to glance at Socrates, who, when thrown into prison, is said to have made the same observation that is here put into the mouth of Prometheus.

M E R C U R Y.

The dispute will be idle enough, friend Prometheus, and, I believe, to very little purpose : begin, however, if you like it, for we must stay here a little, till the eagle comes down to take care of your liver ; in the mean while, therefore, we may as well spend our leisure time in listening to your sophistry, in which we know you are a great proficient.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Do you begin then ; accuse me as violently as you can, and leave no argument untried that can be of the least service to your good father. You, Vulcan, shall be the umpire between us.

V U L C A N.

Not I, indeed. Instead of judge, I ought to be the accuser, of one who stole all the fire, and left my furnace cold.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Divide your action for theft, then, into two parts, and let Mercury take for his the creation of man, and the distribution of the flesh : you are both, I know, deeply skilled in the art of rhetoric.

V U L C A N.

No : let Mercury speak for me, I beseech you ; judicial cases are quite out of my way, I am too busy about my own fire-side ; but
he

he is an orator, and has deeply considered these matters.

P R O M E T H E U S.

I should never have thought of Mercury's harranguing against * theft, and accusing me for skill in his own profession : however, if you chuse to enter upon it, my good son of Mars, now is your time.

M E R C U R Y.

What you have been guilty of, Prometheus, calls, doubtless, for a long and well studied speech ; but, for the present, it may suffice, briefly to recapitulate the heads of our accusation against you. And, first, you stand indicted for defrauding Jupiter, and so dividing the flesh as to keep the best parts for yourself : secondly, for making men ; a thing which you should by no means have attempted : and thirdly, for stealing fire, and carrying it to them : and, after committing all these crimes, you seem not to know, or acknowledge, how kind and merciful Jove has been to you. If you deny the charge, you must enter on your defence, and a long oration will be necessary for the support of it ; in that case, I must endeavour to prove the truth of my allegations :

* *Theft,*] As Mercury is always called the god of thieves.

but

but if you fairly confess that you did so divide the meats; that you did find out a new method of creating man; and that you did steal the fire, my accusation is sufficient, and to say any more about it would be trifling and unnecessary.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Whether what you have said already be trifling, or not, we shall see hereafter; but as you say you have finished your accusation, I shall now endeavour to defend myself. And first then, with regard to the distribution of the meats: I blush, so heaven help me, for this same Jupiter, who could be so mean and narrow-soul'd, so peevish and brutal, as, because he found a little bone on his plate, to send an old deiry, like me, to this place of torment; forgetting all the assistance I had given him, not considering how little cause he had to be angry, nor how childish it was in him to be in such a passion, merely because he had not the greatest share of the dainties; such little convivial tricks surely it ill became him to
* remember: he should have passed over, and
laughed

* *Remember,*] Alluding to the old Greek proverb, *μισοπονὸς συμποῖος*, I hate a pot-companion with a good memory. Our countryman, Ben Jonson, therefore, amongst his
his

laughed at what was done at a banquet, and left his anger behind : to bear so long in his mind, and resent an affront of this nature, was neither kingly, nor god-like. If you take away these jests and sports from a feast, you will have nothing but drunkenness, silence, and satiety, things mighty unpleasant, and little suited to a merry-making. Never did I imagine Jupiter would have thought of it the next day, or deemed it so grievous an injury, that the distributor should play this little trick, and give himself the better portion. But even suppose I had not given him the smaller part, but taken away the whole, where would have been the great crime ; for this, is heaven and earth, as the proverb says, to be moved ? Are chains, crosses, and lancets to be called in, eagles to be sent down, and my liver to be devoured ? Is not this only to expose his own levity and meanness ? If he was so angry at being deprived of a few bits of flesh, what would he have said if he had lost the whole ox ? How much more reasonable are men in

his club-rules, now to be seen at the Devil Tavern, Temple-Bai, did not forget the caution of

Dicla qui foris eliminat eliminat.

Which may be translated, if any one tells tales without doors, out with him.

things

things of this kind, who yet, we may suppose, must be much more prone to anger than the gods ! None of them would hang up a cook for dipping his fingers in, and tasting the broth, or touching a bit of roast-meat, but would undoubtedly forgive him ; they might, perhaps, be angry with the man, give him a slap on the face, or thresh him ; they would not, however, for such a crime send him to the gallows. But on this point I have said enough : I blush even for the defence, on such a subject, much more should you for the accusation.

And now for the crime alleged of, making men : which, as it seems to divide itself into two heads, I am at a loss which I am to be most blamed for ; whether I ought not to have made them at all, and, in that case, the earth, had remained totally rude and uncultivated ; or whether I should have made them in a different manner. I shall speak to both points ; and first, therefore, I shall endeavour to shew, that the gods could suffer no injury from the formation of man ; and next, that so far from it, it was much better, and more profitable for them, that the earth should not be without men.

In the beginning, then, (for by this it will best appear whether I was to blame for creat-

ing man) there were nothing but gods: the earth was rude, and without form, full of woods, briars, and thorns: there were no altars or temples, (how indeed should there be?) nor images, nor statues of the gods, made with care and elegance, as they now are, nor any thing of that kind: when I, who am always thinking of something for the common good, began to consider with myself what I could do to promote the honour of the gods, and concluded that the best method was to take a small portion of clay, and make some creatures like ourselves: as thinking that the divine nature wanted something, not having its opposite, by a comparison with which it would appear more perfect, and more happy. Mortal, therefore, I wished it to be, but rational, intelligent, and endowed with a sense of good and evil; I began then, as the * poet says,

To temper well the clay with water, then
To add the vigour and the voice of men.

Moreover, I called in Minerva to assist me in the work. This, after all, is the great injury which I have done to the gods; by making creatures out of clay, and giving motion to that

* *The poet,*] Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*. See Cooke's translation, book i. l. 91.

which was before immoveable ; and yet from that time it seems the gods are less gods, because certain creatures called mortals now exist : for Jupiter is very angry, as if the gods were so much the worse from the creation of men ; he is afraid, perhaps, that they should rebel against him, and wage war with the gods, as the giants did of old : but neither from me, or from my works, Mercury, most incontestible it is, hath any harm arisen. Shew me the least inconvenience, and I will fairly confess that you have but done justice in thus punishing me.

But I can farther prove, that all this is for the benefit and advantage of the gods : which you will acknowledge, when you come to consider that the earth is no longer void of form and beauty, but adorned with plants and cultivated fields, the sea navigated, the islands inhabited, altars, temples, sacrifices, and temples on every side, the public ways all full of men, and * full of Jove. If indeed I had created men for myself alone, I might seem to have consulted my own private benefit ; but I have brought it all into the whole community ; and yet Jupiter, Apollo, and you, Mercury, have temples ; but there are none to Prometheus ;

* *Full of Jove,*] Jovis omnia plena.

you see then how watchful I am of my own interests, and how careless of yours.

But attend to this, I beseech you, above all ; can that be called a † good, which has no witnesses to its goodness ; is that possession, which none can see or praise equal to that which all value and esteem ? Without men the beauty of the universe could have no admirers. We should but abound in riches, which were neither envied by others, nor dear to ourselves. There would be nothing to compare them with ; nor should we so well know our own happiness, without reflecting that there were some beings not possessed of it. The great can only be known by contrasting it to the little : and yet, for my ingenious device and good counsel, you have thought fit thus to reward me. But you will say, perhaps, these same mortals are wicked creatures ; that they go to war, commit adultery, marry their sisters, and assassinate their parents ; as if we had not vices enough of the same kind amongst ourselves ; and yet heaven and earth are not condemned for producing us. You may add also, that we have business enough

† *Good,*] Agreeable to this idea is that of our great poet,
Nor think, tho' men were none, heav'n wou'd want praise,
Millions of spiritual creatures, &c.

upon our own hands, to take care of them; and, for the same reason, the shepherd might be angry that he had a flock to look after; it might be laborious, but at the same time it would be pleasing to him: such solitude is no disagreeable employment. If we had no business, what should we do with our time; nothing, but intoxicate ourselves with nectar and ambrosia?

But what hurts me most is, that you blame me for making women; and yet you all love them yourselves, are perpetually going down to earth, turning yourselves into bulls, swans, and satyrs for them, and even not disdaining to beget gods out of them. But I might have made men, you will say, in a different manner, and not so like ourselves; yet what better model could I go by, than that which I knew to be the most beautiful? Should I have made a rough unpolished animal, without sense or reason? How could such have sacrificed to the gods, or paid due honours to you? And do you not, when they send up their hecatombs, run away to the utmost limits of the world, to meet Pan, and the blameless * Ethiopians; and yet I,

* *Ethiopians,*] Alluding to Jupiter's visit to them, mentioned by Homer, and so often laughed at by our author,

who am the cause of all your honours and victims, must be fixed on a cross for it.

So much for the men : and now pass we on to the fire and theft, which I am accused of : answer me, for heaven's sake, this question ; is there less fire amongst us since I imparted it to men ? You will confess there is not ; for such is its nature, that it never diminishes by participation, nor is extinguished by another's receiving light and heat from it : what is it then but envy, to forbid the use of it, which can do you no injury ? Gods should be gracious and beneficent, the dispensers of good to all, without grudging or discontent. Neither, had I carried it all away, would you have suffered any inconvenience ; you want it not ; you are not cold, neither do you cook your ambrosia, or stand in need of artificial light. Whereas, to men, fire is absolutely necessary, as well for many other things, as particularly for sacrifices, to burn their incense, and roast their offerings : the smoke, I know, of them you are highly delighted with, and think that the noblest feast, where the odour rises up to heaven, and columns of smoke are wafted to the skies. This accusation, therefore, is absurd, and contrary to your own mighty will and pleasure. I wonder, for my part, you permit the sun to

shine, whose flames are so much fiercer than mine, and that you do not accuse him also for dissipating your treasure.

And now, Mercury and Vulcan, you have heard my defence; if you think I have advanced any thing wrong or improper, correct and disprove it; I am ready to reply.

M E R C U R Y.

Prometheus, it is no easy matter to contend with so subtle a disputant as you are; you may be happy, however, that Jupiter did not hear your speech; for, depend on it, if he had, he would have sent a hundred vulturs to prey upon your liver, instead of one: so severe have you been upon him. But what I most wonder at is, that you, who are so great a prophet, should not have foreseen that this punishment must fall upon you.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Mercury, I knew it well; and I know also, that I shall hereafter be delivered from it; a friend of your's shall soon come from * Thebes, and with his arrows pierce the eagle that is now flying down upon me.

M E R C U R Y.

I heartily wish it may be so: that I may

* *Thebes,*] Hercules.

once

once see you free and carousing with us, on condition, though, that you are not the carver.

P R O M E T H E U S.

O, never fear : Jupiter will loose me soon, and for a very good reason.

M E R C U R Y.

What is that pray ? Do not conceal it from us, I intreat you.

P R O M E T H E U S.

You know † Thetis, don't you ? But I shall say no more ; I must ‡ keep the secret now, that I may get my freedom by divulging it hereafter.

M E R C U R Y.

Keep it, my good Titan, if it will be of any service to you. But come, Vulcan, let us be gone, for yonder is the eagle, and will be here immediately ; Prometheus, bear it with fortitude, and may the Theban archer, whom you talk of, come soon, and deliver you !

† *Thetis,*] The daughter of Oceanus, whom Jupiter was in love with, and wanted to marry ; but the Fates had decreed that she should have a son greater than his father. Prometheus alone, as a prophet, knew this, but would not reveal the secret till he was released. Hercules freed him, and he then disclosed it. Thetis was married to Peleus, and the prophecy accomplished in the renowned Achilles.

‡ *Keep the secret,*] Agreeable to what Æschylus makes him say at the end of his tragedy.

Not all his tortures, all his arts shall move me
T'unlock my lips, till this curs'd chain be loos'd.

See Potter's Æschylus, 8vo. p. 77.

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

In the DIALOGUES OF THE GODS we meet with no inconsiderable share of true wit and humour. The Heathen Deities are here called in, by turns, by our sprightly satyrist, merely to laugh at, and expose one another; and the whole absurd system of pagan theology, which, about the time when these Dialogues were written, was on the decline, was perhaps totally destroyed, and may be said to have received its coup de grace from the raillery of LUCIAN.

D I A L O G U E I.

J U P I T E R A N D M E R C U R Y.

J U P I T E R.

MERCURY, you know the beautiful daughter of Inachus?

M E R C U R Y.

Yes; Io, you mean.

J U P I T E R.

She is turned into a cow.

M E R C U R Y.

Surprising! How happened it?

J U P I T E R.

Juno*, in a fit of jealousy, thought proper

* *Juno in a fit, &c.*] Lucian attributes the transformation of Io to Juno herself. Ovid tells the story differently, and informs us, that Jupiter turned her into a cow, to save her from the resentment of that vindictive lady.

to metamorphose her ; and withal, to make the poor creature more unhappy, has set one Argus, a herdsman, with a hundred eyes, to guard her, who watches over her night and day, and never sleeps.

M E R C U R Y.

What can I do to serve you in this affair ?

J U P I T E R.

Fly to the Nemæan wood, for there Argus feeds his cattle : kill him, and carry her off to Ægypt : there let her be called Isis, and worshipped as a goddess, raise the Nile, send prosperous gales, and preserve mariners.

D I A L O G U E II.

V U L C A N AND A P O L L O.

V U L C A N.

APOLLO, have you seen this new-born son of Maia ? the infant is excessively pretty, smiles at every body, and seems to promise something very great hereafter.

A P O L L O.

Very great, to be sure, Vulcan, and a pretty infant, who is older in mischief than * Japetus himself.

V U L -

* *Japetus, &c.*] Japetus was the son of Ouranus, and brother to Saturn. According to Hesiod, he married Clymene, daughter of Oceanus, by whom he had four illustrious

122 DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

V U L C A N.

Why, what mighty mischief can a child do that is just born ?

A P O L L O.

Ask Neptune, whose trident he stole ; or Mars, whose sword he drew privately out of his scabbard ; not to mention myself, whom he disarmed of my bow and arrows.

V U L C A N.

What ! an infant, that is carried about in his swaddling-cloaths, do this !

A P O L L O.

You'll see, if he comes near you.

V U L C A N.

He has been with me already.

A P O L L O.

And have you got all your tools safe ? is nothing missing ?

V U L C A N.

Nothing.

A P O L L O.

But look narrowly.

V U L C A N.

By Jove, I don't see my tongs.

ous sons, Atlas, Menetius, Prometheus, and Epimetheus. He was considered by the Grecians as the great father and founder of their whole race. History and tradition could not reach beyond him. A very old man in his dotage was usually called Japetus. Etymologists say, he was the same as Japhet ; and the similitude of sound seems to favour this conjecture.

A P O L L O.

A P O L L O.

You'll find them in the child's swaddling-cloaths.

V U L C A N.

Is he so nimble-fingered as to have learned the art of stealing in his mother's womb?

A P O L L O.

If you were to hear him talk, you would be astonished at his humour and volubility. He wants to be my deputy. Yesterday he challenged Cupid; and, some how or other, tripped up his heels, and got the better of him. A little after this, whilst Venus was embracing and praising him for his victory, he stole her cestus; and, as Jupiter was laughing at him, ran away with his scepter, and if his thunder and lightning had not been rather too heavy, and had too much fire, would have taken them into the bargain.

V U L C A N.

A lively boy, indeed!

A P O L L O.

And, what is more, he is a musician too.

V U L C A N.

Why do you imagine so?

A P O L L O.

He found a dead * tortoise somewhere, and
made

* *Tortoise.*] Mercury, as all the old poets tell us, first discovered the testudo, or lyre, with seven strings. The
old

made a musical instrument of it; and fitting pins to it, with a neck, and keys, and bow, and seven strings, played upon it something so sweet and harmonious, as to raise envy even in me, who, you know, in former times, was counted a tolerable harper. Maia says, he never stays a night in heaven; but, out of his superabundant industry, wanders down to hell, and steals something from thence. He has wings withal, and a † wand of most miraculous power, by virtue of which, he calls forth the dead to

old tale is, that after stealing some bulls from Apollo, he retired to a secret grotto. Just as he was going in, he found a tortoise, which he killed, and, perhaps, eat the flesh of it. As he was afterwards diverting himself with the shell, he was mightily pleased with the noise it gave from its concave figure; and, possibly, had been cunning enough to find out, that a string pulled strait, and fastened at each end, when struck by the finger, made a sort of musical sound. He went immediately to work, and cut several strings out of the hides he had stolen, and fastened them as tight as he could, to the shell of the tortoise; and in playing with them, made a new kind of music, to divert himself in his retreat. This was the origin of the lyre. See Spencer's *Polymetis*, Dial. 8. See also Dr. Burney's Description of the testudo, in his excellent History of Music, vol. I. p. 268.

† *A wand.*] This wand, according to some writers, was given to Mercury by Apollo, in exchange for a lyre. Its wonderful perfections are mentioned by Virgil,

Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit.

life,

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life, and conducts the living to the shades below.

V U L C A N.

Aye ; I gave him that for a play-thing.

A P O L L O.

And he returned the favour, by stealing your tongs.

V U L C A N.

Well remembered : I'll go and see if I can find them where you say they are, in his swaddling-cloaths.

D I A L O G U E III.

V U L C A N AND J U P I T E R.

V U L C A N.

JUPITER, I have brought the hatchet, as you ordered me ; it is sharp enough to pierce through a stone at one blow ; what must I do with it ?

J U P I T E R.

Cut my head in two.

V U L C A N.

Do you take me for a madman ? Tell me in earnest what I must do.

J U P I T E R.

Divide this pericranium of mine ; if you do not, you know I can be angry ; so take care : be sure you do it with a good will, and immediately

diately too. I am half dead with pain. My head is distracted with it.

V U L C A N.

I wish we may not do some mischief ; for the ax is very sharp. I shall draw blood : I shall not lay you so easily as Lucina would.

J U P I T E R.

Strike boldly, I tell you ; I know the consequence.

V U L C A N.

I'll do it, though it is sorely against my will ; but what must not be done if you command it ? Ha ! what's this ? An armed virgin ! a dreadful thing, indeed, you had in your head ; well might you be angry with a live virgin in your brain, and in armour too ; your's was * not a head, but the head-quarters.—She † dances the Pyrrhic dance too, shakes her spear, and seems inspired ; but, which is most extraordinary, she is excessively handsome, and seems already at years of maturity. She has blue eyes, and the helmet sets her off to advantage. I intreat you,

* *Not a head, &c.*] Στρατοπεδον, says the original, κεφαλῆς ἔχων, castra, non caput, habuisti. The translation is not literal ; but had Lucian wrote in English, he might perhaps have thus expressed himself.

† *She dances,*] Πυρρική, says Lucian ; dances the Pyrrhic dance, a martial dance, said to be invented by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, at the funeral of his father : in this the dancers were armed from top to toe.

therefore,

*
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therefore, Jupiter, that you will reward your midwife, by giving me her hand.

J U P I T E R.

Vulcan, that cannot be, for she is resolved to live a virgin; however, you have my consent.

V U L C A N.

That is all I want; leave the rest to me; I'll ravish her immediately.

J U P I T E R.

If you think you can do it so easily, so you may; but I know beforehand, you have set your heart on what you will never enjoy.

D I A L O G U E IV.

V E N U S AND C U P I D.

V E N U S.

SEE, son Cupid, what work you make: I do not mean what mortals, by your instigation, do one among another upon earth; but, by your pranks in heaven, turning Jupiter into so many shapes, just as occasion serves, calling down the moon from her orb; making Phœbus forget his journey to stop with Clymene; with your bold and impudent attacks on your own mother; but, which is still more insolent, you
have

have made even old † Rhea, that antiquated matron, the mother of so many Gods, fall in love with a Phrygian boy. You have driven her into madness. She harnesses her lions; and, taking with her Corybantes, who are as mad as herself, runs up and down mount Ida, crying after Atys, whilst some, of her priests cut their arms with swords, others ramble with dishevelled hair over the mountains, others sound their horns, others beat their drums and cymbals; all, in short, is riot, noise, and madness. I am quite terrified at it: You are so mischievous a creature, that, I am afraid, Rhea, in one of her mad fits, or rather if she comes to herself again, will order her priests to tear you in pieces, or give you to the lions: you are in imminent danger, I assure you.

C U P I D.

Never fear, mother; the lions are my particular acquaintance: I frequently get upon their backs, lay hold of their manes, and drive

† *Rhea*,] Or Cybele, the wife of Saturn, and commonly called, the Mother of the Gods. The poets tell us, she fell in love with Atys, a young Phrygian shepherd, who, like other young men, not being fond of old women, slighted her. She resented the injury on his mistress; or, as some writers say, on Atys himself, in the severest manner, as the reader may see, if he turns to Catullus. Her priests are represented as lamenting his death. See Sophocles.

them about like so many horses; they wag their tails at me, take my hand in their mouths, lick it, and give it me back unhurt; and as to Rhea herself, how can she find time to be revenged on me, whilst she thinks of nothing but Atys? besides, after all, what harm do I do, by only pointing out what is beautiful? What is ugly none of you desire; therefore blame not me: Would you wish that Mars should no longer love you, nor you him?

V E N U S.

Subtle rogue! you were born to conquer: but one day or other you will remember my words.

D I A L O G U E V.

J U P I T E R, H E R C U L E S, A N D
Æ S C U L A P I U S.

J U P I T E R.

Hercules and Æsculapius, for shame! leave off quarrelling thus with one another like mortals; it but ill becomes the table of the gods.

H E R C U L E S.

And would you, Jupiter, permit that quack to sit down before me?

Æ S C U L A P I U S.

Most certainly; I am your superior.

H E R C U L E S.

In what, madman? because Jupiter struck you with his thunder-bolt, for doing what you ought not to have done; and now, out of compassion, has made you an immortal?

Æ S C U L A P I U S.

When you reproach me, Hereules, for perishing by the fire of Jove's lightning, you forget that you were burnt yourself on mount *Æta*.

H E R C U L E S.

Whilst you and I lived, we were by no means on a level. I, who am the son of Jove, by incessant toil and labour, purged the world of crimes, subdued monsters, and took revenge on proud and impious men; whilst you were nothing but a simpler and a mountebank: your medicines might, perhaps, be servicable to a few sick mortals; but you never performed any thing great or manly.

Æ S C U L A P I U S.

True; for I cured your burns when you came to me half roasted, with a body which the shirt and flames together had almost consumed. If I did nothing else, however, I was not a slave, neither did I put on a purple garment and turn spinster in *Lydia*; nor was I beaten by *Omphale* with a golden distaff; nei-
ther

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ther did I run mad, and kill my wife and children.

H E R C U L E S.

Hold your abusive tongue, or you shall find your immortality of little service, for I will throw you down headlong out of heaven, and crack your pate in such a manner, that Pæon himself shall not be able to heal it.

J U P I T E R.

I will not have the assembly disturbed; therefore leave off, or I shall banish you both from the banquet. Hercules, Æsculapius must sit down before you, for he * died first.

D I A L O G U E VI.

M E R C U R Y A N D A P O L L O.

M E R C U R Y.

A P O L L O, what makes you so melancholy?

A P O L L O.

Misfortunes in love.

M E R C U R Y.

That, indeed, is enough to make you so: but how are you unhappy, does Daphne's fate afflict you still?

* *Died first,*] This is an odd title to superiority. Amongst the heathen demi-gods, precedency, it seems, went not by birth, as with men, but by death: according to our adage, first come first served.

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A P O L L O.

No; but I lament the lovely son of Oebalus.

M E R C U R Y.

Is Hyacinthus dead?

A P O L L O.

He is.

M E R C U R Y.

How happened it? What foe to love could destroy that beautiful youth?

A P O L L O.

It was my own doing.

M E R C U R Y.

Sure, Apollo, you were mad.

A P O L L O.

No: it was by an accident I little thought of.

M E R C U R Y.

How was it? For I long to know.

A P O L L O.

Zephyrus, that most hateful of all the winds, was in love with him as well as myself; but, uneasy at the scorn and contempt he met with from him, resolved to be revenged. We played at quoits, which he was learning of me; I, as usual, threw the quoit up into the air, when Zephyrus, blowing from Taygetus, brought it down directly on the boy's head; a quantity of blood flowed from the wound, and he died. I pursued the murderer with my arrows, and
drove

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drove him before me into the mountains, then raised a tomb to my beloved boy at Amycla, where he perished, and from his blood caused a * flower to spring up, most beautiful and fragrant, with letters on it lamenting his death. Have I not reason to be unhappy?

M E R C U R Y.

You have: but you knew you had fixed your affections on a mortal; therefore, since he is dead, grieve no more.

D I A L O G U E VII.

J U N O A N D L A T O N A.

J U N O.

A beautiful race of children, Latona, you and Jupiter have produced!

L A T O N A.

It is not every one, Juno, can bring forth such a son as Vulcan.

J U N O.

To be sure he is a little lame: but he is useful, an excellent artist, and has made heaven very fine: he married Venus too, and is highly esteemed on her account. Then, for

* *A flower,*] See this story charmingly told by Ovid, in the tenth book of his *Metamorphoses*.

your other children,* one of them is extremely masculine, a perfect mountaineer; she runs about killing and eating strangers like the Scythians, those devourers of human flesh. As to Apollo, he pretends to know every thing; to shoot, to play upon the harp, to cure all distempers, and to prophecy; sets up his divination shops at Delphos, Claros, and Didymæ, and draws in the fools that consult him, giving them such ambiguous answers as may be interpreted either way, and so save the credit of his falsehoods: this makes him so rich; for there are thousands mad enough to be deceived by his tricks; but those who know better see through the imposture. This prophet could not foresee that he should destroy his beloved Hyacinthus; nor could he foretell that Daphne would despise him, with all his beauty, and his fine locks. I see no reason, therefore, why you should think your children so much handsomer than Niobe's.

L A T O N A.

I know why this murderer of strangers, and this false prophet you talk of, gives you so much uneasiness; because you cannot bear to see them amongst the gods: especially when

* *One of them.*] Diana.

one is so much admired for her beauty, and the other plays on the harp at the banquet with universal applause.

J U N O.

Now, indeed, Latona, I must laugh ; when Marfyas, you know, was so superior to him in the art, that if the Muses had not passed an unjust sentence, Marfyas would have slayed him, and not he Marfyas ; but the poor wretch was condemned to perish in his stead. As to your handsome daughter, she was so beautiful, that after being seen by Actæon, she had him worried to death by the dogs, for fear he should discover her ugliness ; not to mention, that she would hardly act as a midwife, if she were herself a virgin.

L A T O N A.

You are proud of being the wife of Jupiter, and reigning with him, and that makes you give yourself such airs ; but I shall see you soon whimpering and crying, when he leaves you here, and rambles down to earth, in the shape of a bull, or a swan.

D I A L O G U E VIII.

J U N O A N D J U P I T E R.

J U N O.

I should be ashamed, Jupiter, to have such a * son as your's; so effeminate, so drunken; his hair tied up with a bonnet; always amongst a parcel of mad women; himself more delicate than any of them; dancing to tabors, pipes, and cymbals; and, in short, more like any body else than his father.

J U P I T E R.

And yet this delicate, woman-like creature, with his hair tied up, has not only subdued Lydia, Thraee, and the inhabitants of Tmolus, but, with his female army, marched against the Indians, seized their elephants, took possession of their country; and, after a weak resistance, led their sovereign captive: and this he did, dancing and singing all the time, with spears made of ivy; and sometimes, as you say, a little drunk and mad; and if any one affronted him, by ridiculing his sacred rites, would bind him with vine-twigs, or have him torn to pieces, as kids are by their dams. These actions, you see, are manly, and not unworthy

* *Such a son,*] Bacchus the son of Jupiter, by Semele.

of his father : if, at the same time, he eats, drinks, sports, and plays, I see no harm in it ; especially when you consider what he must be when he is sober, who can do such things when he is drunk.

J U N O.

I suppose you will praise him, too, for his invention of the grape ; though you see how those who use it tumble about, and how abusive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarius, the very first who tasted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs, by his own pot-companions.

J U P I T E R.

All this is saying nothing to the purpose : it was not the wine, nor Bacchus, that was in fault ; it was the excess, drinking more than they ought ; but he that drinks with moderation, is only the merrier, and the better tempered : Icarius did not use his companions as they did him. But I see plainly, this is nothing but jealousy ; you find fault with Bacchus, only because you remember Semele.

D I A L O G U E IX.

V E N U S A N D C U P I D.

V E N U S.

HOW comes it to pass, Cupid, that whilst you attack Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Apollo, nay, and even me, your own mother, and all the gods and goddesses, Minerva alone escapes you ? against her your torch has no fire ; your quiver no arrows : you have neither bow, nor skill to use one.

C U P I D.

In truth, mother, I am afraid of her ; she is so masculine, so formidable, and looks so fiercely. Whenever I stretch my bow against her, she shakes her crested helmet, and so terrifies me, that I tremble all over, and my arrows drop out of my hand.

V E N U S.

Was not Mars much more formidable, and yet, though armed, you conquered him ?

C U P I D.

But he voluntarily yields, and even invites me ; whilst Minerva always looks sternly on me. Once I flew rashly up, and held my torch close to her, when immediately she cried out, “ By my father, if you approach a step
nigher

nigher to me, I will run you through with this lance, take you by the foot, and hurl you headlong down to Tartarus, or tear you into a thousand pieces." Thus did she threaten me: then she looks so sour, and carries on her breast a frightful Gorgon's head, with snakes round it, which I shudder at, and run away whenever I see her.

V E N U S.

So you are afraid of Minerva and her Gorgon, more than of Jove's thunder: but how happens it that the Muses also are invulnerable by you, and safe from the power of your darts? Do they shake their crested helmets and Gorgons too?

C U P I D.

Them I revere: they are always grave, and wrapped in meditation, and intent on sacred song: I often stand by and listen to them, delighted with their melody.

V E N U S.

Well, since they are so reverend, let them alone; but why do not you attack Diana?

C U P I D.

To say the truth, in one word, she flies into the mountains, and I cannot overtake her; besides, she is entirely taken up with a passion of her own.

V E N U S.

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V E N U S.

What passion, child ?

C U P I D.

Oh ! hunting stags and hinds, which she pursues, and kills with her arrows ; this employment takes up all her time : but as for her brother, so famous for his bow, that far-shooting god—

V E N U S.

Aye, him, I know, you have wounded often enough.

D I A L O G U E X.

M A R S A N D M E R C U R Y.

M A R S.

DID you hear, Mercury, how Jupiter threatened us ? Such boasting, and so ridiculous too ! “ I will hang * a chain,” says he, “ down from heaven,

* *I will hang a chain, &c.*] Alluding to that passage in the eighth book of Homer’s Iliad, where Jupiter threatens all the deities with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side in the approaching battle. It is thus translated by Pope :

Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main,
Strive all of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund’rer down to earth :
Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ;

heaven, and you shall all of you get at one end of it, and pull against me, to no purpose, for you will never draw me down; whereas, if I have a mind to lift it up, I can not only draw you, but the earth, and sea, together with you, into heaven." Thus he went on with a good deal more stuff of the same kind. Now, though I think him stronger than e'er a one of us; yet, that he alone is so powerful as to weigh us all down, even if we took the earth and seas to our assistance, is what I will never believe.

M E R C U R Y.

Softly, good Mars; it is not safe to talk thus, lest we suffer for our prating.

M A R S.

You do not think I would venture to say this to every body; I only speak in confidence to you, whose secrecy I can depend on: it appeared so ridiculous to me to hear him threatening in this manner, that I could not help speaking of it. It is not long since Neptune, Juno, and Minerva, entered into a conspiracy against

I fix the chain to great Olympus height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.

There is something in the idea of this long chain, which, in spite of all that the critics have urged in its defence, borders nearly on the ridiculous. It certainly struck Lucian in this light, as he takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the absurdity of it.

him,

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him, and would have bound him prisoner : then I remember how frightened he was, and turned himself into a thousand shapes, when there were only * three of them; and if Thetis, in compassion to him, had not called in Briareus, with his hundred hands, to his assistance, in spite of all his thunder and lightning he must have been overcome : when I think of this, I must laugh at his vain glory.

M E R C U R Y.

Silence, or good words, I beseech you ; for such as these, it neither befits you to speak, nor me to hear.

D I A L O G U E XI.

M E R C U R Y AND M A I A.

M E R C U R Y.

O my mother, is there in heaven a god so wretched as I am ?

M A I A.

'Talk not thus, Mercury, I beseech you.

* *Three of them, &c.*] Alluding to this passage in the Iliad,

When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main ;
The traitor gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat, with chains, th' omnipotence of heav'n.

Pope's Iliad, book i. l. 518.

M E R :

M E R C U R Y.

Have I not reason? Fatigued as I am with perpetual employment, and distracted with a thousand different offices. First, I must get up early, and set out the breakfast-table; then, when I have got the council-chamber ready, and put every thing in order, must I wait on Jove, and carry messages up and down for him all the day; and, when I come home, all over dirt and dust, must go and serve up ambrosia; nay, and before this new cup-bearer came, was obliged to hand round the nectar also; but, what is worst of all, I have no rest even ~~at~~ nights; for then I am employed in conveying the souls of the dead to Pluto; leading the shades about, and assisting at the seat of judgment. It is not sufficient that I am all day in business, exercised in the palæstra, chief crier of the councils, or teaching the orators; but I must be arbiter amongst the dead too. The sons of * Leda take their turns to be above ~~and~~ below, but I must be in both places every

* *Sons of Leda,*] Castor and Pollux. The latter of these twin-brothers intreated his father, Jupiter, that the gift of immortality might be between them. Jupiter consented; and the two heroes, we are told, died by turns: like a couple of buckets, the uppermost remained on earth, whilst the other remained dipped in the styx. In a following dialogue we shall have more of them,

day.

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day. Bacchus and Hercules, both the offspring of poor mortal women, feast and play ; whilst I, the son of Atlantis, am forced to wait on them. I am but this moment returned from Sidon, where I have been on a message to the daughter of Cadmus, to see what she is about ; and now, before I can take breath, must I post away to Danae, at Argos ; from thence he tells me to march into Bœotia, and call by the way upon Antiope : in short, I am quite out of heart, and, if it were possible, should desire to be sold to some other master, like my fellow-slaves on earth.

M A I A.

Talk no more in this manner, child, but obey your father, as a son ought to do. Away to Argos, and from thence as you were bid ; lest, if you loiter, you may be trimmed for it : lovers, my dear, are very irascible.

D I A L O G U E XII.

J U P I T E R A N D T H E S U N.

J U P I T E R.

THOU worst of Titans, what mischief hast thou done ! Destroyed the whole earth, by trusting your chariot to a foolish boy, who has burned one half of the world, by driving too near it ; and killed the other, by withdrawing his

his heat from it ; and, in short, put every thing into disorder and confusion. If I had not interfered, and struck him down with my thunder-bolt, not a man had been left alive ; such a pretty coachman had you sent us.

S U N.

I own my fault, Jupiter ; but do not be angry if I was over-persuaded by my son's importunity : how could I ever have imagined such a misfortune would have happened ?

J U P I T E R.

Did not you know how much care and caution are necessary in this ; and that if you go but one step out of the way every thing must be ruined ; did not you know the violent spirit of the horses, and that the reins must be held tight by main force ? if you give way in the least, they are gone, as he experienced, for away they pulled him, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, sometimes directly contrary to his proper course, upwards and downwards, and, in short, wherever they pleased ; he was utterly at a loss how to manage them.

S U N.

All that I knew, and therefore refused him a long time, and would not trust him to drive ; but when he, and his mother Clymene, by tears and prayers, had at last prevailed on me,

I placed him myself in the chariot, directed him where to go, taught him how high he must mount up, and how low he must descend, how to manage the reins, and keep the horses in properly. I told him how great the danger was if he did not go in the right track: but he, for he was but a child, surrounded with such fire, and lost in such an immensity of space beneath him, I suppose, was stupified: the horses no sooner perceived that it was not I who drove them, than, despising the youth, they turned out of the path, and did all this mischief: he, letting go the reins, and afraid, I suppose, of being thrown off, held fast by the nave of the wheel: but he has suffered for his folly, and I have felt enough on his account.

J U P I T E R.

You think so: but for such crimes, perhaps, you have not. This time, however, I forgive you: but if you are guilty of the like again and send us such another deputy hereafter, ye shall soon see whose flames are the fiercest, your's or mine. Let his sisters bury him at Eridanus, where he fell from the chariot, and weep amber over him. Then let them be converted, through grief, into poplar trees. Do you mind your chariot (for the pole is broke, and one of the wheels demolished), put the
horses

horses to, and drive : but do not forget what has happened.

D I A L O G U E XIII.

A P O L L O A N D M E R C U R Y.

A P O L L O.

CAN you tell me, Mercury, which of those is Castor, and which Pollux ? for I cannot easily distinguish them.

M E R C U R Y.

He who was with us yesterday is Castor, the other is Pollux.

A P O L L O.

How do you know them one from the other ? for they are extremely alike.

M E R C U R Y.

Pollux has marks in his face, of the wounds he received formerly at a boxing-match ; one in particular from Amycus the Bebrycian, when he failed with Jason to Colchos. The face of the other is smooth and unhurt.

A P O L L O.

I thank you for teaching me how to distinguish them ; for, with regard to every thing else, they are perfectly alike ; each has his half-egg, his star, a spear in his hand, and a white horse, insomuch, that I have often called Pollux Castor, and Castor Pollux : but tell me, how hap-

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pens it, that only one of them is with us at a time, and that they are mortal and immortal by turns ?

M E R C U R Y.

This they do from brotherly love to each other; for, as it was decreed by Fate, that one of Leda's sons should die, and the other not, they agreed to divide the immortality between them.

A P O L L O.

It was an unbrotherly division; for now they can never see one another, which one would think they mutually desired: but how can that ever happen, when one is with the gods, and the other with the shades below? But, moreover, I, you know, am a prophet; Æsculapius is a physician; you teach in the palæstra, and are an excellent school-master; Diana is a midwife; every one of us practises some art that is of use to gods or men: but of what service are these brothers? are they to do nothing at their age but eat and drink with us?

M E R C U R Y.

By no means; they are appointed to assist Neptune; to ride upon the sea; and, if they behold mariners in danger of perishing by shipwreck, to sit at the helm, and conduct them safe to port.

A P O L L O.

A P O L L O.

An excellent and most salutary art, indeed,
Mercury.

D I A L O G U E XIV.

NEPTUNE AND POLYPHEMUS.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

O father, what have I suffered from that detestable stranger, who put my eyes out whilst I was asleep and in liquor !

N E P T U N E.

Who was it, Polyphemus, that could dare to do it ?

P O L Y P H E M U S.

At first he called himself, Nobody ; but, it seems, when he had escaped out of the reach of my darts, owned that his name was Ulysses.

N E P T U N E.

Of Ithaca, you mean ; I know him : he failed from Troy. But could he do this ? He was never famous for courage.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

Returning one day from the meadows, I seized several robbers, laying in wait for my cattle, made the door fast, for I have an immense large stone on purpose, and kindled a fire, with a tree I had brought down from the mountain ; when they endeavoured to hide

themselves, I caught some of them; and, as robbers ought to be served, devoured them: then, that subtlest of all rogues, Ulysses, or Nobody, call him what you will, gave me some potion, pleasant both to the taste and smell, but dangerous and intoxicating; for, as soon as I had drank it, every thing seemed to wheel round with me, and the cave was turned topsy-turvy; in short, I was quite beside myself: at length I fell asleep; when, sharpening the bar of the door, and setting it on fire, as I slept, he put out my eyes, and I have been blind ever since.

N E P T U N E.

How soundly you must have slept, not to have been roused whilst he was putting your eyes out! But how did Ulysses get off? For I am sure he could not move the stone from the door.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

I moved it myself, that I might catch him the easier as he went out: and, placing myself at the entrance of the cave, stretched out my hands to feel for him, letting the sheep go into the meadows, under the care of the leading ram, who did my business for me.

N E P T U N E.

I understand you, now; and so he crept out
under

under them : but you should have called the rest of the Cyclops together against him.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

So I did, father, and they came ; but when they asked me the villain's name, and I told them it was Nobody, they thought me mad, and went their way. Thus did the wretch impose on me by a false name : but what hurt me most was, he reproached me with my misfortune, and told me, Neptune himself could not cure me.

N E P T U N E.

Be comforted, son, for I will be revenged on him ; he shall know, that though I cannot cure blindness, I have power to save or destroy sailors ; and he is still upon the sea.

D I A L O G U E XV.

M E N E L A U S A N D P R O T E U S.

M E N E L A U S.

THAT you were changed into water, Proteus, I can believe, because you belong to the * sea ; or into a tree, that I can away with ;
 nay,

* *To the sea, &c.*] Proteus, the son of Oceanus and Tethys, was a sea-god of the first consequence, and described to us as the prime minister of Neptune. He had likewise the character of a famous prophet. When Menelaus, returning from Troy, was shipwrecked on the coast of

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nay, that you were once turned into a lion, is not absolutely impossible: but that you, who live in the sea, should be changed into fire, raises my astonishment, nor can I ever be brought to believe it.

P R O T E U S.

Never wonder, Menelaus, for fire I am.

M E N E L A U S.

So I perceive; but to tell you my opinion, you seem to put some trick upon us, and to deceive the eyes of the spectators, when in reality you are no such thing.

P R O T E U S.

What deception can there be in things so evident? Did not you see, with your eyes open, how many shapes I transformed myself into? But if you will not believe it, and think it is only a delusion, when I turn myself into fire, put your hand out to me, and then you will feel, my good friend, whether I have only the appearance of fire, or the power of it to burn.

M E N E L A U S.

It is a dangerous experiment.

Ægypt, he is said to have consulted Proteus with regard to the best means of escaping, a circumstance which accounts for Lucian's bringing them together in this dialogue.

P R O.

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P R O T E U S.

I suppose you never saw a polypus, nor know what frequently happens with regard to that fish.

M E N E L A U S.

A polypus I have seen, but the peculiar circumstances you mention, should be glad to learn from you.

P R O T E U S.

* When it comes near a rock, it fixes its wet claws in it, and sticking by its shagged hair, changes its colour into that of the rock, that it may not be discovered by the fishermen; and is so exactly like, that it cannot be distinguished from it.

M E N E L A U S.

It is so reported. But your change, Proteus, is still more incredible.

P R O T E U S.

If you will not believe your own eyes, I do not know who you will believe.

* *When it comes near, &c.*] This agrees with Ovid's account. See his *Halieuticon*, l. 30.

Scopulis crinali corpore fegnis
Polypus hæret, & hac eludit retia frande,
Et sub lege loci sumit mutatque colorem.

This extraordinary quality of the polypus is mentioned likewise by Pliny, Plutarch, Ælian, and other writers.

M E.

D I A L O G U E · XVII.

NEPTUNE AND THE DOLPHINS.

N E P T U N E.

WELL have ye done, my Dolphins, ye are always friendly to mankind; witness your carrying Juno's son to the Isthmus, from the rocks of Scyron, when he was thrown down from thence into the sea; and now you have saved this harper of Methymna, swimming with him to Tænarus, harp, garland and all, upon your backs; and would not suffer him to be torn to pieces by the sailors.

D O L P H I N S.

Wonder not, Neptune, at our benevolence to mankind; for we ourselves were men, before we were turned into fish.

N E P T U N E.

Bacchus, I think, was much to blame for transforming you thus, after conquering you in a sea-fight; he might have been satisfied with reducing you to obedience, as he did so many others. But how happened this affair of Arion?

D O L P H I N S.

Periander, I suppose, was very fond of him, and, on account of his skill, frequently invited him. At length, enriched by the king's bounty,
and

and now on his return to Methymna, he boasted of the wealth he had acquired; and being on board a vessel belonging to some worthless fellows, bragged much of the great quantity of gold and silver which he had brought with him: when they had got almost into the middle of the *Ægean*, they conspired together against him, whereupon (for as I swam by the boat I overheard every thing): “If, says he to them, you are so determined, permit me at least to take my garland, and, after singing you a funeral anthem, to throw myself overboard:” the sailors consented; and he, taking his garland, and singing them some soft ditty, jumped into the sea, expecting to be drowned immediately: but I took him upon my back, and swam with him to *Tænarus*.

N E P T U N E.

Your love of harmony I approve; you have really paid him well for his piping.

D I A L O G U E XVIII.

NEPTUNE AND THE *NEREIDS.

N E P T U N E.

HENCEFORTH let this Streight, where the † girl was lost, be called from her, the Hellespont. Do you, Nereids, carry the body to Troy, to be buried by her countrywomen.

A M P H I T R I T E.

Rather, Neptune, let us bury it in the sea that bears her name: we sincerely pity her; for dreadful are the evils she has suffered from her mother-in-law.

N E P T U N E.

That, Amphitrite, must not be, nor will it be decent to leave her on the sand; but, as I said before, let her be buried at Chersonesus.

* *Nereids,*] Sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. According to Hesiod, there were no less than three-score of them. Groves were dedicated, and temples erected to them in several parts of Greece, near the sea-shore. Amphitrite, one of the most famous amongst them, is in this dialogue spokeswoman for the whole body.

† *The girl, &c*] Helle, daughter of Athamas king of Thebes, and Nephele; she ran away from her mother-in-law, as young ladies are very apt to do, and attempted to cross the sea on a ram with a golden fleece, which her papa had given her, but was so frightened that she fell into the sea and was drowned. The little arm of the place where the accident happened ever after bore the name of the Hellespont.

One

One comfort yet remains for her, that † Ino will soon suffer the same fate; Athamas will pursue her, and she will be thrown down, with her child in her arms, into the sea, from mount Cithæron.

A M P H I T R I T E.

She should be saved, for Bacchus' sake, whom she nursed and educated.

N E P T U N E.

Not when she is so wicked, Amphitrite; though Bacchus should certainly be obliged.

A M P H I T R I T E.

But how happened it that she fell off the ram, whilst her brother, Phryxus, was carried safely by him?

N E P T U N E.

No wonder; he is a young man, and had strength to manage him: but she, getting upon a beast she was not used to, and looking down upon the vast deep beneath her, was struck with fear and astonishment, her head swam withal, from the rapidity of the motion, and not able to keep her hold of the ram's horn, which

† *Ino*, &c.] The second wife of Athamas, who, in return for her cruelty to Phryxus and Helle, his children by Nephele, slew his son Learchus, and would have murdered her; to avoid his rage, she took her other boy, Melintus, in her arms, and threw herself into the sea, where Ovid has turned her into a goddess. See *Metam. b. iv.*

had.

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had hitherto supported her, she fell into the sea.

A M P H I T R I T E.

Her mother Nephele should have caught her as she fell.

N E P T U N E.

She should: but Fate is far more powerful than Nephele.

D I A L O G U E XIX.

I R I S A N D N E P T U N E.

I R I S.

THAT floating* island which was torn away from Sicily, and now, covered by the waves, swims about the sea, you, Neptune, by command of Jupiter, must raise up, and bring into view, so that it may appear plainly in the middle of the Ægean, and stand firm and immoveable, for a certain use which is to be made of it.

N E P T U N E.

Iris, it shall be done; but what great service can it be of, when it is fixed, and above water?

I R I S.

Latona is to be brought-to-bed there, she is in labour already.

* *Floating island,*] Delos, the most renowned of the Cyclades. The story of its rise, as told by the poets, is a fine subject for ridicule, and Lucian has treated it accordingly.

N E P.

N E P T U N E.

Well, and cannot she lay-in in heaven ? or, if that will not suffice, is not the whole earth large enough to receive her progeny ?

I R I S.

No; for Juno has forced the Earth to take a solemn oath, not to afford her any place for that purpose ; but this island is not bound by that oath, because, you know, it was not visible.

N E P T U N E.

I comprehend it now; therefore, Island, stand you still; emerge from the deep; sink no more, but remain fixed; happy shalt thou be in receiving two of my brother's children, who hereafter shall be the most beautiful of all the gods. You, O Tritons, transport Latona hither, and let all things be kept quiet: the serpent which now so terrifies her even to madness, shall the infants, as soon as they are born, destroy, and revenge their mother. Do you, Iris, tell Jupiter, every thing is ready: the island is fixed; let Latona come, and cry out as soon as she will.

DIALOGUE XX.

XANTHUS AND THE SEA.

XANTHUS.

GOOD Sea, receive me, and heal my wounds, for I have been cruelly used.

SEA.

What is the matter, Xanthus, who has burned you up so?

XANTHUS.

* Vulcan: I am perfectly parched, and all in a foam.

SEA.

And why did he throw fire upon you?

XANTHUS.

On account of Achilles. I had intreated him several times, but to no purpose, to leave off slaying the Trojans: still he went on, and stopped up my channel with carcases, till, in compassion to the poor wretches, I threatened to

* *Vulcan, &c.*] In the twenty-third book of the Iliad, Homer makes Achilles slay so many Trojans, that the river, who is represented as a god, in resentment of being so disturbed, overflows, and nearly overwhelms the hero. Achilles applies to Jupiter, who sends Vulcan to dry up the river. The sanguine admirers of Homer extol the sublimity of this conception: the idea is, notwithstanding, undoubtedly *outré*, and borders nearly on the burlesque. Lucian, it is plain, saw the ridicule of it.

drown him with my waters, in hopes that the dread of it would induce him to cease the slaughter: when Vulcan, for he was near at hand, rushed upon me with all the fire, I believe, he had, and all that he could get from Ætna, and every other place, burned up my elms and shrubs, and roasted my eels, all my poor fish, made me boil, and was within a very little of leaving me quite dry. You see what a condition I am in with the flames.

S E A.

You are warm, indeed, and disturbed, as one might expect from the blood and carcases, and hot, as you say, from the fire: but you deserve it, for attacking my son, and not considering that he is the offspring of a Nereid.

X A N T H U S.

Could I help taking compassion on my neighbouring Trojans?

S E A.

And how could Vulcan help taking pity on the son of Thetis?

DIALOGUE XXI.

DORIS AND THETIS.

DORIS.

Thetis, what makes you weep thus?

M 2

T H E

T H E T I S.

Doris, I have just now seen a most beautiful * young creature, shut up in a chest, with her new-born infant, by her cruel father, who ordered the sailors, when they had got a good way out from land, to throw the chest into the sea, that they might both perish.

D O R I S.

Pray, sister, for what reason? for I suppose you know the whole affair.

T H E T I S.

Her father, Acrisius, as she was excessively handsome, had locked her up in a brazen tower, to preserve her virginity; and, they say, whether true or false I know not, that Jupiter rushed in upon her, through the tiles, in a golden shower; that she received the flowing god into her bosom, and became pregnant. As soon as her father, a morose and spiteful fellow, perceived it, he was violently enraged at her, imagining she must have been debauched by somebody; and, as soon as she was brought to bed, threw her, child and all, into this chest.

D O R I S.

And how did she behave upon it?

* *Young creature,*] Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos. The story is too well known to stand in need of any elucidation.

T H E.

T H E T I S.

With regard to herself, was silent, and submitted to her fate; but begged hard for the poor infant, that it might not be destroyed, crying at the same time, and shewing the pretty creature to its grandfather. The child, ignorant of its own misfortune, smiled at the ocean before it. I cannot help weeping when I think of them.

D O R I S.

You make me weep too: and are they both dead?

T H E T I S.

No: both alive in the chest, which floats about near Seriphus.

D O R I S.

Why cannot we preserve them, by making the fishermen of Seriphus cast their nets, and take them up safe?

T H E T I S.

Right; so we will, that neither she nor her beauteous infant may perish.

D I A L O G U E XXII.

TRITON, NEREIDS, AND IPHIANASSA.

T R I T O N.

THAT sea-monster, which you sent to devour Andromeda, has never hurt her, but is itself destroyed.

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N E R E I D.

By whom, Triton? Cepheus, I suppose, tempting him with that delicious bait, his beautiful daughter, rushed upon him with a large force, and slew him.

T R I T O N.

No. I believe you remember Perseus, that son of Danae, who was shut up with her by his grandfather in a chest, and thrown into the sea, whom you took pity on and preserved.

I P H I A N A S S A.

I remember him well; by this time he must be grown a man, a noble and beautiful one.

T R I T O N.

It was he who killed the monster.

I P H I A N A S S A.

A bad return for our kindness to him: but how, Triton?

T R I T O N.

I will tell you the whole affair: the king had sent him against the Gorgons, and when he came to Lybia —

I P H I A N A S S A.

How, Triton? Came he alone, or with assistance? for it was a difficult journey.

T R I T O N.

He came through the air; Minerva lent him wings. When he arrived at the place, finding
them,

them, I suppose, asleep, he cut off Medusa's head, and flew away.

I P H I A N A S S A.

But how could he see to do it? for whoever looks at them is immediately struck blind.

T R I T O N.

Minerva lent him her shield (for I heard him tell the story to Andromeda, and afterwards to Cepheus), and in that he saw the image of Medusa reflected, as in a looking-glass; then, taking hold of her hair with his left hand, and looking at the image, with the sword in his right, cut off her head, and, before her sisters awoke, flew off. After which, coming towards Æthiopia, and flying nearer to the earth, he saw the beautiful Andromache, chained to a rock, her hair dishevelled, and naked almost to the waist: at first he only pitied her unhappy fate, and asked the cause of it, but, soon after, falling violently in love with her (for it was decreed she should be saved), resolved to deliver her; and when the dreadful monster came to devour her, the youth, lifting himself up in the air, with one hand held his sword, and struck him, and with the other shewed him the Gorgon's head, which immediately converted him into stone. At sight of Medusa all his limbs grew stiff, and he died. Perseus then loosen-

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ed the virgin's chains, and led her down, trembling, and on tip-toe from the slippery rock. She is now celebrating her nuptials in the palace of Cepheus, and from thence he carries her to Argos. Thus instead of death has she met with happiness and a husband.

N E R E I D.

I am not sorry for it; for what injury had the virgin done us? though her mother was so vain-glorious, and pretended to be handsomer than ourselves.

T R I T O N.

Doubtless, as a mother, she must have been very unhappy about her daughter.

N E R E I D.

Doris, we will forget her pride, and indecent boasting; she has suffered enough in her fears, let us therefore rejoice in her felicity.

D I A L O G U E XXIII.

JUPITER AND PROMETHEUS.

P R O M E T H E U S.

O Jupiter, I beseech you loose me, for I have suffered severely.

J U P I T E R.

Do you think I will loose you, when you deserve rather to have much heavier fetters, and the whole weight of Caucasus upon you, not
only

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only to have your liver preyed upon by a hundred vulturs, but to have your eyes dug out of your head, for making such animals as these men and women, and stealing fire from heaven: not to mention your frauds in the distributing the provisions, when you gave me all the fat pieces, and kept the best for yourself.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Have not I been sufficiently punished for it, chained as I have been so long on mount Caucasus, and feeding an eagle, that vilest of all birds, with my liver.

J U P I T E R.

It is not a thousandth part of what you deserve.

P R O M E T H E U S.

I do not desire you to loose me for nothing: I can tell you something of the greatest consequence.

J U P I T E R.

You only mean to make a fool of me.

P R O M E T H E U S.

What shall I get by that? You know where Caucasus stands, and have more chains left for me, if I am caught in a lie.

J U P I T E R.

Tell me first what this thing of such great consequence is, that you will do for me in return.

P R O-

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P R O M E T H E U S.

If I should tell you where you are this moment going, would you then think me worthy of belief, and that I can foretel what will happen hereafter?

J U P I T E R.

Most undoubtedly.

P R O M E T H E U S.

You are going then to Thetis, on a little intrigue with her.

J U P I T E R.

What more? for you seem to have hit upon the truth.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Jupiter, have nothing to do with that Nereid, for if she has a child by you, he will serve you as you did Saturn.

J U P I T E R.

And shall I be dethroned, sayest thou?

P R O M E T H E U S.

Heaven forbid! But an affair with her threatens something like it.

J U P I T E R.

Then, Thetis, farewell. For this advice Vulcan shall set you free.

D I A-

D I A L O G U E. XXIV.

J U P I T E R A N D C U P I D.

C U P I D.

IF I have offended, Jupiter, forgive me; I am but a poor simple child.

J U P I T E R.

You a child, that are * older than Japetus! because you have not a beard, and grey hairs, you would be thought a boy, as old and cunning as you are.

C U P I D.

Old as I am, as you say, what injury have I done you, that you should threaten to chain me?

J U P I T E R.

Why, you wicked rogue, consider what you have done; have not you made a laughing-stock of me? have not you turned me into a satyr, a bull, a bit of gold, a swan, an eagle, and what not? but not a creature have you inspired with the love of me, not even so much as my wife. I am forced to make use of stratagems to get possession of them, and to disguise myself: they are fond of the Bull, or the

* *Older than Japetus,*] According to Hesiod (see his Theogony) Love was the oldest of all the Gods, sprung from Chaos, and coeval with Earth and Heaven.

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Swan, perhaps ; but when I appear in my own shape, are ready to die with fear.

C U P I D.

And well they may ; mere mortals cannot bear the sight of Jove.

✱

J U P I T E R.

How came Apollo to be so much beloved by Branchus and Hyacinthus ?

C U P I D.

Daphne, however, ran away from him, though he had such fine locks, and no beard ; but if you want to be amiable, you must not shake your dreadful ægis, nor carry your thunder with you, but make yourself as agreeable as you can ; let your hair down of each side, and tie it with a ribbon ; wear a purple vest, put on your gold sandals, and walk in measured pace to the sound of tabor and pipe : then will you be followed by the women, as Bacchus was by the Mænades, and have as many after you.

J U P I T E R.

Away with you ; I would not wish to be loved on such conditions.

C U P I D.

Then you must not fall in love, Jupiter ; that is easily settled.

J U P I T E R.

Not so neither ; I must be in love, and hap-

py

py in it, but at a cheaper rate ; and on that account you are free.

D I A L O G U E XXV.

J U P I T E R A N D G A N Y M E D E .

J U P I T E R .

NOW, Ganymede, for we are come to our journey's end, kiss me ; you will find, I have no crooked beak, or sharp talons, or wings, as I had when I put on the appearance of a bird.

G A N Y M E D E .

Were not you an eagle just now ? and did not you fly down and take me up from the midst of my flock ? and now you are a man ; your wings are off, and you seem quite another creature.

J U P I T E R .

It is not a man, child, that you see before you, nor an eagle ; for know, I am the king of all the gods, and only transformed myself for a time.

G A N Y M E D E .

What say you ? are you * Pan ? how hap-

* *Are you Pan, &c.*] It was very natural for a shepherd's boy to imagine there could be no other god but Pan, the tutelary deity of the plain. The characteristic innocence and simplicity of Ganymede, are well preserved throughout this Dialogue.

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pens it you have not your pipe? that you are without horns, and your thighs not hairy?

J U P I T E R.

Do you think there is no other god but him?

G A N Y M E D E.

No; we have just now sacrificed a he-goat to him; as for you, you seem to me to be nothing but a kidnapper.

J U P I T E R.

Did you never hear of Jupiter, he that rains, and thunders, and lightens, nor see the altar erected to him in Gargarus?

G A N Y M E D E.

And are you he that showered down the hail upon us so plentifully, who are said to inhabit the sky above us, and make so much noise, the same that my father sacrificed a ram to? and what injury had I done you, O king of the gods, that you should run away with me in this manner? the wolves, perhaps, by this time, have stolen my sheep, now they are left alone.

J U P I T E R.

Can you, that are made immortal, and the companion of Jupiter, think any longer about sheep?

G A N Y M E D E.

How is that? Won't you carry me back to-day to Mount Ida?

J U.

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J U P I T E R.

What ! and so turn myself into an eagle for nothing ! No, no ; that I shall not, indeed.

G A N Y M E D E.

Then my father will miss me, and be angry ; and I shall be beat for leaving my flock.

J U P I T E R.

But how will he find you ?

G A N Y M E D E.

Never : I wish I was with him. If you will let me go, I promise you he shall sacrifice another ram to you in return for my freedom ; we have got a large one at home, three years old, the leader of the flock.

J U P I T E R.

How simple and ingenuous this sweet boy is ! For the future, Ganymede, you must forget your flock, and bid adieu to Mount Ida : henceforth you must reside in heaven, and from thence dispense blessings on your father, and your country : instead of milk and cheese, you shall eat ambrosia, and drink nectar, ministering them yourself to us, and to the rest of the gods ; and, more than all this, you shall no longer be a man, but an immortal ; I will make you one of the most beautiful of the stars ; you shall be supremely happy.

G A-

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G A N Y M E D E.

And if I want to play, who shall I have to play with me? on Mount Ida I had a great many play-fellows.

J U P I T E R.

You shall have little Cupid to keep you company, and a quantity of playthings; only be easy and chearful, and think no more of things below.

G A N Y M E D E.

Of what service can I be to you? must I keep sheep here too?

J U P I T E R.

No, you must serve at feasts, and take care of the nectar.

G A N Y M E D E.

That will be easy enough, for I know how to pour out milk, and hand the cup about amongst the shepherds.

J U P I T E R. [*Afide.*

Now is he thinking of his milk, and that he is to serve men—I tell you, child, this is heaven, and here we drink nothing but nectar.

G A N Y M E D E.

Pray, Jupiter, is that sweeter than milk?

J U P I T E R.

You will know in a little time; when you have once tasted that, you will not wish for milk any more.

G A.

G A N Y M E D E.

And where am I to sleep o' nights? with my play-fellow, Cupid?

J U P I T E R.

No; I stole you away on purpose that you might sleep with me.

G A N Y M E D E.

And cannot you sleep as well alone; can I make your sleep sweeter?

J U P I T E R.

Certainly; so beautiful as you are.

G A N Y M E D E.

How can beauty make any one sleep better?

J U P I T E R.

O it has something delightful in it, and makes our rest softer, and more agreeable.

G A N Y M E D E.

Why, my father was angry when I slept with him, and said, I disturbed his rest, with tumbling about, kicking, and talking in my sleep, and used frequently to send me to bed with my mother; it is time, therefore, if you took me for this, as you say, to carry me back to earth again, or you will suffer, by laying awake; for I shall disturb you perpetually with turning and tossing.

J U P I T E R.

So much the better; I warrant we shall find something to divert us.

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G A N Y M E D E.

You may, but I shall go to sleep.

J U P I T E R.

We shall see what is to be done; in the mean time, do you, Mercury, take him hence; let him quaff immortality, that he may be qualified to serve us; and be sure, teach him how to hand the cup.

D I A L O G U E XXVI.

N E P T U N E A N D M E R C U R Y.

N E P T U N E.

PRAY, Mercury, may I speak with Jupiter?

M E R C U R Y.

Not now, Neptune.

N E P T U N E.

Only tell him I am here.

M E R C U R Y.

I tell you, you must not trouble him, it is not convenient, and you cannot see him at present.

N E P T U N E.

Is he with Juno?

M E R C U R Y.

No: quite another affair.

N E P T U N E.

I understand you. Ganymede, I suppose.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

No: he is out of order.

N E P T U N E.

How is this, Mercury? You alarm me, what is the matter?

M E R C U R Y.

It is really such a thing, I am ashamed to tell you.

N E P T U N E.

O never be ashamed to tell your uncle.

M E R C U R Y.

He is just now brought to bed.

N E P T U N E.

Ridiculous! Who is the father, pray? I did not know he was an hermaphrodite.

M E R C U R Y.

You will never guess whence the child came.

N E P T U N E.

From his head, I suppose; another Minerva: he has a fertile brain.

M E R C U R Y.

Not so, Neptune: it is a child of Semele's, that he has hid in his * thigh.

* *In his thigh, &c.*] This ridiculous fable of Jupiter's thigh is to be met with in Hesiod, Theocritus, and many other ancient writers, though too absurd, one should imagine, to be believed by any of them. Even the story-loving Ovid introduces it with a *si credere dignum*.

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N E P T U N E.

Generously done, indeed. Why, he is pregnant in every part of his body. But who is this Semele?

M E R C U R Y.

A Theban woman, one of the daughters of Cadmus; he had an affair with her, and she proved with child.

N E P T U N E.

And so he lays in instead of her.

M E R C U R Y.

Even so, Neptune, as absurd as it may appear to you. Juno came sily over her (you know how jealous she is), and persuaded her to request of Jupiter that he would come to her with all his thunder and lightning about him. She listened to her advice; and when Jove came, his lightning set the house on fire, and burned Semele in the midst of it. He ordered me at the same time to take the child out of her, for she was seven months gone, and bring it to him, which I did, and he immediately put it into his thigh, and kept it till the proper time of its birth; and now, the other
* three months being elapsed, he is brought
to

* *Three months,*] My author, if I understand him aright, seems here to be a little out in his reckoning. He tells us, a few lines above, that the child was, *Το Εμβρυον*

εν τῇ μητρὶ.

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to bed of it, and is very weak and languid after his labour.

N E P T U N E.

And what is become of the child?

M E R C U R Y.

I carried it to Nyssa, to be nursed by the nymphs; and it is to be named Dionysius.

N E P T U N E.

So he is father and mother too.

M E R C U R Y.

So it seems: but I must be gone, and get some water to wash him, and other things necessary for a person in his condition.

D I A L O G U E XXVII.

J U P I T E R A N D J U N O.

J U N O.

SINCE you brought up that Phrygian boy from mount Ida, you take no notice of me.

ἑπταμήνησαν, a seven months child, consequently the mother was, as I have translated it, seven months gone, and now he says, *τρεῖς μῆνι ἐξήτηκεν αὐτόν*, three months afterwards Jupiter brought him forth; so that this extraordinary child was ten months getting into the world; which, I believe, is rather longer than usual. I know not how to reconcile this, but supposing that by *ἑπταμήνησαν*, Lucian meant that Semele was just entered into the seventh month of her pregnancy; how to make sense of it any other way is, I must own, to make use of a midwife's phrase on this subject, *past my conception*.

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J U P I T E R.

So, it seems, you are jealous of that simple lad, who, I am sure, has no harm in him. I thought you were only uneasy about the women that kept company with me.

J U N O.

You ought to be ashamed of that : it ill becomes the king of the gods to leave his lawful wife, and go down to earth to play the fool in the shape of a bull, or a bit of gold. The women, however, stay below, but this boy, from Ida, is brought up here to live with us, to be put over my head, and to be your cup-bearer, it seems. Were you so much in want of one? Are Hebe and Vulcan tired of their office? But his kisses are sweeter than the nectar, and you are always tasting one for the sake of the other, and in the sight of every body : I have seen you take the cup from him, and kiss the brim where he drank ; lay by your ægis and your thunder, and sit playing with him, you with your long beard, the king of gods and men : do not flatter yourself that you are undiscovered, for I have been an eye-witness of it.

J U P I T E R.

And where was the harm of it? If I would let him kiss you, you would not complain.

J U N O.

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J U N O.

You talk like what you are: do you think I would permit a Phrygian boy to have any thing to say to me?

J U P I T E R.

No reflections on my taste, I desire, for I think him — but I will say no more.

J U N O.

I wish you had married him instead of me. I am sure you have affronted me often enough on his account.

J U P I T E R.

You would have your son Vulcan, I suppose, in his place, hopping about, coming red hot from his furnace, with the ashes all over him, to give us the cup out of his black fingers, and have me kiss those footy lips, which even you, who are his mother, cannot touch: a pretty cup-bearer for the feast of the gods. Gany-mede, in the mean time, must be sent back to Ida, because he is neat and clean, has rosy fingers, and hands the cup about most dexterously: and, what to you is worse than all, has sweet lips.

J U N O.

It is only since this delicate boy came that Vulcan is so lame, so black and footy, that you sicken at him: formerly you did not per-

ceive all this : his ashes and his furnace did not use to hinder your taking the cup from him.

J U P I T E R.

You only make yourself unhappy, Juno, by this ill temper ; and your jealousy but contributes more to estrange my affection from you. If you do not like to receive the cup from this beautiful youth, let your son give it you. You, Ganymede, and you only shall hand it to me ; and what is more, I will have a kiss when you give it, and when you take it away from me. Why these tears ? child, do not be afraid : whoever affronts you shall suffer for it.

D I A L O G U E XXVIII.

D O R I S A N D G A L A T E A.

D O R I S.

A MOST beautiful lover, Galatea, that
* Sicilian shepherd of your's.

G A L A T E A.

Let us have none of your scoffing, Doris, he is the son of Neptune, be he what he will.

* *Sicilian shepherd,*] Polypheme. It does not appear, as I remember, from the testimony of any other writer, that Galatea was fond of Polypheme ; who, as the story is generally related, slew her lover, Acis : but Lucian probably imagined, if a fib must be told, he had as good a right as another to tell it his own way.

D O.

D O R I S.

What signifies it if he was the son of Jove, rough and hairy as he is, and, what is most shocking of all, with but one eye: will his birth add to his beauty?

G A L A T E A.

His being rough and rustic, as you call him, does not make him deformed, it is the more manly; and as to the one eye in his forehead, he can see as well as with two.

D O R I S.

Polypheme, it seems then, as you paint him, is not a lover only, but beloved.

G A L A T E A.

Not so neither; but I cannot bear to hear you abuse him: you only do it from envy, because, when he was feeding his flock, and saw us playing on the shore, at the foot of *Ætna*, he took no notice of you, but cast his eye on me only, as the handsomest: that, I know, vexes you; as it was a certain sign that I appeared the most worthy of his affection, and you were neglected.

D O R I S.

Do you think I envy you the conquest of your blind shepherd? I do not know any thing he could like you for, but your white skin; that, I suppose, he is fond of, because he is used to milk

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milk and cheese, and any thing that is like them he esteems beautiful. If you look at yourself in the water when it is calm, you will find nothing in that face of your's so very striking, except the whiteness; and there is no beauty in that, without a little red to set it off.

G A L A T E A.

My * white skin, however, has got me a lover. I do not hear either shepherd, sailor, or boatman praising any of your beauties; but my Polyphemus, not to mention any thing else, is musical.

D O R I S.

Say no more of that, Galatea, I beseech you; I heard him sing the other day; when he came to serenade you, my dear Venus, one would have taken it for the braying of an ass. His harp was like a stag's head, with the flesh taken off: the horns stuck out like two elbows: to this the strings were tied on without any pegs, he began something upon it very harsh and inharmonious, playing one thing, and singing another, in such a manner that we could not help laughing at his love ditty. Echo, as fond as she is of talking, would not answer to his brawling: she would have been ashamed of repeat-

* *My white skin,*] She was called Galatea, from γαλα, milk, on account of the whiteness of her skin.

ing

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ing his harsh and ridiculous sing-fong. At the same time, I remember he carried his little darling in his arms, a bear's whelp, a rough hairy thing, just like himself: O Galatea, who would not envy you such a lover?

G A L A T E A.

Shew me, Doris, one of your own who is handsomer, or can sing and play better.

D O R I S.

I have no lovers, nor do I want to have any: but as for your Cyclops, who smells like a goat, eats raw flesh, and, as they tell me, devours all the strangers that come near him, take him to yourself, if you please, and give him love for love.

D I A L O G U E XXIX.

J U P I T E R A N D J U N O.

J U N O.

WHAT think you, Jupiter, of this Ixion?

J U P I T E R.

That he is a very honest fellow, and a good companion; if he was not, I should not admit him to my table.

J U N O.

He ought never to have been admitted, for his insolence; and I beg he may be suffered there no longer.

J U.

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J U P I T E R.

What has he done, then? for I must know it.

J U N O.

It is fit you should; and yet it is such a thing, I am ashamed to tell you.

J U P I T E R.

The worse it is, the more necessary it should be known: has he attempted to debauch any of you? for I suppose it is some such affair, by your being ashamed to mention it.

J U N O.

Only me myself: he has been endeavouring it a long time: at first I could not think what he meant, by fixing his eyes perpetually on me; sometimes he would sigh, and weep; and when I drank, and gave the cup to Gany-mede, he would desire to drink out of it, and kiss the brim; then hold it before him, and look at me again, till I perceived it must be love, and frequently intended to have told you of it, but hoped the man's frenzy would have gone off: at last, when he had the impudence to solicit me, and to weep, and kneel at my feet, I shut my ears, that I might not hear his impudent speeches, left him, and came to acquaint you with it.

J U P I T E R.

Indeed! an execrable villain, to attack my
Juno!

Juno ! he must certainly have been drunk with nectar ; but it is my own fault, to be so excessively fond of mortals, and make them my companions ; they ought, therefore, to be pardoned, if, drinking the same divine liquor as we do, and then gazing on heavenly beauties, and such as they never meet with below, they should fall in love with them. Love, you know, is a violent passion, and subdues not only men, but sometimes even us, gods, also.

J U N O.

He is your master indeed, entirely ; carries, drives, and, as they say, * leads you by the nose, wherever he pleases : you follow him about, and transform yourself into any thing, as he commands you ; in short, you are his property, and his laughing-stock ; and now, I suppose, are willing to pardon Ixion, because you were as fond of his wife, by whom you had † Pirithous.

J U-

* *Leads you by the nose.*] This is a literal translation, and one of those phrases which we have naturalized from the Greek. The visible and happy analogy between that language and our own, need not be pointed out to the learned reader ; and is certainly no unfortunate circumstance for a translator.

† *Pirithous.*] Ixion married Dia, the daughter of Dia-neus. I do not recollect that any writer, except Lucian and Hyginus, mention this intrigue between Jupiter and Ixion,
his

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J U P I T E R.

Still must you be reproaching me for my boy's tricks on earth! as to this Ixion, I would not have him punished, nor turned from my table; that would be wrong; but if he is in love with you, and, as you say, sighs and sobs, and is really miserable——

J U N O.

What then, Jupiter? now am I afraid you are going to say something shocking.

J U P I T E R.

By no means; but, after supper, when he is lying awake, as probably he will be, thinking of you, we will dress up a cloud in your likeness, and carry it to bed to him; thus, imagining that he has enjoyed what he wished for, he will be no longer unhappy.

J U N O.

Fie, fie, Jupiter! and so, instead of punishing him for desiring what is so much above him, you would reward him for it.

J U P I T E R.

Nay, but, good Juno, consent to it; what harm can the trick do you, if Ixion lies with a cloud?

his own son's, wife. That reverend father of the heathen gods had surely enough to answer for, without this additional crime: but, as our proverb says, Give a dog an ill name——

J U N O.

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J U N O.

But he'll take the cloud for me, and enjoy it in my likeness.

J U P I T E R.

What signifies that ? the cloud will never be Juno, nor Juno a cloud ; Ixion alone will be deceived.

J U N O.

True : but mortals are all insolent ; and when he returns to earth, perhaps he will boast of his success with Juno, and that he has rivalled Jove ; nay, for aught I know, may say, I am fond of him, which those, who do not know it was only a cloud, will very possibly believe.

J U P I T E R.

If he says any such thing, he shall suffer severely for his passion ; for I'll send him to the infernal regions, where he shall be tied to a wheel, which he shall roll round upon with never-ceasing labour.

J U N O.

And little punishment enough for such a braggard.

D I A L O G U E XXX.

MERCURY AND THE SUN.

M E R C U R Y.

SUN, by command of Jupiter, you are not to drive your chariot to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, but stay within; and, in the mean time, let it be one continual night; therefore let your Hours take off the horses, and do you put out your fire, and be quiet for some time.

S U N.

Mercury, this is most strange and surprising news you bring; have I done amiss, or gone out of the way, that he is angry with me, and has determined to make the night three times longer than the day?

M E R C U R Y.

No such thing; nor is it to be always so; but he has a particular occasion for a longer night than ordinary.

S U N.

And where is he now? and where did you leave him, when you came with this message to me?

M E R C U R Y.

In Boeotia, with Amphytrion's wife.

S U N.

S U N.

So he is in love with her, and one night is not enough for him.

M E R C U R Y.

By no means; from this conjunction is to arise a great, and ever-victorious hero, an all-conquering god; and that can never be done in one night.

S U N.

May the great work be brought to perfection, I say! Success attend them! but these things, Mercury, between ourselves, did not use to be done in the days of Saturn. He never neglected his wife Rhea, nor left heaven to go and sleep at Thebes. Day was day then, and night had her proper number of hours; nothing was altered, or put out of the common course; nor had he ever any affairs with mortal women: but now, for the sake of this strumpet, every thing must be turned topsy-turvy; my horses, for want of work, will grow restiff, and the road hard to travel in, by not being used for three days; poor mortals must live in darkness all the time; this comes of Jupiter's amours; there must they sit, waiting the whole long night, till this same hero you talk of is perfectly finished.

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M E R C U R Y.

Say no more, Phœbus, lest you suffer for it. I must go to the Moon, and tell her, by Jupiter's command, to march slowly ; and then away to Somnus, and order him to keep mortals fast, that they may not know how long the night is.

D I A L O G U E XXXI.

V E N U S A N D L U N A.

V E N U S.

WHAT is this, Luna, that we hear of you ? It is reported, that, as often as you come to Caria, you stop your chariot to look at Endymion, the hunter, as he lays sleeping there ; nay, and sometimes, in the middle of your journey, alight, and come down to him.

L U N A.

Ask your son, Venus, for he is the cause of it

V E N U S.

Very likely, for he is a mischievous rogue what tricks has he played with me, his own mother ! Sometimes carrying me to Ida, in search of Trojan Anchises ; sometimes to Libanus, after that * Assyrian boy, whom he had
mad

* *Assyrian boy,*] Adonis. Diana's boar sent him to hell where Proserpine fell in love with him : Venus intreated
th

made in love with Proserpine, and so cheated me of half his affection : I have often threatened him, if he do not leave off, to break his bow and arrows, and clip his wings : but the other day I tickled him with my slipper for it : at first he is mighty fearful and suppliant, but very soon forgets it. But, tell me, is this Endymion handsome ? for that, you know, would be some consolation.

L U N A.

To me, I confess, he appears charming, especially when, throwing his garment on the rock, he goes to sleep, his arrows in his left hand, that seem dropping from him, and his right supporting his head, and giving new lustre to his beautiful face : his breath, as he sleeps, is sweeter than ambrosia : then come I down, as softly as possible, and treading on my tip-toes, that I may not wake and disturb him. You know the rest ; in short, I am dying for love of him.

that he might return to earth, but the infernal goddess would not part with him, and it was determined at last, to make both parties easy, that he should divide his time between them.

D I A L O G U E XXXII.

M E R C U R Y AND A P O L L O.

M E R C U R Y.

IS it not wonderful, Apollo, this limping, low mechanic, Vulcan, should marry two such pretty wives as Venus and * Aglaia ?

A P O L L O.

It is strange good fortune, indeed, Mercury : but what I wonder at is, that they will have any thing to say to him, when they see him sweating at the forge, and his face all black with soot, and yet they can kiss and embrace him.

M E R C U R Y.

This vexes me, and I cannot help envying him : you, Apollo, are proud of your fine hair, your beauty, and your skill on the harp : I, of my health, strength, and lyre : and yet we must sleep alone.

A P O L L O.

I, for my part, have been always unfortunate in my amours : of the two I loved most, one ran away from me, and chose rather to be turned into a tree than have any concern with me,

* *Aglaia*,] The eldest of the three Graces : the poets have married her to Vulcan, probably, because the works of that ingenious artist might be considered as graceful, though his person was not so.

and

and the other was killed accidentally by myself, and now I wear garlands for them.

M E R C U R Y.

Once upon a time Venus was kind to me; but I should not brag of it.

A P O L L O.

I know it: Hermaphroditus, they say, was the issue of it: but tell me, if you can, how happens it that Venus and Aglaia are not jealous of each other?

M E R C U R Y.

Because one dwells at Lemnos with him, and the other resides in heaven: besides, Venus is engaged with Mars, and is fond of him; she troubles her head therefore very little about this blacksmith.

A P O L L O.

And does Vulcan know it, think you?

M E R C U R Y.

He does; but what can he do? seeing his rival is a noble youth, and a soldier too: wherefore he holds his peace; though he talks, indeed, sometimes of making a net to catch them.

A P O L L O.

I do not know any thing of that, but I am sure it is a net I should wish to be caught in.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

APOLLO AND MERCURY.

A P O L L O.

WHAT are you laughing at, Mercury?

M E R C U R Y.

Something which I have seen, Apollo, that is truly ridiculous.

A P O L L O.

Tell me what it is, I beseech you, that I may laugh with you.

M E R C U R Y.

Mars and Venus are caught together. Vulcan has caught them in a net.

A P O L L O.

How, pray? This is delightful.

M E R C U R Y.

He had watched them, I suppose, some time, and when they were retired together, threw the net over them, and went away to his forge. Mars thought himself safe, but he was seen, and Vulcan told of it, who came immediately. Venus blushed: Mars at first endeavoured to escape, and imagined he could break the cords, but finding there were no hopes of getting off, began to beg and intreat.

A P O L L O.

And did Vulcan let them go?

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

No; but called all the gods together, and exposed them: they blushed, and looked down: it was a most diverting sight.

A P O L L O.

But was not the smith ashamed thus to expose his wife's folly?

M E R C U R Y.

No, by Jove, but stood laughing at them. I must own, I envied Mars the happiness of so intimate a connection with a goddess of such beauty.

A P O L L O.

And would you desire to be so caught?

M E R C U R Y.

Would not you? Only come and look at them, and if you do not wish the same, then shall I admire you, indeed.

D I A L O G U E XXXIV.

P A N A N D M E R C U R Y.

P A N.

HEALTH to my father Mercury.

M E R C U R Y.

Health to you: but how came I to be your father?

P A N.

Are not you Cyllenian Mercury?

O 4

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

Most certainly : but how are you my son ?

P A N.

O, a natural one, the offspring of love.

M E R C U R Y.

The offspring of a he-goat rather : how can you be mine, with those horns, such a nose, a shaggy beard, cloven feet, and a tail at your rump ?

P A N.

When you reproach me, you reproach your own son, or rather yourself, for getting such children : it was not my fault.

M E R C U R Y.

Who was your mother, pray ; had I ever an intrigue with a goat ?

P A N.

Never : but recollect whether you did not, once upon a time, seduce a free woman in Arcadia. Why do you bite your fingers, and hesitate so long ? You must remember Penelope, the daughter of Icarius.

M E R C U R Y.

How happened it then, that instead of having a child resembling me, she brought forth one like a goat ?

P A N.

I will repeat you her own words, when she sent me into Arcadia : Know, child, said she,
I, Pe-

I, Penelope of Sparta, am thy mother: the god Mercury, son of Jove and Maia, is thy father. Let it not trouble thee that thou art horned, and hast goat's feet; for thy father, when he and I were first intimate together, assumed the form of a goat to conceal himself, and therefore it is you are so like one.

M E R C U R Y.

By Jupiter, now I remember it well: and must I then, at last, who am so proud of my fine form, and having no beard, be called your father, and be laughed at for my beautiful offspring?

P A N.

After all, father, I shall be no disgrace to you; I am an excellent musician, and can sing and play on the pipe most delightfully: Bacchus can do nothing without me: I am his companion, and brother-dancer, and lead the chorus for him. It would give you pleasure to see the flocks which I have about Tegæa, and Parthenium. I command all Arcadia. I behaved so well lately, when I assisted the Athenians at Marathon, that they gave me, in reward of my valour, the cave at the bottom of the great tower: and if you go to * Athens,

* *To Athens,*] There is an epigram, attributed to Simonides, on the statue of Pan, alluding to this circumstance. See also Pausanias.

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you will see in how great estimation the name of Pan is there.

M E R C U R Y.

Are you married, pray? for that, I suppose too, they have insisted on.

P A N.

No: I am too amorous for that, and should never be contented with one.

M E R C U R Y.

You are very great then, I imagine, with the she-goats.

P A N.

You are pleased to jeer at me: but I have had favours from Echo, Pitys, and all the Mænades, and am in high esteem with every one of them.

M E R C U R Y.

One request, my son, as the first I ever made to you, you must comply with.

P A N.

Command, my father, and you shall be obeyed.

M E R C U R Y.

Come hither then, and kiss me, but be sure you never call me father before any body.

D I A L O G U E XXXV.

A P O L L O A N D B A C C H U S.

A P O L L O.

COULD one ever think, Bacchus, that Cupid, Hermaphroditus, and Priapus were brothers, so different as they are both in their form and manners? The first, most beautiful, an excellent archer, endowed with no small power, and ruling, as it were, over all things; the second, an effeminate creature, half man, half woman, with such an ambiguous countenance, that you can hardly tell whether he is boy or girl; and the third, so much more of a man than he ought to be.

B A C C H U S.

Wonder not, Apollo, nor think it the fault of Venus, who had them by different fathers. Besides, that those who are born of the same father and mother frequently differ, one is a boy and the other a girl, like you and your sister.

A P O L L O.

True: but we are alike, and our inclinations are the same; we are both archers.

B A C C H U S.

With regard to your bow, I grant it, but
that

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that is not a perfect similitude. Diana kills strangers amongst the Scythians, whilst you prophecy, and heal the sick.

A P O L L O.

Do you think my sister takes any pleasure amongst these Scythians? She detests their cruelty, and only dressed herself in that manner, that if any Grecian came to Tauris, she might sail away with him, and leave it.

B A C C H U S.

There she was right: but this Priapus (for I must tell you something very ridiculous, that happened to me at Lampascus), when I came into the city, he received me very hospitably; but when we had retired to rest, after drinking pretty freely, the noble Priapus, rising at midnight—but I am ashamed to go on.

A P O L L O.

He did not attack you?

B A C C H U S.

Something like it.

A P O L L O.

And what said you?

B A C C H U S.

Only laughed at him: what could I else?

A P O L L O.

You were right not to be rough or angry with
him:

him : so handsome as you are, it was very pardonable.

B A C C H U S.

For that he should rather have attacked you ; you are beautiful, and have such fine hair, that he might have been excused, even though he had been sober.

A P O L L O.

He will not meddle with me, because he knows, besides my fine hair, I have a bow, and arrows also.

D I A L O G U E XXXVI.

N E P T U N E A N D A L P H E U S.

N E P T U N E.

HOW happens it, Alpheus, that you alone, of all the rivers that run into the sea, never mix with the salt water, as others do, nor cease flowing, though your waters are so widely diffused, but still, as if bound in ice, keep on your course, pure and unmixed, through the ocean ; sometimes, like the gulls and herons, you dive into the deep, and rise up again.

A L P H E U S.

It is a * love affair, Neptune, and therefore
you

* *A love affair,*] When the Greeks came into Sicily, they met with a river of the same name, or pretty near it, as one which they had been well acquainted with in their
own

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you will pardon me, as you are yourself no stranger to that passion.

N E P T U N E.

Is it a woman, a Nymph, or a Nereid that you are in love with?

A L P H E U S.

Neither, but a fountain.

N E P T U N E.

And where flows she?

A L P H E U S.

In the island of Sicily : her name is Arethusa.

N E P T U N E.

I know her, and she is not ugly ; it is a pure limpid fountain, and, as it glides over the pebbles, shines like silver.

A L P H E U S.

I see you know it well : thither I am now going.

N E P T U N E.

Away then, and success attend you ! but where could you see Arethusa, you an Arcadian, and she in Sicily ?

A L P H E U S.

You delay me, Neptune, with asking impertinent questions.

own country ; without enquiring into the cause of this, they carried the river all under the sea, and their poets soon worked it up into a love story, which makes the subject of this dialogue.

N E P.

N E P T U N E.

I do so; therefore begone to your mistress, rise from the sea, mix with your beloved fountain, and become one river.

D I A L O G U E XXXVII.

NEPTUNE, A TRITON, AND
AMYMONE.

T R I T O N.

NEPTUNE, there comes every day to Lerna, for water, a most beautiful virgin, I think I never saw a handsomer.

N E P T U N E.

A free woman, think you, or a slave used to draw water?

T R I T O N.

O no: she is one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, and her name, for I enquired after her, is Amymone. Danaus brings up his daughters hardily, makes them work, sends them to draw water, and do other things, that they may never be idle.

N E P T U N E.

And comes she alone so long a way as from Argos to Lerna?

T R I T O N.

Always by herself. Argos, you know, is
very

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very dry, and they are perpetually wanting water for it.

N E P T U N E.

Triton, you affect me strangely with the story of this girl: let us go and see her.

T R I T O N.

With all my heart; this is the time of her coming for water; she is now about half way to Lerna.

N E P T U N E.

Get the chariot ready then, or if it will take up too much time to put the horses to, get me one of the swiftest dolphins to ride upon, that I may be with her as soon as possible.

T R I T O N.

Here is one of the nimblest for you.

N E P T U N E.

Away then, let us be gone; you, Triton, may swim thither.—And now we are at Lerna, here will I lay in wait for her, do you watch, and let me know when you see her coming.

T R I T O N.

There she is, just by you.

N E P T U N E.

Beautiful, indeed, she is, Triton, and in the flower of her age; we must seize upon her.

A M Y M O N E.

What are you about, man, and whither would

would you carry me? You are some robber, I suppose, sent by my uncle Ægyptus; but I will call to my father.

T R I T O N.

Hush, Amymone: this is Neptune.

A M Y M O N E.

What do you talk to me of Neptune for; why am I forced thus, and carried into the sea? O, I shall be drowned!

N E P T U N E.

Take courage: no harm shall come to you: I will strike the rock with my trident, and command a fountain to issue from hence, that shall bear your name: you alone shall be happy after death, and no longer be condemned to fetch water as your sisters are.

D I A L O G U E XXXVIII.

N O T U S A N D Z E P H Y R U S.

N O T U S.

IS that * heifer, Zephyrus, which Mercury is conducting by sea to Ægypt, the same that Jupiter fell in love with?

Z E P H Y R U S.

Yes, Notus; she was not a heifer then, but the daughter of the river Inachus: Juno, our

* *That heifer, &c.*] Io, daughter of the river Inachus.

of jealousy, metamorphosed her, because she saw Jupiter so much enamoured with her.

N O T U S.

And is he as fond of her, now she is turned into a cow ?

Z E P H Y R U S.

Just the same ; and for that reason has sent her into Ægypt, and ordered us not to disturb the sea till she has swam over it, and when she is brought to bed, for she is big with child already, she and her son are both to be made † deities.

N O T U S.

A cow to be made a goddess !

Z E P H Y R U S.

Even so, Notus ; and, Mercury says, is to preside over mariners, and to be our mistress, and we must blow or not, as she commands us.

N O T U S.

By Jove then, Zephyrus, it well becomes us to pay our court to her, that she may be the kinder to us.

Z E P H Y R U S.

See, she is got over, and swam to land ; ob-

† *Deities,*] Her son, Epaphus, was a king of Ægypt, reported to have sprung from Osiris, the Ægyptian Jupiter. He was worshipped under the name of Isis. See Bryant's Mythology.

serve, she no longer goes on four feet, Mercury has changed her into a most beautiful woman.

N O T U S.

This is wonderful, indeed, Zephyrus: she has no horns or tail, or cloven feet, but looks like a charming girl: and see, Mercury is changed too, and instead of appearing as a youth, has put on the face of a dog.

Z E P H Y R U S.

Well, do not let us be too curious: he knows best what he is about.

D I A L O G U E XXXIX.

N E P T U N E A N D E N I P E U S.

E N I P E U S.

IT was not handsome of you, Neptune, for I will speak the truth, to come in my shape, and seduce my mistress: she * took you for me, and therefore complied.

N E P-

* *Took you for me, &c.*] Enipeus was a river, which took its source from a village near Salmone, in the neighbourhood of the ocean.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds, and loves;
In her Enipeus' form, and borrow'd charms,
The am'rous god descends into her arms.

See Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, book xi. l. 287.
The good bishop Eustathius makes the following observa-

N E P T U N E.

Enipeus, you were too proud and indifferent, to treat so fine a girl, who came every day after, and was fond of you, with such contempt, and to give her so much uneasiness; she pined and wandered about the shore, and used to wash there, in hopes of lighting on you, and you deceived her.

E N I P E U S.

And ought you, therefore, to have stolen my love, to put on the form of Enipeus, and delude my simple Tyro?

N E P T U N E.

Enipeus, you were indifferent before, and now, it is too late, you grow jealous: but the girl is never the worse for it, as she mistook me for you.

E N I P E U S.

How so? You told her, when you came

tion on this passage: "It was customary, (says he) for young virgins to resort frequently to rivers, to bathe in them; and the ancients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water-gods. "Receive my virginity; O Scamander," says a lady; but it is very apparent who this Scamander was; her lover, Cymon, lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty in an age of credulity."

I do not remember that this little piece of gallantry, between Neptune and Miss Tyro, has attracted the notice of any ancient writer except Homer and Lucian.

away,

away, that you were Neptune, which made her miserable: I, in the mean time, am basely wronged, and you enjoyed that happiness which ought to have been mine, and, covered by the purple flood, possessed my beloved girl.

N E P T U N E.

You, Enipeus, please to remember, thought fit to reject her.

D I A L O G U E XL.

Z E P H Y R U S, AND N O T U S.

Z E P H Y R U S.

NEVER, Notus, since I first began to blow over the sea, did I behold a fight so magnificent: did you see it?

N O T U S.

What fight do you mean, Zephyrus, and who presented it?

Z E P H Y R U S.

O you have lost the finest spectacle, and such as may never be seen again!

N O T U S.

I have been blowing over the Red Sea, and part of India, and know nothing about what you are talking of.

Z E P H Y R U S.

You know Agenor?

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N O T U S.

Yes, Europa's father : what of him ?

Z E P H Y R U S.

It is of her I mean to speak.

N O T U S.

That Jupiter is in love with her, I knew before.

Z E P H Y R U S.

I know you did ; but attend to what followed : Europa wandered to the sea-shore, to divert herself with her companions, when Jupiter, putting on the form of a bull, came and sported with them. Most beautiful did he appear, for he was milk-white, his countenance mild and gentle, and his horns turned back in the most graceful manner ; he leaped and played about the shore, and lowed so delightfully, that Europa ventured to get upon him. Jupiter immediately ran off with her, as fast as possible into the sea, and swam away. She, frightened out of her wits, with one hand laid hold of his horn, that she might not fall off, and with the other took up her robes, that were tost about by the wind.

N O T U S.

It must have been a charming sight, Zephyrus, to see Jupiter swimming, and carrying his beloved.

Z E.

Z E P H Y R U S.

But what followed was still more delightful : the sea became placid, and, lulled as it were into tranquillity, resembled a smooth and unruffled plain ; we, as silent spectators only, accompanied them. The Loves hovering round them, and sometimes just touching the waves with their feet, bore lighted torches, and sung hymeneals. The Nercids, half naked, rising from the water, rode on the backs of dolphins, and joined in the chorus of applause. The Tritons, and Sea-nymphs; all that the element could produce of grace or beauty, sported and sung around. Neptune himself, ascending in his chariot, with Amphitrite, led the way rejoicing, and was brideman to his happy brother. Above all, two Tritons, carrying Venus reclining in her shell, and scattering flowers of every kind in the way before the bride : thus they proceeded from Phœnicia quite to Crete. When they arrived at the island, Jupiter appeared no longer in the form of a bull, but in his own, taking Europa by the hand, led her, blushing, and with downcast eyes, into the Dictæan cave : we returned to the sea ; and, according to our several departments, moved the waves of it.

N O T U S.

Happy, thrice happy art thou, Zephyrus, to have seen such a sight ! whilst I was employed in looking at griffins, elephants, and blacks.

D I A L O G U E XLI.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS,
JUNO, MINERVA, VENUS.

J U P I T E R.

MERCURY, take this apple, and go into Phrygia, to Priam's son, a shepherd, who feeds his flocks on that part of mount Ida which is called Gargarus, and thus address him : " Paris, Jupiter commands you, as you are yourself handsome, and skilled in love affairs, to pass your judgment on three goddesses, and to determine which is the most beautiful : the conqueror is to receive this apple as her reward." And now, goddesses, it is time for you to repair to the seat of judgment. I decline the arbitration myself, as I love you all equally, and, if it were possible, could wish you all to come off victorious ; and especially, as it must inevitably happen, that he who shall give the palm to one, must be hated by the other two,
I am

I am not, therefore, myself the proper judge ; but this Phrygian youth, whom you are going to, is of royal race, and a relation of Gany-mede's : a plain simple rustic withal, and un-exceptionably the fittest for such an office. .

V E N U S.

For my part, Jupiter, were you to appoint Momus himself judge, I would boldly submit to the trial, for what fault could he find in me? But the man must be agreeable to them too.

J U N O.

Nor are we afraid, Venus, even though your own Mars were to determine it : but we accept of this Paris, whoever he is.

J U P I T E R.

And what say you, daughter? Do you approve of him? Why turn your head aside, and blush? But modesty in virgins, on such occasions, is becoming : your nod of assent is sufficient ; therefore, begone, and do not let those who are conquered harbour any resentment against the judge, or do the young man any mischief : for it is impossible you should be all equally handsome. .

M E R C U R Y.

Let us proceed then immediately to Phrygia : I shall lead the way, do you follow me as fast as you can, and fear nothing ; for I know
this

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this Paris well; he is a handsome young fellow, skilled in love affairs, and an excellent judge; I am certain he will not determine wrong.

V E N U S.

This is all good news; if he is, as you say, a just judge, so much the better for me. Is he single, or married?

M E R C U R Y.

Not altogether single.

V E N U S.

How is that?

M E R C U R Y.

There is a * woman of Ida that lives with him, tolerably handsome, but a mere rustic, a mountaineer; he seems not very fond of her: but what reason have you for asking?

V E N U S.

None at all.

* *A woman of Ida, &c.*] Oenone, daughter of the river Cebrenus, that flows at the foot of mount Ida: his leaving her for Helen forms the subject of Ovid's best heroical epistle, of Oenone to Paris: the four following lines, which I cannot help quoting here, are, both with regard to the thought and expression, truly inimitable:

Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,

Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurrat aqua:

Xanthe, retro propera, versaëque recurrite lymphæ,

Sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.

M I.

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M I N E R V A.

Hark you, Mercury, you are not a fair dealer, to converse in private with her.

M E R C U R Y.

Minerva, there is no harm between us, nor is it any thing against you : she only asked me whether Paris was a single man.

M I N E R V A.

And why so curious about that ?

M E R C U R Y.

I do not know, indeed : she said the question was only accidental, and she did not ask it designedly.

M I N E R V A.

And is he single or not ?

M E R C U R Y.

It seems he is not.

M I N E R V A.

Has he any taste for military affairs, is he a lover of glory, or a mere shepherd ?

M E R C U R Y.

I cannot say positively, but should imagine, as he is young, he must have some ambition, and would wish to be a conqueror.

V E N U S.

You see, now, I do not complain, or find fault with you for talking with him in private : Venus has no suspicions of this kind.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

Her questions were not unlike your's ; therefore do not be jealous, or think me partial to her, because I gave her a plain and simple answer : but I see we have passed over a good many stars, and got a great way on our journey whilst we were talking ; we are just at Phrygia ; yonder is Ida, and now I can see all Gargarus very plainly, and, if I am not mistaken, your judge Paris.

J U N O.

Where is he ? for I cannot see him.

M E R C U R Y.

Look this way, Juno, towards the left ; not at the top of the mountain, but on the side where you see the cave, and a herd.

J U N O.

I do not see any herd there is.

M E R C U R Y.

No ? do not you see, even with my finger, some heifers coming down from the rocks, and a man running after them, with a crook in his hand, to keep the herd together ?

J U N O.

Now I see him, if that is he.

M E R C U R Y.

It is : and as we are pretty near him, we had better alight upon earth, and walk, that we may

may not alarm and terrify him, by flying upon him unawares.

J U N O.

Right, so we will : when we are got down, you, Venus, must go first, and shew us the way ; for you must certainly know it best, as, if fame say true, you have often come down this way to Anchises.

V E N U S.

Your sneers give me no concern, I assure you.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, I will lead you, for I am well acquainted with Ida, and often visited it when Jupiter fell in love with the Phrygian boy ; I used to be sent to watch him, and, when Jove turned himself into an eagle, flew along with him, and helped to carry off his prey : if I remember right, it was from this very rock ; here was he piping to his flock, when Jupiter came behind him, and just throwing his talons lightly over him, and fixing his beak on the turban which he wore on his head, flew away with the boy, who turned his face back, and looked with astonishment upon him. I stole his pipe, I remember, at the same time, which he had thrown away in his fright. But here is your judge, let us salute him : shepherd, good day to you.

P A R I S.

P A R I S.

The like to you, young man : but who are you ? what brought you hither ? and who are these women with you ? They do not seem to be inhabitants of the mountains, they are so beautiful.

M E R C U R Y.

They are not women ; those whom you see before you are Juno, Minerva, and Venus : I am Mercury, and sent by Jupiter. Why do you tremble, and look so pale ? Do not be afraid, there is no danger : you are appointed to determine which of them is the handsomest, as you are yourself beautiful, and skilled in love affairs : to your judgment, therefore, I commit them : what the prize to be given is you will know by reading the inscription on this apple.

P A R I S.

Pray let me look at it : *to the fairest*, it says. But how can I, Mercury, a mere mortal simple shepherd, determine a point so weighty, and so much above my poor abilities ? Such causes should come before those who are more polished and refined : for my part, I can tell, perhaps, whether one goat or heifer is handsomer than another : but these are so equally beautiful, that I do not see how it is possible to take one's eyes off from either of them : where we
first

first look, there we must continue gazing, and all we can do is to praise the object before us : if we pass on to another, it is equally alluring, and we can dwell only on that which is nearest to us. Their beauty, in short, dazzles and surrounds me so on every side, that I wish to have, like Argus, eyes in every part of me. To give the apple to them all, were, perhaps, the most equitable determination : add to this, that one of them is the sister and wife of Jupiter, and the other two his daughters : how difficult then must it be to decide ! .

M E R C U R Y.

All I know is, Jupiter's command must be obeyed.

P A R I S.

I hope, however, Mercury, you will prevail on those who are conquered not to take it ill of me, but impute it to the error of my sight.

M E R C U R Y.

They promise that they will : therefore begin your examination.

P A R I S.

I will do my best : but first I would know whether they would chuse to have me see them just as they are, or think proper to undress, for a closer inspection.

M E R-

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M E R C U R Y.

That you, as judge, must determine; order it as you think proper.

P A R I S.

As I think proper? Then let me see them undressed.

M E R C U R Y. [*To the Goddesses.*

You hear the order: obey.—You, Paris, may examine them, whilst I turn my face another way.

V E N U S.

It is right: and now, Paris, I will undress first, that you may see I am not proud of my large eyes only, or my * white arms, but am alike beautiful all over.

M I N E R V A.

Paris, do not let her undress till she has laid aside her † cestus, for she is an enchantress, and

* *My white arms,*] Alluding to the epithets of λευκωλενα, white-armed, to Juno; and βροχλ, or large-eyed, to Minerva, so often repeated by Homer.

† *Her cestus,*] The cestus of Venus, which, according to Homer, she lent to Juno on a particular occasion, is thus described by Pope; the translation, by the bye, is very loose, and departs greatly from the original,

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;
Fond love, the gentle yow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;

Persuasive

and will charm you with it: besides, she ought not to be tricked out, and painted so like a harlot, but to shew her form plain, and unadorned. .

P A R I S.

What she says about the cestus is right; therefore, take it off.

V E N U S.

Why do not you then, Minerva, lay down your helmet, and appear with your head uncovered, and not nod your crest in that manner, to frighten the judge? Or are you afraid your blue eyes are not formidable enough without it?

M I N E R V A.

Well: there is my helmet.

V E N U S.

And there is my cestus.

J U N O.

Now let us undress.

P A R I S.

O Jupiter, thou worker of wonders, what a sight! What beauty! What pleasure! how charming is this virgin, how royal, how vene-

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence, that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

These were qualifications foreign to external beauty, to which alone the judgment of Paris was confined: he had therefore a fair right to except against the cestus.

224 DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

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nable, how worthy of Jove! what sweet looks are there, with smiles so soft and so enchanting! but I have enough of happiness: may I be permitted to see each of you separately, for now I am in doubt; my sight is distracted, and I know not which way to turn me.

V E N U S.

With all my heart.

P A R I S.

Do you two then retire, let Juno remain with me.

J U N O.*

Here I am, and when you have viewed me well, remember there is something else to be considered; my victory will gain you great reward, for if you determine me to be the handsomest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

P A R I S.

I am not to be swayed by bribes, but shall judge according to equity: you may retire. Minerva, approach.

M I N E R V A.

I am here: if I am judged the handsomest, Paris, you shall never be overcome in battle, but always return a conqueror: I will make you a warrior, and victorious.

P A R I S.

Minerva, I delight not in war: peace, as
you

you see, reigns in Phrygia and in Lydia, and my father's empire is free from every enemy : but do not be afraid that you should lose the prize, because I accept not of your offer : dress yourself, and put on your helmet, I have examined you sufficiently. Now, let Venus appear.

V E N U S.

Behold me here : pass over nothing unobserved, but examine separately, and dwell on every limb and feature. Mind, withal, what I say to you : long since have I admired you, as the handsomest youth in all Phrygia ; thy beauty shall make thee happy : but I am angry with you for not leaving these rude rocks, and coming into the city ; you should not waste your beauty thus in solitude. What can you enjoy in these mountains ? or what is that fine form to your herds and flocks : you should ere this have been married, not to some rustic inhabitant of Ida, but to some fair Grecian, of Argos, Sparta, or Corinth, such as Helen, the young and beautiful, not inferior even to me in charms ; and, what is better still, a votary of love ; were she once to behold you, I know she would leave all mankind to follow and live with you. Have you never heard of her ?

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P A R I S.

Never: but I should be glad to hear every thing you know concerning her.

V E N U S.

She is the daughter of that beautiful Leda, whom Jupiter courted in the shape of a swan.

P A R I S.

What sort of a face has she?

V E N U S.

Fair as the swan from whom she sprang, soft as the egg she was nourished in; an object so universally desirable, that a war was kindled on her account, when she was yet a child, and Theseus ran away with her at ten years old: when she arrived at maturity, the first and noblest Grecians sought her in marriage: and Menelaus, of the race of Pelops, was the happy man preferred to all the rest. But, notwithstanding, if you desire it, I will get her for you.

P A R I S.

What, when she is married already?

V E N U S.

You are young, and simple: but I know how these things are to be brought about.

P A R I S.

How? for I long to know.

V E N U S.

You must go and take a view of Greece,
and

and when you come to Sparta, Helen will see you : afterwards, I will take care she shall fall in love with, and follow you.

P A R I S.

I can never believe she will leave her husband, and go out of her own country with a stranger and a barbarian.

V E N U S.

Give yourself no concern about that. I have two beautiful boys, Love and * Amiableness; these will I give you to accompany you in your journey. Cupid shall take entire possession of her, and inspire her with love of you; whilst Amiableness, diffused around you, shall render you the desirable object of her affection. I will myself be present, and beseech the Graces to attend you; we will all join in your favour.

P A R I S.

Success is yet uncertain : but already I burn for Helen; already methinks I am failed to

* *Amiableness*,] *ἱμερος*. These are always mentioned as the inseparable companions of Venus. Pope translates *ἱμερος*, gay desire, which cannot be the proper interpretation of it in this place. "The latter, says Lucian, *will make you the object of her affection*." *ἱμερος*, therefore, must signify that irresistible power of pleasing, which would always render him desirable. Amiableness is, perhaps, the only word, though, I think, not a good one, which we have to express this quality.

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Greece, and arrived at Sparta; already I behold her, and return with my fair bride. I am miserable to think it is not yet performed.

V E N U S.

Paris, you must not fall in love till you have given your voice for me, who am to be your bride-maid; when I am declared the conqueror, I must accompany you, and celebrate together your nuptials and my victory; with this apple you may purchase love, beauty, and happiness.

P A R I S.

But after judgment given, perhaps, you may forget me.

V E N U S.

Shall I swear to you?

P A R I S.

No: but promise only.

V E N U S.

Here, then, I do promise to give you Helen for a wife, to accompany you to her, and to see that she follows you to Troy. I will be with you myself, and assist you in every thing.

P A R I S.

And will you bring Love and Amiability, and the Graces along with you?

V E.

V E N U S.

Fear not : Hymen, and Desire withal shall attend us.

P A R I S.

* For this, then, I give you the apple : for this receive it.

* A Latin poem, on this subject, which gained the first prize in the year 1740 (or thereabouts), was written by the very ingenious and learned Dr. W. Markham, now Lord Archbishop of York, then student of Christ-Church College, Oxford ; which, for classical purity, and elegance of style, is, perhaps, superior to every thing of that kind. The author, as will appear by the comparison, was no stranger to this dialogue, which he has greatly improved upon.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

The DIALOGUES of the DEAD are amongst the best known, and, perhaps, the best written parts of our author's works. As they explain and illustrate the characters of gods, heroes, and men universally known; and subjects universally interesting, they have been much read and admired. A variety of modern authors have endeavoured to copy the style and manner of them, but very few with any degree of success. FENELON's are grave and learned, and Lord LYTTELTON's spirited and sensible, but both want that ease and pleasantry, as well as that agreeable irony, and sprightly satire, which we meet with in the Dialogues of LUCIAN.

D I A L O G U E I.

CRÆSUS, PLUTO, MENIPPUS,
MIDAS, AND SARDANAPALUS.

C R Æ S U S.

O PLUTO, there is no such thing as living with this intolerable * dog, Menippus; remove him, I beseech you, to some other place, or we must decamp.

* *Dog, Menippus,*] Menippus was a celebrated philosopher, of the sect of Cynics, so called from *κυν*, *κυνος*, a dog, from their perpetual snarling at all mankind. This is frequently alluded to throughout the works of Lucian.

P L U.

P L U T O.

Why, what harm can he do you, now he is dead?

C R Œ S U S.

Whilst we are weeping, and groaning, and lamenting the loss of the good things we possessed in the other world, Midas his gold, Sardanapalus his dainties, and I my treasures, he is perpetually laughing at, and abusing us, calling us a pack of slaves and rascals; besides, he disturbs our complaints every minute with his finging; and, in short, is excessively troublesome.

P L U T O.

Menippus, what is this they say of you?

M E N I P P U S.

Truth, O Pluto, nothing but truth: for I abominate these contemptible wretches, who, not content with having led most iniquitous lives on earth, are perpetually crying and hankering after the same things here below. I own it gives me pleasure to torment them a little.

P L U T O.

But you should not: they have reason enough to complain, considering what they have lost.

M E N I P P U S.

And are you really, Pluto, so mad as to approve of their lamentations?

P L U-

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P L U T O.

Not so: but I would have no dissensions amongst you.

M E N I P P U S.

Be assured, ye worst of Lydians, Phrygians, and Assyrians, that wherever you go, I will follow and persecute you; will make you the subject of my songs, laughter, and ridicule.

C R Œ S U S.

Is not this a shame?

M E N I P P U S.

No: the shame should be your's: when upon earth, you expected to be worshipped; trod upon and insulted your fellow-creatures; and never thought of death: weep now, therefore, and lament your condition, as you deserve.

C R Œ S U S.

O gods, my riches, my riches!

M I D A S.

My gold, my gold!

S A R D A N A P A L U S.

My dainties, my dainties!

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, aye: cry away; whilst I sing the old adage to you, Know thyself, the best symphony for such lamentations.

D I A-

D I A L O G U E II.

M E R C U R Y, C H A R O N.

M E R C U R Y.

SUPPOSE, Mr. waterman, you and I should settle our accounts, that we may have no squabble about them hereafter.

C H A R O N.

With all my heart, Mercury; it will be better for us both, and may prevent trouble.

M E R C U R Y.

Imprimis, then, you are indebted to me for an anchor, which I brought you by your own order, five drachmas.

C H A R O N.

You charge me too much.

M E R C U R Y.

By Pluto, it cost me that: item, for a chain to your oar, two oboli.

C H A R O N.

Put down five drachmas, and two oboli.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, a needle to mend your sail, for which I paid five oboli.

C H A R O N.

Well: down with it.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, for pitch, to stop up the cracks in
your

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your boat, with nails, and tackle, all together, two drachmas.

C H A R O N.

Well, that is cheap enough.

M E R C U R Y.

If I am right in my reckoning, this, I think, is all; and now pray when do you intend to pay me?

C H A R O N.

At present, Mercury, it is not in my power: but if a plague, or a war should send down a good troop of mortals, I may pick up a little amongst them, by overcharging them in my fare.

M E R C U R Y.

I have nothing to do then but to sit me down contented, and pray heartily for all the mischief that can happen, that I may reap the benefit of it.

C H A R O N.

Indeed, Mercury, so it must be: you see I have very little company at present, in time of peace.

M E R C U R Y.

And well it is so, though it defers the payment of my debt. You must remember, Charon, what sort of mortals used to come down formerly, stout, able men, full of blood, and covered with wounds: now-a-days we see none but

but old fellows made away with by their sons, husbands by their wives, or poor wretches that died of dropfies, with bloated legs and bellies, from high living, pale, and ghastly, and not at all like our old visitors : most of these newcomers are sent to us by foul means, for the sake of their money.

C H A R O N.

Which, you know, is very desirable.

M E R C U R Y.

You cannot blame me, therefore, if I dun you a little for what you owe me.

D I A L O G U E III.

P L U T O, M E R C U R Y.

P L U T O.

DO you know that old fellow, * that very old man ; I mean the rich Eucrates, who has not one child to inherit his estate, but about fifty thousand legacy-hunters gaping after it ?

* *That very old man, &c.*] The practice of legacy-hunting hath been a fruitful and inexhaustible object of ridicule and satire amongst wits, both ancient and modern, from the days of Lucian to those of Ben Jonson, who has, perhaps, treated it more fully and comprehensively than any of them: the plan of his excellent comedy of Volpone seems to have been taken from this dialogue.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

O yes; the Sicyonian, you mean. What of him?

P L U T O.

Why, I will tell you, Mercury; to the ninety years he has already lived, I would add ninety more, let him add, if he can, as many more to that: but as to those parasites, young Charinus, Damon, and the rest of them, conduct them this way as soon as you please.

M E R C U R Y.

This appears to me rather absurd.

P L U T O.

Not at all: it is but justice; for what has he done to them, that they should wish him to die? unless it is merely because they have no right to expect it. But what shews their villainy most, is, that whilst they are thus praying for his departure, yet, to all outward appearance, they seem to worship him; when he is sick, their consultations together plainly shew their intentions, though, at the same time, they pretend they would sacrifice their lives to recover him: but the adulation of these wretches puts on a thousand different shapes. Let him, therefore, be immortal, and let them gape in vain for his riches, and march off before him.

M E R C U R Y.

The punishment is a proper one for such
scoun-

scoundrels as they are ; the old man cajoles them pretty well himself, and feeds them up with false hopes ; looks as if he was going to die, and, at the same time, is as well and hearty as themselves : they, in the mean time, are dividing the spoil, and enjoying, in imagination, the happiness of their future fortune.

P L U T O.

Let him, therefore, shake off the old man, and, like Iolaus, grow young again ; and they, leaving their dreamed-of treasures, die miserable, like wretches as they are, and make us a visit here below.

M E R C U R Y.

Pluto, make yourself easy, I shall take care to conduct them hither one by one : there are, I think, seven of them.

P L U T O.

Bring them away ; and, as for him, let him send them before him, and grow young as fast as he can.

D I A L O G U E IV.

ZENOPHANTES AND CALLIDEMIDES.

C A L L I D E M I D E S.

AH! Zenophantes, how came you here ?
I, you know, was suffocated by eating too much
at

at Dineas's feast; you were there, I think, yourself, when I died.

Z E N O P H A N T E S.

I was so, Callidemides: but my accident was a very extraordinary one: you know old Ptaodotus.

C A L L I D E M I D E S.

The rich old cuff, without children, whom you used to attend so constantly.

Z E N O P H A N T E S.

The same: I paid my court to him a long time, hoping he would soon tip off, and leave me all his money: but the affair being tediously protracted, and the old fellow threatening to live to the age of * Tithonus, I found out a shorter way to his estate, bought some poison, and prevailed on his cup-bearer, whenever he should call for drink, for he totes freely, to put some into his cup, and be ready to give it

* *Tithonus.*] Son of Laomedon, and brother to Priam, being a beautiful youth, Aurora, fell in love with, and carried him off; at her request, Jupiter made him immortal; but his mistress having forgot to ask for perpetual youth, as well as immortality, as he advanced in years he felt all the infirmities of old age, and was, consequently, miserable. Jupiter, at length, says the fable, took pity on, and turned him into a grasshopper. On the sufferings of Tithonus, who was only more wretched by being immortal, was probably founded Swift's idea of the Struldbrugs, in his Gulliver.

him:

him : which, if he performed cleverly, I bound myself by oath to give him his liberty.

C A L L I D E M I D E S.

Well, and what happened ? this is an extraordinary affair, indeed.

Z E N O P H A N T E S.

Why, when we came into the room after bathing, and the young fellow had got the cups ready, one for Praodotus with the poison, and the other for me, how it happened I know not, but by some mistake, he gave me the poisoned cup, and him the other ; he drank up his, and I in a moment fell down dead before him : thus Zenophantes died instead of Praodorus. You smile, Callidemides : you should not laugh at a friend's misfortune.

C A L L I D E M I D E S.

The catastrophe was so ridiculous, I cannot help it : and what said the old man ?

Z E N O P H A N T E S.

At first he was shocked at the suddenness of the accident : but when he found out, I suppose, how the affair happened, he laughed himself at the design of his cup-bearer.

C A L L I D E M I D E S.

You should not have gone this compendious way to work, seeing the money would have come safer to you in the common course,

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though you might have waited a little longer for it.

D I A L O G U E V.

SIMYLUS AND POLYSTRATUS.

S I M Y L U S.

IS Polystratus come to us at last, after a life, I believe, of pretty near a hundred?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

A little above ninety-eight, Simylus.

S I M Y L U S.

When I died, you were above seventy: pray, how have you lived for these thirty years past?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Most pleasantly, I assure you; and that, you will say, is a wonder.

S I M Y L U S.

A wonder, indeed, for an old man, like you, infirm, and without children, to enjoy life.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

In the first place, I wanted for nothing: fine boys, charming women, sweet-scented wines, and a table with more than Sicilian luxury.

S I M Y L U S.

This is quite new: I always took you for a miser.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Aye: but I have had a new flow of wealth
come

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come in upon me since : visitors flocked in every morning, and brought me the finest presents of every kind, from all parts of the earth.

S I M Y L U S.

So, after me reigned Polystratus.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

No : but I had a thousand admirers.

S I M Y L U S.

Ridiculous ! admirers at your age, with but four teeth left in your head.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

By Jupiter, all the first men in the kingdom : old as I was, bald-pated, and squinting, as you see, they worshipped me : happy was he whom I did but look upon.

S I M Y L U S.

Did you bring over a Venus from Chios, like * Phaon, who, at your request, generously condescended to make you young again, handsome, and desirable.

* *Phaon.*] A young man of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos ; he was master of a ship, and, having one day, it seems, the good fortune to take the goddess Venus on board, and carry her safe to land, she made him amends, by presenting him with a bottle of precious ointment to rub himself with, and which immediately rendered him the most beautiful of his sex, and made, consequently, all the girls in love with him. Amongst his admirers was the unfortunate Sappho.

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P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Not so; but even as I was, they adored me.

S I M Y L U S.

This is a riddle, indeed.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

O, the love I experienced is very common towards rich old men that have no children.

S I M Y L U S.

I understand your beauty now: it sprung from a golden Venus.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I assure you I reaped no small advantage from my lovers, little less than adoration: sometimes I bore myself haughty to them, and even banished them from my presence, whilst they endeavoured to rival each other in their attachment to me.

S I M Y L U S.

And how did you manage at last with regard to your estate?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Promised every one of them openly that I would make him my heir, which every one believed, and was therefore more obsequious: then made my will privately, and left them all to lament their disappointment.

S I M Y L U S.

And whom did you make your heir by your last will? Any relation?

P O L Y.

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P O L Y S T R A T U S.

No : by Jove ! but a handsome young Phrygian.

S I M Y L U S.

How old was he ?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

About twenty.

S I M Y L U S.

O ! I understand you now : his title was a good one.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

He was at least a much worthier object than any of them, though a barbarian, and of no great character : the nobles, I assure you, pay him great respect, as my heir, and now he is ranked amongst the patricians ; and, though his chin is shaved, and he speaks a foreign language, they will tell you he is better born than Codrus, handsomer than Nereus, and more prudent than Ulysses.

S I M Y L U S.

For that I care not : let him be generalissimo of Greece, so those scoundrels do not inherit your estate.

D I A L O G U E VI.

CRATES, DIOGENES.

C R A T E S.

DID you know Mærichus, the Corinthian, that very rich fellow, who had so many merchantmen, a cousin german of Aristeas's, who was as rich as himself: he used always to be repeating that passage of Homer,

———— I on thee will seize,
Or thou on me

D I O G E N E S.

What was the cause, Crates, of their extraordinary attachment to each other?

C R A T E S.

Their estates: both being of the same age, both made their wills public; Mærichus, in case he should die first, left all he had to Aristeas; and Aristeas, to Mærichus, on the same condition: the testaments on both sides signed and sealed, each of them strove to outdo the other in constant attendance and mutual adulation: the soothsayers, as well those who guess at futurity from the stars, as the sons of Chaldæa, who presage by dreams, even the Pythian himself sometimes leaned towards Aristeas, and sometimes to Mærichus, and the scale was

was held a long time in equal ballance between them.

D I O G E N E S.

And how ended the affair? for it must be worth hearing.

C R A T E S.

Both died in one day; and their estates came to their relations, Eunomius and Thracicles, who had never dreamed of such good fortune. The two old gentlemen, it seems, in their voyage from Sicyon to Cyrrha, meeting with an unfortunate north-east wind, full against them, were both lost.

D I O G E N E S.

So much the better: now, when you and I were alive, we never troubled our heads with each other; nor did I ever wish for Antisthenes's death, that his staff (for he had an excellent strong one, made out of box), might descend to me; no more than you, I believe, Crates, desired my departure, that you might inherit my tub, and scrip, with two pecks of beans in it.

C R A T E S.

What they were so anxious about, Diogenes, were things which neither you nor I wanted: what I really wanted, and what you had from Antisthenes, and what, as it were by hereditary right, I received from you, were greater treasures,

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fures, and far more valuable than the Persian empire.

D I O G E N E S.

What may they be?

C R A T E S.

Wisdom, self-complacency, truth, boldness, freedom, liberty.

D I O G E N E S.

These, by Jupiter, I remember were left me by Antisthenes, and these, and more than these, did I bequeath to Crates.

C R A T E S.

But riches of this kind were despised, nor did any fawn upon us in hopes of inheriting them: all were intent on gold, and gold alone.

D I O G E N E S.

And who could blame them? they were not capable of receiving what we could leave; it would have dropped through such empty purses: for, if you were to pour in wisdom, freedom of speech, or truth into them, it would only run out again, having no bottom to contain it, as it happened to the daughters of Danaus, when they poured water into a sieve: though, at the same time, the wretches fought * tooth and nail for a little gold.

* *Tooth and nail.*] *Ὁδον καὶ νύχι,* says Lucian, the translation here is literal.

C R A.

C R A T E S.

Here, also, we shall be sure to enjoy our treasure, and hither they must come, bringing only one † farthing along with them, and even that they must part from to Charon.

D I A L O G U E VII.

M E N I P P U S, M E R C U R Y.

M E N I P P U S.

WHERE are your beauties of both sexes, Mercury? I am a stranger here, but just arrived, and therefore beg you would conduct me to them.

M E R C U R Y.

Menippus, I have not time for that at present: turn, however, to your right hand, and you will see Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nereus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda, and the rest of them, the admiration of former ages.

M E N I P P U S.

I see nothing but bones, and skulls without hair: they all look alike.

† *One farthing.*] The Greeks always put into the mouths of their dead a piece of money, generally an obolus, to pay Charon for their passage over the Styx. Aristophanes, in his *Frogs*, speaks of two, but this was by way of humour.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

Those bones and skulls, which you seem to despise, were the very persons whom the poets so extol.

M E N I P P U S.

Shew me Helen, I beseech you, for I cannot distinguish her.

M E R C U R Y.

Yonder bald-pate is she.

M E N I P P U S.

And were a thousand ships manned from every part of Greece, were so many Greeks and Barbarians slain, and so many cities destroyed for her?

M E R C U R Y.

You never saw her when she was alive : if you had, you would not have wonder'd, as the
* poet says,

No wonder such celestial charms,

For nine long years, have set the world in arms.

When the flower is withered, and has lost its colour, it becomes disgustful ; though, whilst it grew and flourished, it was universally admired.

* *As the poet says.*] See Homer's Iliad, F. l. 156. Non putant, indignum, (says the gallant Quintillian), Trojani principes Graios Trojanosque propter Hellenæ speciem tot mala, tanto temporis spatio, sustinere :—Quenam igitur illa forma credenda est ?

M E.

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M E N I P P U S.

All I wonder at, Mercury, is, that the Grecians did not consider how ridiculous it was to give themselves so much trouble about an object of such a short-lived and decaying nature.

M E R C U R Y.

I have no leisure time to philosophize with you, Menippus, so repose yourself wherever you please: I must go and fetch down some more mortals.

D I A L O G U E VIII.

M E N I P P U S, C E R B E R U S.

M E N I P P U S.

BROTHER, Cerberus, (for, as I am a Cynic, you and I must be nearly related to each other), I beseech you, by Styx, to inform me how Socrates behaved when he came down amongst you: I suppose, being a god, you can talk as well as bark, when you have a mind to it.

C E R B E R U S.

At first, Menippus, and whilst he was at a good distance from me, he never looked back, but advanced boldly forwards, seeming not to fear death in the least, and, as if he meant to shew his bravery to those who stood afar off

off from the entrance of Tartarus; but when he came into the cave, and found it all dark and dismal, and, to hasten him a little, I bit him by his poisoned foot, he cried like a child, began to lament his children, and writhed about wonderfully.

M E N I P P U S.

He was after all, then, a mere Sophist, and had not such a contempt for death as he pretended to have.

C E R B E R U S.

Perhaps not: but as he saw it was not to be avoided, he put on an air of indifference, as if he chose to suffer it: willing, or unwilling, he knew it must happen, but pretended to be courageous, that the spectators might admire him. I can say, indeed, with great truth, of all this kind of men, that, as far as the jaws of hell, they are bold and fearless, but when they come on the inside, they are frightened out of their wits.

M E N I P P U S.

How did I seem to behave, when I came down first?

C E R B E R U S.

* Worthy of yourself, Menippus; Diogenes and

* *Worthy of yourself.*] Lucian, generally, we may observe, takes the part of the Cynics, and, though he laughs at

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and you alone behaved like men : not shoved in against your wills, but entering of your own accord ; as if all besides you came to weep and lament, and you only to laugh and be merry. .

D I A L O G U E IX.

C H A R O N, M E N I P P U S, A N D
M E R C U R Y.

C H A R O N.

YOU rascal, pay me my fare.

M E N I P P U S.

Bawl away, Charon, if you like it.

C H A R O N.

Pay me, I say, for bringing you over.

M E N I P P U S.

From him who has nothing, nothing can you receive.

C H A R O N.

Can a man be without one farthing ?

M E N I P P U S.

I do not know what others may be, but sure I am I have it not.

C H A R O N.

Give it me this moment, or I will strangle you.

at the whole corps, seems to think that sect the most honest amongst them : though, in the next dialogue, Menippus is abused for not paying Charon his fare.

M E.

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M E N I P P U S.

I will break your head with this stick.

C H A R O N.

Do you think I will carry you such a voyage for nothing ?

* M E N I P P U S.

Let Mercury pay for me, he brought me to you.

M E R C U R Y.

A fine bargain, indeed, I should have, to pay for all the dead men I bring down.

C H A R O N.

I shall not let you go.

M E N I P P U S.

Haul your boat ashore then : but how will you take from me what I have not got ?

C H A R O N.

Did not you know you were to bring something for me ?

M E N I P P U S.

I did : but I had nothing, and for that reason was not I to die ?

C H A R O N.

You will be the only one that could ever boast of being ferried over gratis.

M E N I P P U S. *

Not so neither : I pumped for you, nay, and handled

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. 255

handled an oar : besides, I was the only one of your passengers who did not cry and howl.

C H A R O N.

That is nothing to the fare : you must give me my farthing, it cannot be otherwise.

M E N I P P U S.

Carry me back again, then, to the other world.

C H A R O N.

Thank you for that; and so get well beat by Æacus for it.

M E N I P P U S.

Then do not be troublesome.

C H A R O N.

Shew me what you have got in your bag.

M E N I P P U S.

There are some lupines for you, if you will, they are * Hecate's supper.

* *Hecate's supper.*] The triple goddess, Diana on earth, Luna in heaven, and Proserpine in hell: the goddess also of magicians and enchanters. Expiatory sacrifices, or suppers, were offered to this deity, to avert any evils which might impend, by reason of particular crimes committed in the highway. Every new moon, says Potter, there was a public *δῆνον*, or supper, provided at the charge of the richer sort, which was no sooner brought to the accustomed place, but the poorer people carried it all off, giving out that Hecate had devoured it: whence it was called Hecate's supper.—There is humour in this allusion to it by Menippus.

C H A-

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C H A R O N.

Mercury, what did you bring this poor dog here for, to prate all the voyage, and jest upon all the passengers, he laughing and singing, and they crying all the time?

M E R C U R Y.

Do not you know, Charon, who it is you have brought over; a free man, I assure you, and one who cares for nobody, it is Menippus.

C H A R O N.

If ever I catch him—

M E N I P P U S.

But remember, my friend, you cannot catch me twice.

D I A L O G U E X.

P L U T O, † P R O S E R P I N E, A N D
P R O T E S I L A U S.

✱

P R O T E S I L A U S.

O PLUTO! our great lord and master, the Jupiter of these regions, and thou, daughter of Ceres, despise not a lover's prayer.

† *Proserpine.*] The title of this dialogue, in all the editions of Lucian, which I have seen, gives us only the names of Pluto and Protesilaus, though, as Proserpine acts a part in the farce, she had an undoubted title to be inserted in the *dramatis personæ*.

P L U.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. 257

P L U T O.

What would you ask of us, friend, and who are you?

P R O T E S I L A U S.

I am Protefilaus, the Phylacian, son of Iphiclus, an ally of the Grecians, and was the first man slain at Troy: my desire is, that I may return back, and live a little longer.

P L U T O.

That is a desire, Protefilaus, which all the dead have; but which was never granted to any.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

It is not for the sake of living, but on account of my * wife, whom I had but just married, and left in her bridal bed, when I set out on my voyage, and, unfortunately, the moment I landed, was slain by Hector: the love of her makes me very unhappy, all I wish for

* *My wife.*] Laodamia, who, on hearing of her husband's death, destroyed herself. The oracle had declared, that whoever landed first on the Trojan shore would be slain. Protefilaus, notwithstanding, embarked on the expedition, and bravely sacrificed his life in the service of his country. The Greeks paid him divine honours, and erected a temple to him, and instituted a solemn annual festival, called by his name, in commemoration of him. The fable, of his returning to life for a day, is mentioned by Philostratus, Minutius Felix, and some others. Servius, in a note on a passage in the *Æneid*, tells us, that Laodamia was so terrified at the return of her husband to life, that she expired in his arms.

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is but to see her for a short time, and return to you again.

P L U T O.

Have not you drank the waters of Lethe?

P R O T E S I L A U S.

I have, but to no purpose; this thought is still afflicting.

P L U T O.

You had better stay here: there is no occasion for your returning to her, for she will certainly come to you.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

But I cannot bear to wait. O Pluto! you know too well yourself what it is to love.

P L U T O.

What pleasure would it be to you to live only one day more, and afterwards have the same cause for grief?

P R O T E S I L A U S.

I believe I could persuade her to follow me hither; so that instead of one, you would have two new subjects in a very short time.

P L U T O.

That cannot be done: nor ever has been.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

I will recall to your memory an instance or two of it; on this very account you restored Eurydice to Orpheus, and my relation Alcestes also, at the request of Hercules.

P L U.

P L U T O.

And would you, such a horrid fleshless spectre as you are, appear before your beauteous bride? how would she look upon, when she could not know you! she will only be frightened, and run away from you; and so you will go back such a way for nothing.

P R O S E R P I N E.

For that, husband, you may find a remedy, by ordering Mercury, when Protefilaus comes to life again, to touch him with his rod, and make him as young and handsome as when he came from the nuptial bed.

P L U T O.

Since so it seems good to Proserpine, take and make him a bridegroom again: but remember, Protefilaus, that you take but one day.

D I A L O G U E XI.

C N E M O N A N D D A M N I P P U S.

C N E M O N.

THIS makes the old saying good, the * kid has slain the lion.

D A M N I P P U S.

What is it you are so angry about, Cnemón?

* *The kid, &c.*] A Greek proverb, generally applied to any strange and unexpected event, contrary to the common course of things.

C N E M O N.

What am I angry for? why, I have been over-reached, and left a man heir to my estate, whom I did not care for, instead of those who ought to have inherited it.

D A M N I P P U S.

How came that about?


C N E M O N.

I paid my court to Hermolaus, a rich fellow, who had no children, in hopes of his death: he was pleased with my flattery, and seemed to enjoy it; in the mean time, I thought it most advisable to make my will public, wherein I left him all I had; which I did, you may suppose, with a design that he should do the same by me.

D A M N I P P U S.

And did he?

C N E M O N.

What he had determined in his will, I am a stranger to: being myself suddenly snatched away by the fall of a house upon me: and now He  possession of all I was worth: like many others, I swallowed the bait, hook and all.

D A M N I P P U S.

Yes, and fisherman too, I think: you have spread a snare, and caught yourself.

C N E.

C N E M O N.

I have so: and it is that which makes me miserable.

D I A L O G U E XII.

D I O G E N E S AND M A U S O L U S.

D I O G E N E S.

M A U S O L U S, why all these haughty airs, as if you thought yourself superior to every body else?

M A U S O L U S.

Because, Diogenes, I am a king; because I ruled over all Caria, and part of Lydia; subdued several islands, conquered half Ionia, and came as far as Miletus: add to this, that I was tall, handsome, and strong in battle: but above all, because I have a * monument at Halicarnassus,

* *A monument, &c.*] We are told by Aulus Gellius, book x. lib. 18. that Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, was so fond of him, that, after his death, his body being reduced to ashes, she made them into a powder, mixed with spices and perfumes, infused them in water, and drank them up; as singular an instance of conjugal affection as is, perhaps, to be met with in the records of antiquity. Modern times can scarcely boast a parallel: a circumstance, however, not much unlike it, has happened in our own, and not long since, which I shall take this opportunity of delivering to posterity.

Mr. Van-Butchel, a most ingenious artist, had the misfortune, some few years ago, to lose the wife of his bosom:

nassus, erected with extraordinary magnificence,
such a one as never dead man had before: no-
thing

unwilling, however, to part with her so soon, or to consign her, like common clay, to a dirty grave, immediately after her decease, he contrived, with the assistance of Mr. Hunter, one of the first anatomists in the kingdom, by means of a kind of pickle, so to preserve the body as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health, put it into a glass-case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance, and where it may, for ought I know, remain to this day. An eminent physician, now living, who is as well known for his classical taste and extensive learning, as for his extraordinary skill in his profession, has recorded this singular transaction in some excellent Latin lines, which, as, I believe, they were never yet printed, I shall here subjoin (forgive me this liberty, my good friend, Dr. Baker), for the entertainment of my readers.

*In reliquias Mariæ Vanbutchel novo miraculo conservatas,
& a marito suo superstites cultu quotidiano adoratas.*

*Hic, exfors tumuli, jacet
Uxor Joannis Vanbutchel,
Integra omnino & incorrupta,
Viri sui amantissimi
Desiderium simul & deliciae;
Quam gravi morbo vitiatam,
Consumptamque tandem longâ morte,
In hanc, quam cernis, nitorem,
In hanc speciem & colorem viventis
Ab indecorâ putredine vindicavit,
Invitâ & repugnante naturâ,
Vir egregius, Gulielmus Hunterus,
Artificii prius intentari
Inventor idem & perfectior.*

*O! fortunatum maritum,
Cui datur*

Uxorem

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thing was ever equal to it in beauty; with men and horses carved to the life, out of the finest marble: you will not find a * temple in the world comparable to it. Have not I some reason to be proud of such things?

D I O G E N E S.

What! of empire, beauty, or a large tomb?

M A U S O L U S.

By Jove, I think so.

Uxorem multùm amatam
Retinere unà in unis ædibus,
Affari, tangere, complecti,
Propter dormire, si lubet,
Non fatis modò superstitem,
Sed, (quod mirabilius)

Etiam suaviorem,
Venustiorem,
Habitiorem,

Solidam magis, & magis fucci plenam,
Quam cum ipsa in vivis fuerit!

O! fortunatum virum, & invidendum,
Cui peculiare hoc, & proprium contingit,
Apud se habere fæminam
Constantem sibi,

Et horis omnibus eandem!

* *Temple.*] The tomb, erected by Artemisia, in memory of Mausolus, is usually reckoned amongst the seven wonders of the world. It is said to have been four hundred and eleven feet in circumference, and one hundred and forty feet high, containing a pyramid within of the same height. The term of Mausoleum has been adopted by all the sons and daughters of posthumous vanity, and is used to this day.

D I O G E N E S.

But, my dear handsome Mausolus, you have no longer either strength or beauty ; and if we were to call in an arbitrator to decide on corporeal excellence, I see no reason why, at present, he should prefer your bald pate to mine, seeing they are both of them alike : we both shew our teeth, both have lost our eyes, and our noses are both flat ; as to your fine marble sepulchre, the Halicarnassians, perhaps, may be proud of it, and shew their magnificent structure to strangers, with no little ostentation ; but, in troth, noble sir, I cannot see what service it is of to you ; unless, indeed, you will say, you bear a greater burthen than any of us, being pressed down with such a weight of marble.

M A U S O L U S.

So, all these things are to be counted for nothing, and Mausolus and Diogenes are upon a level ?

D I O G E N E S.

Not so, neither, great sir ; for Mausolus will be tormented whenever he *reflects* on what once made him so happy : whilst Diogenes, at the same time, will laugh at him for it. He will say that the monument at Halicarnassus was erected by his sister, and his wife Artemisia : Diogenes, on the other hand, does not so much

as know whether he had any sepulchre at all; nor did he even care about it: but he left behind him, amongst the good and great, the character of one who lived like a man; a character, thou abject creature, higher than thy monument, and built on a much nobler foundation.

D I A L O G U E XIII.

A J A X A N D A G A M E M N O N.

A G A M E M N O N.

WHY, O Ajax, after running mad, as you did, thinking you had destroyed us all, and then killing yourself, do you find fault with Ulysses? you would not so much as look at him just now; when he came hither to consult the soothsayer, never condescended to speak to your old friend and fellow-soldier; but haughtily stalked by, and took no notice of him.

A J A X.

Agamemnon, he deserved it: he was the cause of my frenzy, by contending with me for the armour.

A G A M E M N O N.

Could you expect to be without a rival, or to gain the victory over all, without the trouble of a contest?

A J A X.

A J A X.

At least in that cause, I think, I ought: the arms were mine by right of inheritance, as they belonged to my cousin Achilles; and this, moreover, you, who were all his superiors, acknowledged, and yielded them to me: but that son of Laertes, whose life I have so often saved, when in the utmost danger, he, and he alone, pretended to be worthier of them than myself.

A G A M E M N O N.

My noble friend, you should lay the blame on Thetis, who, instead of giving you the armour, which she ought to have done, as the nearest relation, exposed them to public view.

A J A X.

She was not to blame, but Ulysses, who alone stood in opposition to me.

A G A M E M N O N.

Surely, Ajax, he is to be forgiven, if, as a man, he was fond of glory, for whose sake we are all ready to abide the greatest perils; besides, that he fairly conquered you; and so the Trojans themselves determined.

A J A X.

I know very well who determined it: but we must not speak evil of the gods: Ulysses, however, I shall always abhor, though Minerva herself were to forbid me.

D I A-

D I A L O G U E XIV.

ANTILOCHUS AND ACHILLES.

A N T I L O C H U S.

ACHILLES, how could you talk as you just now did to Ulysses, concerning death, in a manner so unbecoming the pupil of Chiron and Phœnix? I overheard you telling him, that * you had rather be a ploughman, or

* *You had rather, &c.*] The words here alluded to are spoken by Achilles to Ulysses in the shades, as related in the eleventh book of Homer's *Odyssey*.—They are thus translated by Pope,

Rather I'd chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind, that toils for bread,
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.

See Pope's *Odyssey*, book xi. ver. 597.

Homer has undoubtedly given a most wretched, imperfect, and unaccountable description of a future state. In his infernal regions, we do not find, except in a very few instances, any proper distinction between the good and the bad; the guilty are not punished, nor the virtuous rewarded; the ghosts are all most miserable figures, and, like so many frightful skeletons, apparently without any thing to employ or to divert them. Virgil's hell is certainly a much more rational, as well as a much more poetical one. Lucian, who seems fond of taking every opportunity to turn the blind bard into ridicule, has severely censured him in many places for propagating such absurd notions; though Homer, after all, was not to blame, as he only delivered the opinions and fables received and believed by his contemporaries, which was all the business and all the duty of a poet.

labourer

labourer to some needy rustic, who had scarce bread to eat, than be a monarch here below : such words had suited well a low Phrygian slave, anxious after long life ; but for the son of Peleus, the first of heroes, who had courted so many dangers in the field, to think so meanly, and so much beneath himself, is shameful indeed, and directly opposite to all his former noble actions : for, when you might have reigned at Phthiotis, and lived inglorious, even to extreme old age, you preferred an honourable death.

A C H I L L E S.

But then, O son of Nestor, I was ignorant of this state, and knew not which was best : therefore did I prefer that idle fame to life ; at length I have discovered how unprofitable it is. On earth, indeed, such deeds as mine are loudly celebrated, but amongst the dead all are equal : no longer, Antilochus, have we strength or beauty, but are all involved in the same obscurity, and not distinguishable one from another ; nor Trojan ghosts are afraid of, nor Grecian revere Achilles : one shade is like another, and the coward and the brave are here mingled together : this is what disgusts me, and I had much rather live and be a slave on earth.

A N T I-

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ANTILOCHUS.

What is to be done? it is the law of nature that all must die, you should submit to it therefore, and not repine: you see how many of your friends are already here: Ulysses too, will join us soon. Let it then afford you comfort, that you are not the only sufferer: behold Hercules, Meleager, and other excellent men, who, I believe, would not willingly return to the other world, if they expected to be sent thither to be in a state of servitude, under the low and indigent.

ACHILLES.

It is a friendly admonition: and yet, I know not how it is, but the memory of my past life still disquiets me, and I cannot help thinking that every one of you is affected in the same manner: and if you will not acknowledge it, you are but so much the more to blame, in suffering without complaint.

ANTILOCHUS.

Rather say, Achilles, we act more prudently than yourself; as well knowing of how little service it must be to murmur: we bear all in silence, and complain not, lest, desiring what you desire, like you, we should only become ridiculous.

DIALOGUE XV.

TERPSION AND PLUTO.

T E R P S I O N.

PLUTO, is this fair and equitable, that I should die at thirty, and old Thucritus, who is above ninety, be alive still?

P L U T O.

Most fit it is, Terpsion, that he should live, who never wished for the death of any of his friends; whilst you laid wait for his, in hopes of his estate.

T E R P S I O N.

Ought not the old, who can no longer enjoy life, to die, and make room for the young?

P L U T O.

You would make a new law, Terpsion, that all those who can no longer enjoy their riches with pleasure, should depart: but fate and nature have otherwise determined.

T E R P S I O N.

It is a determination which I cannot approve: the oldest, I think, should die first, and after him the next in seniority, and so on; nor would I have any old fellow absurdly continue to live, who has but three teeth left in his head, and can scarce see out of his blear eyes;
 who

who is forced to be supported by his servant, a kind of animated sepulchre, without any taste for pleasure, and the mere laughing stock of youth : whilst, at the same time, the young, the beautiful, and the brave are snatched away : it is the running back of streams to their fountain head : at least one should know when old fellows are to die, that one may not court them for nothing ; but now, as the saying is, we often * put the cart before the horse.

P L U T O.

These things, Terpsion, are much better ordered than you seem to think they are : why should you gape after other people's estates, and fawn upon old men who have no children ? For this reason you are deservedly laughed at, when, instead of your burying THEM, they bury YOU ; and, as you wish for THEIR deaths, all the world is glad of YOURS : you invented this new art, this falling in love with old men and women, who have no children ; for those who have children are never courted by you : some of them, indeed, whom you have neglect-

* *Put the cart, &c.*] The original proverb, as quoted by Lucian, is, literally translated, *the cart often drags the ox*, which approaches so nearly to our own familiar adage, that I have ventured to adopt it, though it is seldom applied in this sense.

ed, seeing your design, though they had children, pretended to hate them, that they might draw you in to flatter them, and, after all the presents you had made them, cut you off in their wills : thus nature prevailed, as she ought, their own children possessed the inheritance, and you gnashed your teeth with grief at the disappointment.

T E R P S I O N.

It is too true : what a deal of money have I lost by that Thucritus, who, whenever I came in, pretended to be dying, fetched a deep sigh, and squeaked like a chicken in the egg-shell ; and I, like a fool, thinking he was just ready to be put into his coffin, sent him present on present, for fear my rivals should excel me in generosity : laid awake whole nights, counting my riches and disposing of them : the want of sleep, and uneasiness I underwent were, indeed, the cause of my death, and the old fellow, when he had sucked all he could out of me, the day before yesterday, when I was buried, stood over my grave and laughed at me.

P L U T O.

Well done, Thucritus : long mayest thou live, abounding in wealth, and laughing at such fools as these ; nor mayest thou die, till thou hast sent all thy flatterers before thee !

T E R P.

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T E R P S I O N.

O Pluto, if Chariades dies before Thucritus, I shall be happy.

P L U T O.

Be of good cheer, Terpsion; for Phido, and Melanthus, and all of them will die before him, and of the same distemper as yourself.

T E R P S I O N.

I am glad of that: so, long live Thucritus!

D I A L O G U E XVI.

M E N I P P U S A N D T A N T A L U S.

M E N I P P U S.

TANTALUS, why standest thou there by the lake side, weeping and lamenting so?

T A N T A L U S.

Because, Menippus, I am perishing with thirst.

M E N I P P U S.

Are you so lazy that you cannot stoop down and drink: by Jove, if I were you, I would take some in the palm of my hand.

T A N T A L U S.

It is to no purpose to stoop: for no sooner does the water find me approaching, but immediately it runs away from me, or if I do catch a little, and hold it up to my mouth, I cannot so much as wet my lips with it, for,

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some how or other, it slips through my fingers, and leaves my hand as dry as ever.

M E N I P P U S.

Indeed, Tantalus, your sufferings are of a very extraordinary nature. But pray, inform me, why should you drink at all? you have no body; that is buried in Lydia, and can neither be hungry nor dry: and what business, therefore, has a ghost to drink?

T A N T A L U S.

That very thing is my punishment: my soul suffers thirst as much as when it had a body.

M E N I P P U S.

You are punished with thirst; so far I believe you; but what is there so dreadful in it? Are you afraid of dying for want of drink? After one death there is no fear of another.

T A N T A L U S.

You say right: but that is a principal part of my punishment, to be desirous of drink, when there is no occasion for it.

M E N I P P U S.

Tantalus, you are absolutely mad, and, by Jove, if you want any drink it is * hellebore;

* *Hellebore.*] A medicinal plant, constantly alluded to in the writings of antiquity, as a grand specific against melancholy, folly, madness, and all the disorders of the mind. There are two sorts, the black, which we call the Christmas-

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bore; for, contrary to those who are bit by dogs, you have the dread, not of water, but of thirst.

T A N T A L U S.

I would drink hellebore itself, if I could get it.

M E N I P P U S.

Be satisfied, Tantalus: for neither you nor any of the dead must drink; it is impossible: they are not all of them, indeed, condemned to thirst, nor does the water expect them, as it does you.

D I A L O G U E XVI.

M I N O S A N D S O S T R A T U S.

M I N O S.

LET this ruffian, Sostratus, be cast into Phlegethon: and that sacrilegious fellow torn in pieces by the Chimæra; and, do you hear, Mercury, chain down the tyrant along with Tityus, and let the vulturs gnaw his liver: but go ye good and virtuous into the Elysian Fields,

mas-rose, and the white, called neefe-wort. The island of Anticyra, situate against mount Oeta, was famous for the growth of this plant, whence sprung the proverbial saying, of *naviget Anticyram*, send him a voyage to Anticyra. Amongst the moderns, it has, some how or other, lost all its wonderful efficacy, and is very seldom used amongst us.

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inhabit the islands of the blessed, as a reward for your piety and virtue whilst upon earth.

S O S T R A T U S.

Do but hear me first, Minos, whether I am right or not.

M I N O S.

What! hear you again? do not you stand convicted already of being a villain, and killing so many people?

S O S T R A T U S.

Granted: but consider whether my punishment is just, or not.

M I N O S.

Most certainly; if every one should have the reward which they deserve.

S O S T R A T U S.

But pray, Minos, answer me one short question.

M I N O S.

Ask it; but be brief, that I may have time to try some other causes.

S O S T R A T U S.

Whatever I did, whilst upon earth, did I do it of my own accord, or was I compelled to it by * fate?

M I-

* *By fate.*] The doctrine held by many of the ancient philosophers, concerning fate, or necessity, was (like predestination in modern times), the perpetual cause of scepticism in the heathen world, and afforded at the same time

M I N O S.

By fate : no doubt of it.

S O S T R A T U S.

And, in obedience to that, do we not all act ; those who are called good, and we who seem to do evil ?

M I N O S.

Most certainly ; as Clotho enjoins them, who pre-ordains what every man shall do, from the moment of his birth.

S O S T R A T U S.

If a man, therefore, kills another, being obliged to it by one whom he dare not disobey ; a hangman, for instance, by command of the judge, or an officer, by order of the king, who is guilty of the murder ?

M I N O S.

The judge, or the king, undoubtedly : it cannot be the sword, which is no more than an instrument to fulfill the desire of him who directs the use of it.

S O S T R A T U S.

Excellent Minos : thus, in support of my axiom, to add a corollary ; again, if any one, sent by his master, brings me gold or silver,

an ample subject for ridicule to the satirists and poets : consequently a favourite subject with Lucian, who takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the folly and absurdity of it.

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who am I to thank for it, to whom am I indebted for the favour?

M I N O S.

To him who sent it: the man who brought was only agent to the other.

S O S T R A T U S.

Do not you perceive, therefore, how unjust it is to punish me, who was only an instrument employed to do those things which Clotho had commanded, and to reward those who only administered the good imparted to them by others? you can never say it was possible to act in opposition to the dictates of necessity.

M I N O S.

On a diligent enquiry, Sostratus, you will find out many things of this kind not easily to be accounted for; and all you can gain by your discoveries will be, to the title of thief, to add that of sophist also: however, let him go, Mercury, without any farther punishment; but take care you do not teach other ghosts to ask the same questions.

D I A L O G U E XVII.

D I O G E N E S A N D P O L L U X.

D I O G E N E S.

POLLUX, I charge you, when you return to the other world, for I think you are to come
to

to life again to-morrow, if you see Menippus the Cynic (you will find him, probably, either in the Craneum at Corinth, or the Lycæum, laughing at the philosophers quarrels with one another), speak thus to him: Diogenes commands you, O Menippus, when you have laughed your fill at things upon earth, that you would come down and laugh still more at things below: there it may be a doubt whether you should laugh or not, and it is a common saying amongst you, "Who knows what is to come hereafter?" But here you will laugh for ever, as I do: especially when you see the rich and great, kings and nobles, sunk into such meanness and obscurity, and only distinguished by superior misery. Tell him how poor and contemptible they seem, in comparison to what they were above, when they recollect their former state: tell him, at the same time, to fill his bag with lupines, or, if he can pick up * *Hecate's supper* in the highway, or an egg left at a sacrifice, or any thing of that kind, to bring it with him.

P O L L U X.

Diogenes, I will tell him what you desire me; but how shall I know him? What sort of a face has he?

* *Hecate's supper.*] For an account of this, see note, p. 255.

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D I O G E N E S.

He is an old fellow, with a bald pate, in a tattered garment, full of holes, and open to every wind, and patched up with rags of different colours: he is always laughing, and remarkably severe upon the proud philosophers.

P O L L U X.

By these tokens I shall easily distinguish him.

D I O G E N E S.

Shall I give you any commands for those philosophers?

P O L L U X.

If you please; I shall execute them with pleasure.

D I O G E N E S.

Tell them, once for all, to leave off playing the fool, quarrelling about the formation of the world, giving one another * horns, and making † crocodiles: let them no longer teach the mind to exercise itself in such trifles.

P O L.

* *Horns.*] This alludes to a ridiculous kind of syllogism, much in fashion amongst the Stoic philosophers, who used to say, "Quod non amisisti, habes: cornua non amisisti ergo cornua habes:" what thou hast not lost, thou hast; thou hast not lost thy horns, ergo, thou hast horns. The critics tell us, that by horns here, as amongst us, was meant the very ancient practice of cuckoldom, and, in support of their opinion, quote the following passage from Artemidorus: 'Οτι η γυνή σου πορνεύει, και το ΑΕΤΟΜΕΝΟΝ, ΚΕΡΑΤΑ ΑΥΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΣΕΙ. Onirocrit. lib. ii. cap. 11.

† *Crocodiles.*] Another kind of enigmatical sophism, practised

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POLLUX.

But they will call me an ignorant and illiterate blockhead, for pretending to find fault with their doctrines.

DIOGENES.

But do you tell them from me, they ought to lament their own ignorance.

POLLUX.

Diogenes, this also I shall acquaint them with.

DIOGENES.

And now, my dear little Pollux, in my name thus shall you accost the rich: Why, ye empty creatures, do ye hoard up your gold, why torment yourselves, why put your money out to usury, and heap talent upon talent; when in the shades, where you soon must come, one obolus will suffice you?

POLLUX.

I will do it.

DIOGENES.

A word likewise, to those who boast of their strength or beauty; Megillus, for instance,

practised by the small wits of the age. A crocodile, said they, promised to restore a child he had stolen, if a person would give him a true answer to a question he would ask, and the question itself was, whether he should restore the child or not?—This was something like arguing in a circle. Quintilian, in allusion to this, talks of *ceratinos & crocodilinas ambiguitates*. See Lucian's *Sale of Philosophers*.

the

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the Corinthian, and Damoxenus, the wrestler ; tell them we have no yellow hair here, no blue or black eyes, no rosy complexions, no well-strung nerves, or brawny shoulders, but all one heap of dust, as they say, and skulls without hair or beauty.

P O L L U X.

This message, also, shall I most willingly deliver.

D I O G E N E S.

Moreover, my little Spartan, you must tell the poor (for many of them are unhappy, and lament their poverty), that they should not cry and take on : inform them of the equality that reigns amongst us, and that hereafter they shall see those who were so much richer on earth, when they come here, just as poor as themselves ; and withal, if you please, you may tell your countrymen, the * Lacedæmonians, from me, that they are sadly degenerated.

P O L L U X.

No message for the Lacedæmonians, I be-

* *Lacedæmonians.*] From being remarkable for the purity and severity of their manners, the Lacedæmonians became, in process of time, the most luxurious and abandoned people. Pollux, however, did not chuse to tell them so. A temple, we are told, had been erected to him in Laconia. He was a god of honour, and would not be reproached with that worst of all vices, ingratitude.

seech

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seech you, Diogenes; for I will not carry it :
for the rest you may depend on me.

D I O G E N E S.

We will omit it then, if you think proper :
but remember my other commands.

D I A L O G U E XVIII.

D I O G E N E S AND A L E X A N D E R.

D I O G E N E S.

WHAT! Alexander here! could he die
like one of us?

A L E X A N D E R.

It is even so, as you see, Diogenes; and
where is the wonder that a mortal man should
die?

D I O G E N E S.

Did Ammon lie, then, when he called you
his son; and are you really sprung from Phi-
lip?

A L E X A N D E R.

From Philip, most undoubtedly: for had I
been the son of Ammon, I had not died.

D I O G E N E S.

Something was whispered too about Olym-
pias, that she kept company with a Dragon,
who was seen in bed with her, that you were the
fruit of their amours, and Philip deceived, who
only imagined himself to be your father.

A L E X.

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A L E X A N D E R.

I have heard of this as well as you ; and now I perceive, that neither my mother, nor the prophets of Ammon, spoke one word of truth.

D I O G E N E S.

The tale, however, was not unserviceable to you in carrying on your affairs ; for many, believing you to be a god, feared you as such : but pray, inform me, to whom you have left your empire ?

A L E X A N D E R.

Indeed, Diogenes, I know not : my death was so sudden, that I had not time to determine any thing concerning it, except that, when I was dying, I gave my ring to Perdicas. What makes you smile ?

D I O G E N E S.

I smile to think how the Grecians behaved when they gave you the empire, how they chose you their general against the Barbarians, flattered and adored you ; some of them were for adding you to the twelve deities, building temples for, and worshipping you as the offspring of the Dragon. But, tell me, where did the Macedonians bury you ?

A L E X A N D E R.

For these three days past I have lain in Babylon ; but Ptolomæus, one of my officers, has
promised,

promised, when affairs are a little quiet, and he is at leisure, to carry me to Ægypt, and bury me there, that I may be made an Ægyptian god.

D I O G E N E S.

Can I help laughing, Alexander, to see you ridiculous even after death, and hoping to be an Osiris or Anubis? But, pray, my most divine friend, lay aside your hopes: no one who has ever passed the lake, and descended into the mouth of Tartarus, must ever think of returning: Æacus is not so careless, nor Cerberus so contemptible. But I should be glad to know how you feel on the remembrance of past felicity, when you recollect your guards, your satraps, and your treasures, the people that adored you at Bactria, and at Babylon, your honours and dignities, when you shone so conspicuous, when you were carried by immense wild beasts, crowned with garlands, and cloathed in purple; does not the remembrance of these things torment you?—Ha! fool dost thou weep? Did not your wife Aristotle teach you to have no dependence on the gifts of Fortune?

A L E X A N D E R.

Call you him wise? that basest of all flatterers! I know him well, know how much he solicited, how much he wrote to me, how he abused

abused my love of science, and desire of knowledge; how he complimented and flattered me; sometimes on my beauty, as if that was a species of perfection; sometimes on my actions, and sometimes on my riches, for those also he looked on as a real good, probably the better to excuse his own desire of them. Diogenes, he was an artful and designing man, and all the fruits I reap from his wisdom, is, to be tormented now about those enjoyments which you just now mentioned.

D I O G E N E S.

What is to be done then? Shall I point you out a remedy for this disease? as we have no hellebore growing here, take, as fast as you can, the waters of Lethe; drink, and drink again; Aristotle's good things will then no longer disgust you: but I see Clytus, and Callisthenes, and several more, who are ready to fall upon, and tear you in pieces, for the injuries they have received from: you therefore, go into another path, and remember what I told you; drink away.

D I A L O G U E XIX.

ALEXANDER, HANNIBAL,
SCIPIO, AND MINOS.

ALEXANDER.

LIBYAN, I tell thee I ought to have the
precedency, being the greater man.

HANNIBAL.

That I deny.

ALEXANDER.

I appeal to Minos.

MINOS.

Who are ye?

ALEXANDER.

This is Hannibal of Carthage; I am Alexander, the son of Philip.

MINOS.

By Jove, two illustrious men! but what are
you quarrelling about?

ALEXANDER.

Precedency: he affirms that he was a * greater

* *A greater general.*] This dialogue is founded on a
passage in Livy, lib. xxxv. cap. 14. where he tells us, that
Hannibal being asked by Scipio, whom he looked upon as
the greatest general, replied, Alexander the Great, next
to him Pyrrhus, and thirdly himself; if, indeed, added he,
I had conquered Scipio, I should have placed myself first
of all.—Here Lucian makes him retract his former opinion,
and claim the precedence.

gene-

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general than I; and I, on the other hand, assert, what every body knows, that I was a better soldier, not only than him, but than any that ever appeared before me.

M I N O S.

Let each plead his own cause : do you, Hannibal, begin.

H A N N I B A L.

One thing, Minos, I am very glad of, which is, that I learned the † Greek language ; in that, at least, he is not my superior : but, moreover, those are, in my opinion, most worthy of praise, who, from being nothing, have turned out great men, and raised themselves to power and empire by their own merit. When I first attacked Iberia, with a very small army, and fought under my brother, I received the greatest honours, and was considered as a hero. I took the Celtiberians, and conquered Hesperia; climbed up vast mountains, run over all Eridanus, laid waste a number of cities, and subdued all the flat country of Italy, even up to the walls of the great city. I slew so many men in one day, that I measured out their

† *The Greek language.*] Aliquot ejus libri, (says Corn. Nepos, speaking of Hannibal) sunt Græco sermone confecti.

‡ rings by the bushel, and made bridges over the river with their carcases; and all this I did, without calling myself the son of Ammon, or pretending to be a god, or telling my mother's dreams: I acknowledged myself a mere mortal, fought against the most experienced generals, and the bravest soldiers; did not attack Medes and Armenians, fellows that run before any body pursues, and yield the victory to the first man that opposes them. Alexander did, indeed, improve the empire left him by his father, and, by a lucky enterprize, greatly extended it; but, after he had conquered the unfortunate Darius, at Issus and Arbela, he degenerated from his father's virtues, and wanted to be adored; fell into the luxury and effeminacy of the Medes, slew his own friends at feasts, and associated with murderers and assassins. I, on the other hand, ruled my country with equity, and when she called me to her aid, against a mighty fleet sent out to invade her, I obeyed with cheerfulness, reduced myself to a private man, and, though condemned unjustly, bore it with patience and re-

‡ *Rings.*] Livy says, *expleffe tres modios super Dimidium*. Florus tells us, *modios duos annulorum Carthaginem esse missos*. Lucian gives us an indefinite number, as more suitable to his purpose. Every account is, perhaps, rather hyperbolical.

signation: this I did, though a * Barbarian, who had never learned Homer, as he had, nor boasted of the Sophist Aristotle for my master, but took nature only for my guide; therefore do I esteem myself superior to Alexander. He may, indeed, claim precedency, because his head is circled with a diadem; in Macedon, perhaps, this may gain him reverence, but surely he is not on that account to be preferred to a noble and distinguished general, who owed his rise not to fortune but to conduct.

M I N O S.

Spoken with strength and spirit, such as one would little have expected from a Barbarian. Alexander, what answer canst thou make to him?

A L E X A N D E R.

So impudent a boaster as this deserves none: to fame alone I might leave it to distinguish between a monarch and a slave: but judge whether I am not far superior to him; I, who, even when a boy, took possession of a divided kingdom, re-established peace, revenged myself on my father's murderers, and intimidated Greece by the subversion of Thebes.

* * *A Barbarian.*] Ergo humanitatis dulcedo etiam in effrata *Barbarorum* ingenia penetrat. — says Valerius Maximus, speaking of Hannibal's tenderness and humanity.

Elected generalissimo, by the universal suffrage, I scorned to sit down in Macedon, contented with the kingdom left me by my father, but grasped the whole world in idea; and, thirsting after universal empire, with a small force invaded Asia, conquered nobly at the Granicus, took Lydia, Phrygia, and Ionia, and at length subduing every thing that opposed me, came to Issus, where Darius with an innumerable army waited for me; from thence how many I sent to the shades, you, O Minos, can best testify; Charon will tell you, his boat could not hold them, and he was obliged to bring them over in rafters made on purpose; this I did at the perpetual hazard of my life, fearless of wounds or danger. To pass over what I performed at Tyre and Arbela, I pierced even to India, and made the ocean alone the limits of my empire; I took their elephants, and led Porus captive. I passed the Tanais, and, with a vast body of horse, overcame the warlike Scythians. I defended myself from my enemies, and endeared myself to my friends by acts of beneficence. If men mistook me for a deity, they might well be forgiven, as they were, induced by the greatness of my actions, to believe me such. Lastly, I died a king, death seized me on the throne; but HE perish-

ed an exile at Bithynus, the fate which such a cruel and worthless wretch deserved. How he conquered Italy I will not say; not by bravery, but by fraud, cunning, and chicanery, never mindful of justice, openness, or integrity. When he reproached me with luxury, he forgot his own behaviour at Capua, where, abandoned to harlots, he lost all the fruits of his victories in the pursuit of pleasure. But what of great or noble should I have done, had I not contemned my western conquests, and turned towards the East? I might have taken Italy without bloodshed, and Libya, and brought the whole earth, even unto Gades, under my dominion, with the greatest ease: but I thought it not worth my care, to reduce kingdoms, which already trembled at my power, and acknowledged me for their master. Minos, I have given these few out of many reasons that might be brought here before you; judge, and determine.

S C I P I O.

Not before you have heard me also.

M I N O S.

My good friend, who are you, whence come you, and what have you to say?

S C I P I O.

I am Scipio, the Roman general, who destroyed

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troyed Carthage, and conquered the Africans in several battles.

M I N O S.

And what of that?

S C I P I O.

I acknowlege myself inferior to Alexander, but think I should take place of Hannibal, whom I pursued, overcame, and put to ignominious flight: how dares he to contend with Alexander, when I, who conquered him, pretend not to it?

M I N O S.

By Jove, Scipio, you are in the right; wherefore let Alexander have the precedency; you shall be second, and Hannibal, if you please, who is no contemptible character, come in, third.

D I A L O G U E XXI.

MENIPPUS, ÆACUS, PYTHAGORAS.
EMPEDOCLES, AND SOCRATES.

M E N I P P U S.

NOW, Æacus, by Pluto, I beseech you, lead me all round, and shew me every thing worth seeing here below.

Æ A C U S.

That cannot easily be done, Menippus; but the most considerable are as follows: this is

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Cerberus ; to Charon, who brought you over, you are no stranger ; Pyriphlegethon, and the great lake, you saw as you came in.

M E N I P P U S.

These I know already, and you, who guard the entrance ; I had a fight also of Pluto and the Furies : but shew me your old heroes, those who made the greatest figure in the world.

Æ A C U S.

Yonder is Agamemon, the other Achilles, he who sits next to them is Idomeneus ; then comes Ulysses, after him Ajax, Diomedes, and several other famous Grecians.

M E N I P P U S.

Alas poor Homer ! how the glorious subjects of thy rhapsodies lie scattered upon the ground, without form or beauty, mere dust and ashes, with very * poor heads, trifles now of no value or duration : but who is this ?

Æ A C U S.

Cyrus ; and here comes Crassus, next to him is Sardanapalus, behind them is Midas, and that is Xerxes.

M E N I P P U S.

Thou too, impious wretch, wert once the

* *Poor heads.*] Alluding to that expression of Homer in the *Odysses*,

Νεκυον ἀσημια νειμεα.

terror

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terror of Greece, pretending to sail through mountains, and building bridges over the Hellespont; and what a figure is that Crassus now! but pray, Æacus, let me give that Sardanapalus a box.

Æ A C U S.

By no means, you would crack that soft effeminate skull of his.

M E N I P P U S.

Then I will e'en spit upon the * Hermaphrodite.

Æ A C U S.

Shall I shew you some of our philosophers?

M E N I P P U S.

By Jove, I wish you would.

Æ A C U S.

First of all, then, there is Pythagoras.

M E N I P P U S.

Hail, Euphorbus, Apollo, or by whatever name you chuse to be called.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Hail to thee, Menippus.

M E N I P P U S.

Have you got your † golden thigh yet?

P Y.

* *Hermaphrodite.*] *Ανδρῶγυνῃ*, half man, half woman: no improper appellation for the effeminate Sardanapalus.

† *Golden thigh.*] D. Laertius tells us, that Pythagoras had so noble an appearance, that his disciples looked upon him as a god, and called him the Hyperborean Apollo.

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P Y T H A G O R A S.

No : what have you got to eat in your little bag there ?

M E N I P P U S.

Nothing but beans, my friend, which you must not eat.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Give me some, the laws of the other world do not bind us here below : I have learned, since I came hither, that there is no resemblance between beans, and the source of generation.

Æ A C U S.

Besides these, there is Solon, the son of Execestida, Thales, Pittacus, and the rest of them, all seven, as you see, together.

M E N I P P U S.

These, and these alone, seem to be chearful and happy : but who is this fellow, covered with ashes, and full of blisters, like an over-baked loaf ?

Æ A C U S.

O, that is Empedocles, just arrived, half roasted, from mount Ætna.

The philosopher availed himself of their prejudices, and told them that he had a golden thigh, which, we are told, he shewed several times to Abaris the priest of Apollo : in those times the *ipse dixit* of the master was sufficient ; they took his word, and were not so unreasonable as to ask for the ocular proof,

M E.

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M E N I P P U S.

Good brazen-foot, what could induce thee to leap into the mouth of a furnace?

Æ A C U S.

A kind of melancholy madness, Menippus.

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, by Jove, the madness of pride, affectation, and vain glory; this consumed you and your slippers together: the trick, after all, was of little service to you, for you were seen after death: but where is Socrates?

Æ A C U S.

He is generally diverting himself with Nestor and Palamedes.

M E N I P P U S.

If he was hereabouts, I should be glad to see him.

Æ A C U S.

You see him with the bald pate there?

M E N I P P U S.

They are all so, that is no distinction.

Æ A C U S.

I mean him with the flat nose.

M E N I P P U S.

I shall never know him by that, neither, for they all have it.

S O C R A T E S.

Menippus, did you ask for me?

M E.

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M E N I P P U S.

Yes, Socrates.

S O C R A T E S.

How go affairs at Athens now ?

M E N I P P U S.

The young men are all turned philosophers ; and, indeed, if you look at their gait and apparel only, you would take them for first-rate ones : but you see what Aristippus is, now he is come amongst you, and Plato himself, one smelling of perfumes, and the other a * flatterer of Sicilian tyrants.

S O C R A T E S.

But what do they think of me ?

M E N I P P U S.

You are a happy man, Socrates ; they all esteem you as the most excellent of mortals, and aver that you knew every thing, when, in reality (for here we must speak truth), you knew nothing.

S O C R A T E S.

I told them so myself, but they thought it was affectation.

M E N I P P U S.

Who are those standing round about you ?

S O C R A T E S.

Charmides, and Phædrus, and Alcibiades.

* *A flatterer.*] See Cornelius Nepos in Dione.

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M E N I P P U S.

Well done, Socrates, you practise your old employment here I find, and love a pretty fellow still.

S O C R A T E S.

What can I do better? come and sit down with us.

M E N I P P U S.

By Jove, not I; I must go to Crassus and Sardanapalus, their weeping and lamentations will afford me no small diversion.

Æ A C U S.

I must be gone too, and see that none of our dead men steal away from us. Menippus, you shall see more another time.

M E N I P P U S.

Æacus, you may go if you please: for the present, this will suffice.

D I A L O G U E XXII.

CHARON, several Dead Men, MERCURY, MENIPPUS, CHARMOLEUS, LAMPICHUS, DAMASIAS, CRATES, a Philosopher, and Rhetorician.

C H A R O N.

LOOK ye, gentlemen, thus affairs stand: we have but a small boat, as you see, and that half rotten, and leaky in many places, if you lean it on one side or other, we overset, and
go

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go to the bottom ; and yet so many of you will press in, and every one carrying his baggage with him ; if you do not leave it behind, I am afraid you will repent it, especially those who cannot swim.

D E A D M E N .

What must we do to get safe over ?

C H A R O N .

I will tell you ; you must get in naked, and leave all your superfluities on shore, and even then my boat will scarce be able to carry you : you, Mercury, must take care, and let none come in, but those who are stark naked, and have left all their trumpery behind them ; stand at the head of the boat, and make them strip before they come on board.

M E R C U R Y .

Right, Charon, so I will : who is this first ?

M E N I P P U S .

Menippus : I have thrown my pouch and my staff in before me, my coat I did right to leave behind me.

M E R C U R Y .

My honest friend, Menippus, come in, take you the first seat at the helm, near the pilot, and observe who comes : but who is this pretty fellow ?

C H A R -

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C H A R M O L E U S.

I am the handsome Charmoleus, of Megara ;
a kiss of me sold for two talents.

M E R C U R Y.

· Please to part with your beauty, your ponderous head of hair, your sweet kissing lips, rosy cheeks, and fine skin. It is well ; you are fit to come in, and may now enter : but here comes a fierce fellow, cloathed in purple, with a diadem on his head. Who are you ?

L A M P I C H U S.

Lampichus, king of the Geloans.

M E R C U R Y.

What is all that baggage for, you have brought with you ?

L A M P I C H U S.

Was it fitting that a king should come without any thing ?

M E R C U R Y.

A king should not, but a dead man should ; therefore down with them.

L A M P I C H U S.

There ; I have thrown away all my riches.

M E R C U R Y.

Throw away your pride and ostentation also, for if you bring them with you you will sink the boat,

L A M-

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L A M P I C H U S.

At least let me keep my diadem and my cloak.

M E R C U R Y.

By no means : off with them immediately.

L A M P I C H U S.

Be it so : now I have thrown off every thing ; what more must I part with ?

M E R C U R Y.

Your cruelty, your folly, your insolence, and your anger.

L A M P I C H U S.

Now I am stark naked.

M E R C U R Y.

Come in then : and who are you so fat and fleshy ?

D A M A S I A S.

Damafias, the wrestler.

M E R C U R Y.

You are so : I have seen you often in the Palæstra.

D A M A S I A S.

You have : I am naked, you see, and therefore may come in.

M E R C U R Y.

You cannot call yourself naked, my good friend, with all that load of flesh about you ; therefore, away with it ; for, as sure as you put your other foot in, you will sink the boat : but
you

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you must throw away your crown and your garlands too.

D A M A S I A S.

Now, you see, I am thoroughly stripped, and of the same size with my brother shades here.

M E R C U R Y.

How light and easy you are now! come along. You, Crates, too, must lay aside your riches, your luxury, and effeminacy; nor must you bring the epitaphs made upon you, nor your glory, nor your genealogy, nor the dignity of your ancestors; neither must we have the public praises of the city you so highly obliged, nor the inscriptions on your statue, nor the pompous sepulchre erected for you: even so much as the recollection of these things is enough to weigh the boat down.

C R A T E S.

If I must, I must: what is to be done?

M E R C U R Y.

What do you do with armour, and what are these trophies for?

C R A T E S.

Because, Mercury, I am a conqueror, and have done noble deeds, therefore did the city reward me with these honours.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

Leave your trophies on earth : here below we have always peace, and arms are of no use. But who is this, in that grave and solemn habit, so proud and haughty, wrapt in meditation, with a long beard, and contracted brow ?

M E N I P P U S.

Some philosopher, I warrant you, some juggler, full of portents and prodigies : strip him by all means, you will find something purely ridiculous under that cloak of his.

M E R C U R Y.

First, then, off with that habit, and then every thing else. O Jupiter, what ignorance, impudence, and vain-glory ! what a heap of ambiguous questions, knotty disputes, and perplexed thoughts does he carry about him ! what a deal of fruitless diligence, solemn trifles, and small talk ! Away with your riches, your pleasures, your anger, your luxury, your effeminacy, for I see it all, though you endeavour to conceal it ; your falsehood, pride, and high opinion, which you have of yourself : should you come with all these, a five-oared bark would not be sufficient to carry you.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Your commands are obey'd, I have parted with them all.

M E-

M E N I P P U S.

I beseech you, Mercury, let him leave that heavy shaggy beard behind too: the hair of it is worth five minæ at least.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Who will cut it off for me?

M E R C U R Y.

Menippus shall do it upon deck, with the sailors hatchet.

M E N I P P U S.

No no, Mercury, give me the saw: that will be something more ridiculous.

M E R C U R Y.

The hatchet will do: aye, now you have made him something more human, by taking away his stinking goat's beard.

M E N I P P U S.

Shall I nip off a bit of his eye-brow?

M E R C U R Y.

By all means; for he stretches it out half over his forehead, for what reason, I know not. Ha! what is the matter now? dost thou weep, wretch? art thou afraid of death? come along, come.

M E N I P P U S.

He has got something monstrous heavy yet under his arm.

M E R C U R Y.

What is it, Menippus ?

M E N I P P U S.

Flattery ; which, whilst he lived, was of no small service to him.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Do you, Menippus, lay aside your insolence, your flippant tongue, your mirth, your jests, and ridicule : you are the only laughter amongst us.

M E R C U R Y.

On no account, Menippus, part with them ; no, no : keep them by all means, they are light and easily carried ; besides, they may be useful in the voyage : but do you, Mr. Orator ; lay by those contradictions in terms, your antitheses, your laboured periods, hyperboles, barbarisms, and all that weight of verbosity.

R H E T O R I C I A N.

There, I have put them down.

M E R C U R Y.

It is well : now cut your cable, let us weigh anchor, and hoist our sails. Charon, mind the helm : away, let us be merry. What do ye cry for, ye fools ? Imprimis, you, Mr. Philosopher, without the beard there ?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Because, Mercury, I thought the soul had been immortal.

M E

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M E N I P P U S.

He lies : he grieves for another reason.

M E R C U R Y.

What ?

M E N I P P U S.

Because he shall have no more grand suppers ; because he shall not, as he used, steal out of an evening unperceived by any one, wrap his head up in his cloak, take his rounds to all the bawdy-houses ; then give his lectures in the morning, make the young men admire his wisdom, and take their money : this is the cause of his grief.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

And pray, Menippus, are not you sorry that you are dead !

M E N I P P U S.

Who I, that came hither as soon as I could, and * without calling : but hark ! do not I hear a noise, as if some mortals we left behind were making a disturbance ?

M E R C U R Y.

They are so, and in more places than one : some are making themselves merry at the death of Lampichus ; the women are got round his wife, and the boys throwing stones at his chil-

* *Without calling.*] Diogenes Laertius informs us, that the philosopher Menippus hung himself.

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dren : some are hallooing Diophantus, the rhetorician, for his funeral oration on Crates ; and there, by Jove, is the mother of Damafias, crying and lamenting the loss of her son : but nobody, Menippus, weeps for you : who alone seem to rest in peace.

M E N I P P U S.

Never fear ; you will soon see the dogs barking after me, and the crows shaking their wings, when they meet, to bury me.

M E R C U R Y.

Well said, Menippus ! But we are got over : go you the nearest way to the seat of judgment : Charon and I must go back and fetch some more.

M E N I P P U S.

Mercury, a good voyage to you : let us proceed ; why do you halt ? judged you must all be, and heavy, they say, the punishments are ; wheels, stones, and vulturs. Every man's life will be strictly enquired into.



DIALOGUE XXIII.

DIOGENES, ANTISTHENES, CRATES,
 and a Poor Man.

DIOGENES.

AS we have nothing else to do, Crates and
 Antisthenes, why should not we take a walk
 towards the mouth of Tartarus, to see who is
 coming down, and how they behave.

ANTISTHENES.

Diogenes, with all my heart: it will be plea-
 sant enough to observe some of them crying,
 others begging to be let go, others coming
 down much against their will, and looking
 back, whilst Mercury shoves them on; they
 fighting and struggling, and all to no purpose.

CRATES.

I will tell you what I saw, as I came down
 myself.

DIOGENES.

Pray tell us, Crates; I am sure there must
 be something laughable in it.

CRATES.

There were a great many of us, and amongst
 the principal personages, the rich Ismenodorus,
 our countryman, Arfaces, the Median gover-
 nor, and Oretes, the Armenian: Ismenodorus,
 who was killed by robbers near mount Cithæ-

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ron, in his way to Eleufis, his hands ftill bloody from the wounds he had received, wept bitterly for the young children he had left behind, and blamed his own rafhnefs and folly, in taking only two fervants, when he was to pafs over Cithæron, and the defarts round about Eleuthera, fo often laid wafte by continual wars, efpecially, as he had carried with him five golden veffels, and four cups: but Arfaces, who was an old man, and, by Jove, had a noble prefence, feemed, as is the manner of thofe Barbarians, extremely angry at being obliged to walk on foot, and ordered his horfe to be brought to him; for the horfe was killed with him, both of them being run through by an armed Thracian, in the battle with the king of the Cappadocians, at the river Araxes. Arfaces, as he told us himfelf, ruſhing with great rapidity againſt the enemy, had got a long way before his troops, when the Thracian ſtooping down, and covering with his ſhield, ſtruck the ſpear out of his hand, and thruſting his own javé in underneath, pierced through him and his horfe at the ſame time.

A N T I S T H E N E S.

But how could that be done, Crates, at one ſtroke?

C R A.

C R A T E S.

Very easily; Arfaces ran upon him with a staff twenty cubits long, but the Thracian, when he had warded off the blow with his shield, and the point was turned on one side of him, falling on one knee, broke the force of the intended stroke, and wounded, run Arfaces through; the horse, from the rapidity of the pursuit, and rage together, stuck himself upon the pike, and they were both pierced through with it: you see, therefore, it was not the man so much as the horse that was the cause of it; he was angry, therefore, that he and his horse could not come down together. Orates was only a private man, but with such soft feet that he could neither stand nor go: this, indeed, is the misfortune of all the Medes, when they get off their horses, they can scarce walk o' tip-toe, and that with the utmost difficulty, as if they were treading upon thorns: as he lay flat upon the ground, therefore, and could not get up again, Mercury kindly took him on his back, and carried him to the boat: I could not help laughing at it.

A N T I S T H E N E S.

For my part, when I came down, I never associated with any of them, but, leaving them to their lamentation, ran to the boat, and got
X 4
the

the best feat I could : as we came over, some cried, and others were sick, whilst I diverted myself with their folly.

D I O G E N E S.

Such were your companions ; for mine, I had Blepsias, the usurer, from Piræus, Lampis, the Acharnensian general of the allies, and Damis, the rich Corinthian. The flatterer was poisoned by his own son, and the former killed himself for the love of Myrtium the harlot. Blepsias, it was reported, starved himself to death ; he looked, indeed, excessively pale, and was as thin as possible. I asked them, though I knew before hand, how they all died ; and when Damis accused his son of poisoning him, you are rightly served said I, for though you were possessed of a thousand talents, and lived luxuriously yourself to ninety years of age, would allow a young man of eighteen no more than four oboli. And you too, Damis (for he was weeping and cursing his harlot), why dost thou blame love, and not rather thyself ? you, who never was afraid of an enemy, but braved every danger, and appeared first in battle, to be so enslaved by a vile strumpet, with feigned tears and sighs. As for Blepsias, he condemned his own folly, in keeping his riches for heirs, whom he knew nothing of ; but he was foolish
enough

enough to think he should live for ever: in short, their sorrows and complaints afforded me no little diversion. But we are come to the mouth of Tartarus; here we may look up and see them coming a great way off: what a heap of them there is! and all in tears, except infants and children: how the old men weep! what charm attaches them so to life! I must ask this poor decrepid wretch: what dost weep for, friend, an old man as you are? Were you a king?

POOR MAN.

Not I.

DIOGENES.

A nobleman?

POOR MAN.

No.

DIOGENES.

You were very rich, I suppose, and are grieved at leaving so many good things behind you?

POOR MAN.

No such thing: I was ninety years of age, and miserably poor, always used to get my bread by fishing, had no children, and withal lame, and almost blind.

DIOGENES.

And in this condition, couldst thou desire to live?

POOR

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P O O R M A N.

Yes: life is sweet, and death terrible.

D I O G E N E S.

Old man, thou ravest; this is mere dotage: you, who are as old as Charon here, to be such a child! and to no purpose too! What shall we say to young men, when people at this age are so fond of life; when, one would think, they should wish for death, as the only cure for their infirmities. But let us begone, lest by our wandering here, about the entrance into the shades, we should be suspected ourselves of wanting to make our escape from it.

D I A L O G U E XXIV.

MENIPPUS, AMPHILOCHUS, AND
TROPHONIUS.

M E N I P P U S.

I Cannot imagine how you, Trophonius and Amphilochus, now you are dead, come to have temples erected to you, or why you are styled prophets, and foolish mortals take you both for divinities.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Is it our fault, if they mistake dead men for gods?

M E N I P P U S.

But they would never have taken you for such,
if

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if you had not, whilst you were alive, boasted of your miracles, as if you could have looked into futurity, and pretended to tell them what was to happen hereafter.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Let Amphilochns answer for himself: as for me, I am a hero, and always prophecy when any body comes down to consult me. But, I suppose, you have never been at Libadia, or you would not have been so hard of belief about these things.

M E N I P P U S.

What! because I have never been there, never came cloathed in a linen garment, and creeping through a narrow hole into a cave, and standing, like a fool, with a cake in my hand; for that, could not I discover that you are as dead as we are, and all the difference lies in your being better able to deceive: but now, by your art of prophesying, tell me, what is a hero? for I really do not know.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Something, between a man and a god.

M E N I P P U S.

Which, you mean, is neither man nor god, but both together: pray, where is that half of you, which belongs to the god, retired to at present?

T R O.

T R O P H O N I U S.

* Delivering oracles in Bœotia.

M E N I P P U S.

Trophonius, I cannot possibly understand you : all I know is, that I see you, and every part of you, now dead before me.

* *Delivering oracles.*] Trophonius, the principal figure in this little picture of Lucian's (son of Amphiloehus we can pick up scarce any thing), was an oracle-monger of considerable note in the heathen world. According to the best accounts, he was the son of Erginus, king of Orchomenus, and built the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, a service which the god rewarded in a very extraordinary manner : for, eight days after the completion of the edifice, the earth opened and swallowed him up. Apollo, however, had not forgot him, for, being applied to some years after, by the Bœotians,* to give his advice concerning the best means of getting rid of a famine, he would not answer himself, but sent the petitioners to the tomb of Trophonius, from whence an oracle was delivered that freed them from their calamity ; in consequence of which they erected a magnificent temple to him, and the oracle of Trophonius was from that time universally resorted to, and continued longer than any other in Greece. It may truly be said of this great prophet, that he made no figure in life till after he was dead. Pausanias, it is remarkable, whose works are still extant, consulted himself the oracle of Trophonius, and has left us a full and elaborate description of it, to which I refer my readers. The cave of Trophonius has furnished Mr. Addison with materials for an excellent paper. See Spectator, N^o 599.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

PHILIP.

NOW, Alexander, I suppose you will own yourself my son; for if you had been Jupiter Ammon's, you would not have died.

ALEXANDER.

Indeed, father, I always knew well enough that I was the son of Philip, who was the son of Amyntas; but I laid hold on the oracle in my favour, as I thought it might be serviceable to my designs.

PHILIP.

What service could it be to you, to expose yourself to the idle tales of flatterers?

ALEXANDER.

None; but it intimidated the Barbarians; my forces were irresistible, when they imagined they fought against a god, and I subdued them with much less difficulty.

PHILIP.

Whom did you ever conquer, that was worth conquering? you, who never fought with any but cowards, who defended themselves with little bows, short bucklers, and shields made of osier? to conquer Grecians, Bœotians, Athenians,

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nians, Phocians, the Arcadian foot, the Thessalian horse, the Elean spearmen, the strong-armed Mantineans; to subdue Thracians, Illyrians, and Pæonians, these, indeed were noble victories: do not you know, that before your time, Clearchus, with ten thousand men, routed the Medes, Persians, and Chaldeans, a delicate army, all over gold, who would not let the enemy come too near, but fled before a dart was thrown against them?

A L E X A N D E R.

But the Scythians, my dear father, and the Indians, with their elephants, surely they were no contemptible conquests. Besides, I did not subdue them by raising up dissensions amongst themselves, nor did I owe my victories to bribes, treachery, and corruption; neither did I ever forswear myself, or break my word, or pawn my faith for them: add to this, that I took many of the Grecians without bloodshed: you have heard, I suppose, how I attacked the Thebans.

P H I L I P.

All that I know from Clytus, whom you slew at the banquet, because, in recounting our several actions, he was bold enough to speak in praise of me; whilst you, laying aside your own dress, put on the Persian robe, wore a tiara,
and

and expected mean adoration from freemen and Macedonians. But of all things, it was surely the most ridiculous, to imitate the manners of those whom you had subdued. Your other actions I shall pass over; your giving up a * noble youth to be devoured by lions, your absurd marriage, and your passion for Hephæstion. The only praise-worthy thing I heard of you, was your self-denial, with regard to Darius's wife, and the care you took of his mother and daughters; that was, indeed, a kingly action.

A L E X A N D E R.

You never commend my bravery; that love of danger which I shewed, when at Oxydrace, I leaped first within the walls, and received so many wounds.

P H I L I P.

No: I commend you not for it; not that I hold it unbecoming a general to lead the way in every danger, or to be wounded in battle; but because it was out of character for you: to see one who was accounted a god carried out out of the ranks groaning, and bleeding with his wounds, must raise the laughter of every spectator: besides that Ammon must be call-

* *A noble youth.*] Lysimachus. See Justin. The fact, however, is doubtful.

ed a false prophet, and the oracle a flatterer. Who could help smiling to see the son of Jove expiring, and calling for the aid of a physician? And, now you are dead, do not you think people will laugh at the fiction, and censure you severely, when they see the body of a god laid out, swelled and putrid like other carcases? As to what you say, with regard to its facilitating your success, in my opinion, it has only detracted from the glory of your actions; for however they might appear to be the work of a god, you seem to have acted in a manner very unworthy of a deity.

A L E X A N D E R.

Men, notwithstanding, think otherwise, and compare me to Hercules and Bacchus. Aornos, which neither of them could take, I easily subdued.

P H I L I P.

To put yourself before Hercules and Bacchus, is talking like Ammon's son indeed; but I see, Alexander, you have no shame in you, are as proud as ever, know as little of yourself, and have as little wisdom, now you are dead, as you had whilst you were living.

D I A L O G U E XXVI.

ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS, MENELAUS,
AND PARIS.

Æ A C U S.

PROTESILAUS, why fall upon Helen thus, as if you were going to strangle her ?

P R O T E S I L A U S.

Because, Æacus, she was the cause of my death ; for her I left my house half-finished, and my new-married wife, a widow.

Æ A C U S.

Blame Menelaus rather, who led you to Troy in defence of such a woman.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

You are in the right, he is indeed most to be condemned.

M E N E L A U S.

Lay not the fault on me, my worthy friend, but, with more justice, on Paris, who seized my wife, in defiance of all the laws of hospitality : he deserves to be strangled, not only by you, but by all the Grecians and Barbarians, for being the cause of so much bloodshed.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

It is very true : thee, Paris, will I be revenged of, nor will I ever quit my hold of thee.

P A R I S.

There, Protefilaus, you will be guilty of manifest injustice, to fall upon a brother sufferer : I am a lover as well as you, and serve the same deity : you know we act against our wills ; the god leads us wherever he pleases, and it is impossible to resist him.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

You are right ; would to heaven I could catch that same god of love !

Æ A C U S.

I will tell you how he would justify himself : he would, perhaps, acknowledge that he had inspired Paris with a passion for Helen, but, at the same time, you, Protefilaus, and none but you were the cause of your own death, you, who left your new-married wife, and when you came to Troy, without any consideration of danger, and fond of glory, rushed foremost into the battle, and were one of the first that perished in it.

P R O T E S I L A U S.

Æacus, I can assign the real cause ; the whole should be imputed, not to me, but to fate ; the will of the gods had so decreed it from the beginning.

Æ A C U S.

True : why therefore accuse the innocent ?

D I A-

D I A L O G U E XXVII.

NEREUS, THERSITES, AND
MENIPPUS.

N E R E U S.

HERE comes Menippus, he shall be judge
which of us is the handsomest: what say you,
Menippus, am not I?

M E N I P P U S.

Who are you? for I think I should know
that first.

N E R E U S.

Nereus and Therfites.

M E N I P P U S.

But which is Nereus, and which is Therfites?
for that is not clear to me.

T H E R S I T E S.

Thus much then I have gained already, that
we are thought like one another: you are not
so much above me as that blind * Homer

* *Homer.*]

Nereus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race.

Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book ii. l. 817.

In the same book we meet with the contrast in his descrip-
tion of Therfites:

His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame,
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mishapen head.

Iliad, book ii. l. 263.

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would make us believe, when he calls you the most beautiful of men; and yet, you see, I, with my wry face, and bald pate, appear to the judge no ways inferior to you: now, therefore, Menippus, pronounce which you think the handsomest.

N E R E U S.

Me, no doubt, sprung from Charops and Aglaia, the most beautiful of all the youths who came before Troy.

M E N I P P U S.

But not so, I think, now you are under ground: your bones are like others, and your scull differing from the scull of Theseites only in this, that it is thinner, softer, and more effeminate.

N E R E U S.

Only ask Homer, what an appearance I made when I fought amongst the Grecian forces.

M E N I P P U S.

Idle dreams: I look at what you are now; what you were, they know best that lived with you.

N E R E U S.

So I am not handsomer here, it seems, than any body else?

M E N I P P U S.

Neither you nor any body else is handsome
here:

here : amongst the dead all are equal, and all alike.

T H E R S I T E S.

That is enough for me.

D I A L O G U E XXVIII.

M E N I P P U S A N D C H I R O N.

M E N I P P U S.

I Have heard, Chiron, that though you might have been a god, you rather chose to die.

C H I R O N.

What you heard was very true ; and, as you see, I am * dead, though I might have been immortal.

M E N I P P U S.

What could make you so fond of death, a thing in the eyes of most men so unlovely ?

C H I R O N.

As you are no fool, I will tell you ; I found no pleasure in immortality.

M E N I P P U S.

Was it unpleasant then to live and behold the sun ?

* *Dead.*] Chiron, however, was, according to all accounts, a gainer by the bargain, being afterwards promoted by Jupiter to a star-ship in heaven, which he still enjoys in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

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C H I R O N.

It was: pleasure in my opinion consists not in sameness, but variety; to live for ever, to enjoy the same things, see the same sun, and eat the same food, to count the same hours, and see every thing in life recurring in continual succession, brought on satiety: there is no happiness but in change.

M E N I P P U S.

True, Chiron; but how like you these infernal regions, which you were so desirous of a visit to?

C H I R O N.

O, passing well, Menippus: equality is agreeable to all, and whether what we do is done in light or darkness it matters not; besides, that here we neither hunger nor thirst, as in the other world, but are free from every want.

M E N I P P U S.

Take heed, Chiron, that you do not contradict yourself, and fall into the very error you declaim against.

C H I R O N.

How so?

M E N I P P U S.

Because, if you were so satiated in the other world, by a repetition of the same enjoyments, you must be satiated here also, where every
thing

thing is alike; you will therefore be for making another change, and seeking after another life, which cannot possibly be granted.

C H I R O N.

What, then, Menippus, is to be done?

M E N I P P U S.

What should be done by a man of sense, which, they say, you are, and which I believe you to be; be pleased and satisfied with what you have, and think nothing either in life or death insupportable.

D I A L O G U E XXIX.

D I O G E N E S A N D H E R C U L E S.

D I O G E N E S.

IS not this Hercules? By Hercules it is! his bow, his club, his lion's skin, his size, in short, Hercules all over. Could he die, who was the son of Jupiter? Pray, inform me, my noble conqueror, are you really dead? For, upon earth, I sacrificed to you as a god.

H E R C U L E S.

And you were right in so doing: for Hercules himself is with the gods in heaven, and I am only his image.

D I O G E N E S.

How is that? the image of a god! and is it
Y 4 possible

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possible for any one to be half mortal, and half immortal?

H E R C U L E S.

Certainly; for he did not die, but I, who am his * image.

D I O G E N E S.

I understand you now; he gave you up to Pluto, instead of himself, and so you died for him.

H E R C U L E S.

Something like that.

D I O G E N E S.

How happened it that *Æacus*, who is a sharp looker out, did not know you from him, but took in this sham Hercules?

H E R C U L E S.

Because I am so like him.

D I O G E N E S.

So like, indeed, that you are the very per-

* *His image.*] The ancients imagined that the soul, though freed from the body, had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the resemblance of the mould, when separated from it: this vehicle was supposed to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtil than the soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body received, when living, were believed to affect this inward substance, and, consequently, might be visible after separation: this is the strange and unintelligible notion which Lucian ridicules in the dialogue before us, as well as in many other parts of his works.

son :

son : I wish you are not the true Hercules yourself, and that it is your image which is welded to Hebe in heaven.

H E R C U L E S.

You are a saucy prater ; and if you do not leave off sneering at me, you shall see presently whether I am an image of a god or not.

D I O G E N E S.

I see your bow is ready stretched ; but what have I to fear from it, who am dead already ? But, by this same Hercules, I beseech you, tell me, whilst he lived, were you with him as his image, or were you one and the same during life, and separated after death, he flying off to heaven, and you, his image, as became you, descending into hell ?

H E R C U L E S.

Such as seem resolved to cavil and dispute, deserve no answer, however, I will give you one ; know then, all Amphytrion's part of Hercules, which part I am, died, and all Jupiter's is with the gods in heaven.

D I O G E N E S.

I apprehend you clearly : Alcmena brought forth two Hercules's at the same time, one by Amphytrion, and the other by Jupiter.

H E R C U L E S.

No, fool ; we were both one and the same.

D I O.

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D I O G E N E S.

It is past my comprehension how you can make two Hercules's, unless, like the Centaur, the man and god were joined together.

H E R C U L E S.

Are not we all compounded of two parts, the soul and the body, why then should not the soul which was from Jove, be in heaven, and I, the mortal part, here below?

D I O G E N E S.

True, my good son of Amphitryon, if you were a body; but you are only an incorporeal image. I am afraid, therefore, at last, you will make out a three-fold Hercules.

H E R C U L E S.

How a threefold one?

D I O G E N E S.

Why, thus; one, you know, is in heaven, you, the image, are here below, and your body reduced to ashes on mount Oeta; there are three of you: now find out a third father for your body.

H E R C U L E S.

Thou art an impudent sophist; who are you?

D I O G E N E S.

I am the image of Diogenes, the Sinopian. I do not converse, indeed, with the immortal gods, but with the first quality amongst the
dead,

dead, and laugh at Homer and all such idle story-tellers.

D I A L O G U E XXX.

MENIPPUS, AND TIRESIAS.

M E N I P P U S.

TIRESIAS, whether you are blind or not we cannot easily distinguish; for here all our eyes are hollow, and only their sockets left, we cannot tell which is * Phineus, and which is Lynceus; but the poets have informed us that you were a prophet, and that you have been both man and woman: by the gods, therefore, I beseech you, tell me, in which sex did you lead the happiest life?

T I R E S I A S.

The woman's life, Menippus, was much the most agreeable, and the most easy; the women always rule the men: besides, that they need not go to war, nor watch in the bulwarks, nor harangue in council, nor dispute in the forum.

M E N I P P U S.

Did you never hear the Medea of Euripides,

* *Phineus*.] Was a famous blind prophet, and Lynceus, οξυδερκής, the most sharp sighted of mortals. Pindar tells us, he saw Castor at a prodigious distance, though hid in the trunk of a tree.

where

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where she laments the miseries of her sex, and the intolerable pains of child-birth ? But, pray tell me (for Medea's iambics put me in mind of it), did you ever lye-in when you were a woman ?

T I R E S I A S.

Why do you ask that question ?

M E N I P P U S.

Nay, no harm ; it is easily answered : what say you ?

T I R E S I A S.

No : never.

M E N I P P U S.

And, pray, were you changed at once from a woman into a man ?

T I R E S I A S.

I wonder what you mean by asking me ; you seem as if you doubted whether the fact was really so or not.

M E N I P P U S.

Surely one may be allowed to doubt of such things a little ; or, do you think we should, like idiots, take them for granted ?

T I R E S I A S.

You do not believe other things, then, of the same kind, which you must have heard, that women have been turned into birds, beasts, and trees ; as Philomela, and Daphne, and the daughter of Lycaon ?

M E.

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M E N I P P U S.

When I light on them, I shall hear what they say themselves; but pray, my friend, did you prophecy when you were a woman, and afterwards too? or did you commence man and prophet at the same time?

T I R E S I A S.

I see you know nothing of my history; how I made up a quarrel amongst the gods; how Juno deprived me of my sight, and Jupiter made me amends, by bestowing on me the art of prophecy.

M E N I P P U S.

And can you, Tiresias, continue to propagate these falsehoods? But it is the fashion with you prophets, who never say any thing that is true.

MENIPPUS;

OR THE

ORACLE OF THE DEAD.

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue was undoubtedly designed by LUCIAN as a Burlesque on the eleventh Book of HOMER'S Odyssey, describing the Descent of ULYSSES to the Infernal Regions, and to which it is observable, the ancient Critics, have prefixed the same Title, viz. Νεκρομαντία, or the Book of Necromancy. There seems to be, likewise, throughout, a visible Allusion to the Oracle of TROPHONIUS, and the ridiculous Ceremonies to be observed by all those who consulted it, as accurately and minutely described by PAUSANIAS.

MENIPPUS, PHILONIDES.

MENIPPUS.

“**H**AIL, ye lov'd doors, ye well known mansions, hail!
Once more to light returned, with blithsome heart,
You I re-visit — —”

PHILONIDES.

Surely this must be the Cynic, Menippus:

* *Hail, ye loved, &c.] See the Hercules Furens of Euripides.*

if I know what Menippus's are, it is certainly he; but why this strange disguise; what business has he with a lion's skin, a cap, and a lyre? I will make up to him. Menippus, your servant, whence come you? for, I think, we have not seen you in the city this many a day.

M E N I P P U S.

"Far from the gods, where gloomy Orcus reigns,
In the dark regions of the dead, I come.

P H I L O N I D E S.

And so you stole from us, without our knowing any thing of the matter, and now are come to life again: O Hercules!

M E N I P P U S.

"No: death received me there a living man."

P H I L O N I D E S.

What might be the cause of this strange, incredible expedition of your's?

M E N I P P U S.

"My youth incited, and my courage drove."

P H I L O N I D E S.

Prithee, leave off tragedizing, descend from your lofty iamblings, and tell me plainly, what you mean by that garb, and what business you had in the regions below: for surely the journey thither has nothing in it very pleasant or agreeable.

M E N I P P U S.

* “ From earth I fly,

To seek Tiresias in the nether sky.

P H I L O N I D E S.

You are certainly crazy, or you would not rant and rhapsodize so with your old friends.

M E N I P P U S.

Do not be surpris'd at it: I am just come from Homer and Euripides; and so full of their poetry, that verses come into my mouth, whether I will or no. But, tell me, how go things upon earth? What are they all about in the city?

P H I L O N I D E S.

Nothing new: they pilfer, swear, cheat, play the usurer, and weigh their farthings, e'en just as they us'd to do.

M E N I P P U S.

A parcel of miserable scoundrels: they little know what is going forward against them below, and how severe a decree is soon to be issued out against rich rogues; which, by Cerberus, they will find it a hard matter, with all their art, to evade.

P H I L O N I D E S.

Say you so? And is there any thing new determin'd below, concerning us here above?

* *From earth, &c.*] Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book xi. l. 200.

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, by Jupiter, is there, and a great deal too; but I must not tell it to every body, or disclose what is not to be revealed, lest I should have an information filed against myself for petty treason against Rhadamanthus.

P H I L O N I D E S.

For heaven's sake, Menippus, be less reserved to an old friend, who, you know, can keep a secret, and, besides, is one of the initiated.

M E N I P P U S.

It is a difficult task which you enjoin me, and not altogether safe: to oblige you, however, I will venture. The decree is, that those rich rogues, who keep their gold shut up, like Danae in —

P H I L O N I D E S.

Before you proceed with the decree, I must beg you, my good friend, to let me know, what, above all, I desire first to be acquainted with, the cause of your journey down, and who conducted you thither; and, moreover, what you saw and heard there; as I am satisfied a man of your taste could have omitted nothing that was worthy of his observation.

M E N I P P U S.

This too I will do for you: when a friend is so obligingly pressing, there is no denying him.

First, then, I must acquaint you with my sentiments ; and what it was that determined me to visit the infernal regions. When a boy, I was always reading Homer and Hesiod, who recounted the battles and factions, not only of their heroes and demi-gods, but of the gods themselves, their rapes, adulteries, quarrels, banishing their parents, marrying brothers and sisters, and so forth ; all which, no doubt, I inferred, must be right and honest, and which, to say the truth, I had no small desire to practise : but when I came to man's estate, I attended to the laws, which taught me a system of morality very different from that of the poets ; that I must not steal, stir up factions and seditions, nor commit adultery. I remained in doubt and uncertainty, and knew not how to act : the gods, I thought, would never have been quarrelsome, factious, or adulterers, if they had not thought it right so to be ; nor, on the other hand, would the legislators have taught things directly opposite to these, if they had not thought them more conducive to the welfare and happiness of mankind. In this doubtful state I remained, till it occurred to me, that I might apply to certain persons, called philosophers, yield myself up to their direction, and request them to point out to me that safe and
simple

simple path of life, which I ought to follow; thus resolved, I went in search of them, little thinking that I should fall, as they say, out of the * smoke into the fire: for amongst these, I found, in the end, only more ignorance and insufficiency, and was almost induced to think the life of an idiot preferable to their's. One maintained that we should follow pleasure, in which alone true happiness consisted; another enjoined perpetual toil and labour, told us, we should keep the body lean, squallid, and emaciated; that we should be morose and severe; and then would he chaunt forth the old verses of Hesiod, about virtue, and sweating up to the † top of a high mountain. One exhorted us to condemn riches, as a thing of no value, or estimation; whilst another acknowledged that Plutus himself had something good in him: not to mention their strange notions about the

* *Out of the smoke.*] An old Greek proverb. It is adopted by Erasmus; *fumum fugiens* (says he) in ignem incidi. We have an English adage, which borders nearly upon it. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

† *Top of a high mountain.*] Alluding to those lines of Hesiod,

The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,
Arduous, and long, and on a rugged soil,
Thorny the path; but, when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.

See Hesiod's *Weeks and Days*, book 1.

world, their original ideas, incorporeal beings, atoms, a vacuum, and a heap of such unintelligible jargon, which they were perpetually repeating; but of all things, the most truly ridiculous, was, that whilst they all held tenets and opinions directly opposite and contradictory to each other, every one supported his argument with such strong and powerful reasons, there was no refuting either one, who said it was hot, or the other, who affirmed it to be cold; though you were convinced it was impossible for the same thing to be both hot and cold at the same time. For my part, I was like a man half asleep, assenting and dissenting, by a nod, to both parties. I could not, moreover, help observing, that, which was still more absurd, in many of them, their practice was directly contrary to their principles: those, I remarked, who inculcated the greatest contempt of riches, were themselves so strongly attached to, that they were not, by any means, to be torn from them: they quarrelled about usury, they taught for hire, they went through every thing, in short, for the sake of money. Those, in like manner, who were for extirpating the love of fame, attempted every thing from that very motive: whilst all united to rail at pleasure in public, and, in private, thought of nothing else.

Thus,

Thus, again, and again disappointed, I grew very uneasy, but comforted myself with the reflection, that though I remained still ignorant, and wandering about in the search of truth, I was a fool, however, in good company, and had many of those, who were most celebrated for their wit and wisdom, to keep me in countenance. One night, at length, as I laid sleepless, and thinking on this matter, it came into my head that I would go to Babylon, and ask the assistance of some magi, the disciples and successors of Zoroaster: these, I had heard, could, by certain ceremonies and incantations, open the doors of hell, set a man down there, and bring him safe back again, whenever they pleased: the best way, therefore, I thought, was, leave being first obtained from some of them, to go immediately to old Tiresias, the Bœotian, and learn of that wise prophet, what was really the best rule of life, which a prudent man should go by; and, accordingly, leaping up as fast as I could, I made the best of my way to Babylon, where I met with a certain Chaldæan, a wise man, a diviner by profession, with white hair, and a most venerable beard, whose name was Mithrobarzanes: whom, after much supplication and intreaty, I at last prevailed on to conduct me, on his own terms, to the infer-

nal regions: he then took me, at the time of the new moon, and washed me nine and twenty days in the Euphrates, with my face towards the rising sun, repeating at the same time a long speech, which I could not well hear, as he spoke it like one of our public criers, who give you something rapid and indistinct, which you can never understand: he seemed, however, to invoke some dæmons; and, after the incantation, spitting three times in my face, returned; taking no notice of, nor even seeing those that met us. Our food was acorns, our drink milk and honey, or the water of Choaspes: we slept upon the grass, in the open air: after being thus dieted, I was led, in the middle of the night, to the Tigris, where he washed, and then purified me with torches and sea-leeks, and so forth, not forgetting to mumble over his incantation: then, to complete the charm, and save me harmless from the spectres, he walked round me, and thus prepared, making me walk backwards all the way, led me home: the rest of the night was spent in preparing for our voyage: he was cloathed himself in a kind of magic garment, much resembling the Median dress, and equipped me, as you see, with this cap, a lion's skin, and a lyre; telling me, if any body asked my name,

I should

I should not say it was Menippus, but * Hercules, Orpheus, or Ulysses.

P H I L O N I D E S.

And why, so, pray? for I cannot conceive any reason for changing, either your habit, or your name.

M E N I P P U S.

The reason is plain enough. As they had gone down to hell in their lifetimes, long before us, he imagined, to be sure, if we appeared like them, we might easily deceive Æacus's guards, and get there without any interruption, as this heroic dress would be so much more familiar to them.

At length day appeared; we went down to the river, and prepared to embark; the boat was ready, the sacrifices, milk and honey, and every thing else that was necessary for the ceremony: thus prepared, we ourselves went on board, not without melancholy faces, and shedding many tears. After being a little time on the river, we came to the lake, into which Euphrates, emptying himself, disappears; and passing that, arrived at a certain desert, woody,

* *Hercules, &c.*] Because these three heroes had all been indulged with the privilege of visiting the infernal regions; Menippus, consequently, might pass and repass there unmolested.

and dark region, where, as soon as we entered, (for Mithrobarzanes went first), we dug a ditch, killed our sheep, and sprinkled the blood round it; the magician, in the mean time, holding a lighted torch, and roaring as loud as he could, called upon the Dæmons, and Furies, and nocturnal Hecate, and lofty Proserpine, with a mixture of strange and barbarous names, of I know not how many syllables long.

Immediately the whole place shook; the earth was rent by the power of magic; the barking of Cerberus was heard from afar, and every thing round us, beyond measure, dreary and terrible!

* And Pluto trembled in his dark abode.

For now the fiery lake, Periphlegethon, and the palace of Pluto appeared: down, however, we plunged, through the gulph, where we found Rhadamanthus, half dead with fear: Cerberus barked, and raged most furiously; but I immediately struck my lyre, and quickly lulled him to sleep with the sound. When we came to the lake, we were very near being overfet, the boat being heavy laden, and full of dreadful lamentations: for all on board were wounded, one in the head, another in the thigh,

* *Pluto, &c.*] See Homer's *Iliad*, v. l. 61.

and

and a third in some other part, as if, which I suppose was the case, they had just come from a battle. My friend, Charon, seeing my lion's skin, took me for Hercules, carried me over very willingly; and, when we came out, shewed us the right way on. Mithrobarzanes, however, as we were in the dark, kept the lead: I stuck close behind him, till we came to the great mead of daffodils, where a croud of buzzing ghosts hovered round us: proceeding a little further, we arrived at the tribunal of Minos, where we saw him seated on a high throne, with the avenging spirits, furies, and punishments of every kind, as his assessors. On the other side were the malefactors, bound together with a long chain, and dragged towards him: these were all adulterers, pimps, bawds, publicans, parasites, informers, and the rest of those who corrupt and confound every thing in human life. In another part, by themselves, were brought up the rich men, and usurers, pale, pot-bellied, and gouty, each weighed down with his yoke and crow of two talents about his neck. We stood by, saw every thing that passed, and heard their several defences: a new and most extraordinary species of orators appeared to plead against them.

PHILONIDES.

For heaven's sake, who were they? I suppose you can inform me.

MENIPPUS.

You have seen the * shadows of bodies made by the sun?

PHILONIDES.

Certainly.

MENIPPUS.

These, after death, are our accusers, bear witness against us, and lay open every action of our lives: they may, indeed, for the most part, be relied on, as they are never absent from our bodies, and perpetually about us. Minos, therefore, after the strictest examination, dismissed them to the regions of the wicked, every one according to his deserts; treating those above all with most severity, who, puffed up by avarice and ambition, had expected little less than adoration amongst men. To shew his abhorrence of their short-lived pride and ostentation, which made them forget that they were mortals, and perishable themselves, as well as every thing that belonged to them; no sooner were they disrobed of their finery, for so I call riches, rank, and power, than, standing naked, with dejected countenances, they began to look

* *Shadows of bodies.*] See the Gorgias of Plato.



back on all the happiness of this life but as a dream. For my own part, I rejoiced to see them in this condition; and, when I met with any of my acquaintance, came silently up to, and whispering, put him in mind, how “he used to strut about in his life-time, when crowds of attendants stood at his door, to watch his coming out in the morning, after, perhaps, being denied admittance, and thrust out by his servants, whilst he, scarce observing them, dressed in purple, or gold, or some robe of various colours, at last, would condescend to make them happy, by stretching forth his hand or breast for them to kiss.” This discourse of mine galled them most severely.

Whilst I was there, one remarkable cause was determined by Minos, on the favourable side. Dionysius, of Sicily, who had been accused by Dion of many heinous crimes, and condemned by the Stoic porch, was just on the point of being chained to the Chimæra; when Aristippus, the Cyrenian, who is highly revered, and has the most powerful influence in the internal regions, procured a reversal of the sentence, by alleging that he had been liberal to learned men, whom he frequently relieved by his bounty.

We now left the seat of judgment, and proceeded

ceeded to the place of punishment : where a thousand dreadful objects presented themselves to us. On every side, together were heard the sound of whips, and the groans of those who were scorching in the fire ; together were seen the wheels, the collars, the presses, and other instruments of torture. Chimæra tearing some, Cerberus devouring others, all suffering their deserved punishment, kings and slaves, satraps and beggars, rich and poor, one with another. Not one of them but repented of their crimes. Some of those, we observed, who were but lately dead, hid themselves, and retired from us, and, if by chance we discovered them, looked sneaking and servile ; those, particularly, you may suppose, who in their life-times were most proud and haughty. The poor had half their punishment remitted, and, after intervals of rest, were again chastised for their misdemeanors.

There did I see the famous Ixion, and Sisyphus, and Phrygian Tantalus, in all his misery, and the earth-born Tityus : O Hercules, what an immense creature ! stretching himself over a whole field. Leaving these, we came to the Acherusian Mead, where we found the demi-gods and heroines, with another croud of ghosts, divided into nations and tribes, some old, withered,

ed,

ed, and, as Homer calls them, * feeble ghosts. Others looked youthful, and strong; particularly your Ægyptian carcases, I suppose, from the nature of their † pickle. It was no easy matter to know one from another: for, when their bones are laid bare, they are all alike; nor were we able, till we had for a long time reviewed, to distinguish them, as they laid one upon another, without any of those marks, or that finery, which we knew them by whilst upon earth; so that, when a heap of skeletons were got together, all resembled one another, with their ghastly terrifying looks, and shewing their naked teeth: I could not know Therfites from the beautiful Nereus, the beggar Irus from the king of the Phæacians, or Pyrrhias the cook from Agamemnon; for not the least ancient mark remained; their bones were all alike, without so much as a title to distinguish them.

Reflecting on these things, I could not help

* *Feeble ghosts.*] Νεκρῶν ἀμύθητα καὶ ἥθη. Pope calls them wan shades, and feeble ghosts. See the *Odyssey*, book x. Concerning the true sense of the epithet ἀμύθητα, the critics are much divided.

† *Pickle.*] Lucian calls it ταρκεία, conditura; what the preparation was, which the Ægyptians made use of to preserve their dead bodies, was a secret to the ancients, and, I believe, remains so to this day.

comparing human life to a long * public shew, where Fortune, acting the Choragus, disposes all things, and puts on the several habits of those who wark in it: to one she gives the tiara, appoints him satraps, and crowns him with a diadem; another she clothes in the garb of a slave; one she adorns, and renders beautiful; another she makes deformed and ridiculous; for the spectacle must have variety: often, even in the middle of the ceremony, will she change the dresses of some, and not permit them to go through the shew as they set out. Cræsus she forced to take the habit of a slave; to Mæandrius, who had long walked in the procession as a servant, she transferred the monarchy of Polycrates, and suffered him for a while to strut in the royal robe. When, at length, the shew is over, every one gives back his garment, and, laying it aside, together with his body, becomes just as he was before, and in nothing differing from his neighbour. Some, when Fortune came to strip them of their robe, were foolish enough to murmur and be angry, refusing to give back, what was but lent them for a time, as if they had been deprived of some-

* *Public shew.*] This comparison of Lucian's is to the last degree just, elegant, and beautiful, and cannot be sufficiently admired,

thing which they considered as their own. So have you often seen the * actors of the tragic scene, who appear sometimes as Creons, then as Priams, then as Agamemnons, as the drama requires of them; and the same man, it often happens, who but a little before has majestically represented Cæcrops, or Erectheus, shall come forth as a poor slave, if the poet so commands him. The play at length finished, every one of them puts off his gilded robes, lays aside his mask, and descending from his buskins, walks about, like a poor and low fellow as he is, no longer called Creon the son of Menæceus, or Agamemnon the son of Atreus; but mere Polus the Servian, son of Charicles, or Satyrus of Marathon, the son of Theogiton. In such a light, after these spectacles, appeared to me the actions of mankind.

P H I L O N I D E S.

But, pray tell me, Menippus, those who, here upon earth, have such splendid and magnificent sepulchres erected for them, who have their monuments, statues, and inscriptions, do

* *The actors.*] This naturally reminds us of Shakespeare's comparison:

Life—is a poor player,
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more, &c.

they

they meet with more honours and respect amongst the dead than the vulgar?

M E N I P P U S.

Not they, indeed. I am sure you would never have done laughing, had you seen Mausolus himself, the Carian, so famous for his tomb, contemptuously thrown into a little dark hole, amongst the common rabble: all that he seems to enjoy of the monument is, that he appears miserably oppressed by the weight of it; for when Æacus, you must know, my friend, has allotted to every one his proper place (and he never gives them more than a foot a-piece), there they must lie content, and contract themselves according to their stinted measure. You would have smiled to see some of our kings and satraps turned beggars there, or selling salt fish for their bread, or teaching school, scoffed at, and buffeted like the meanest slaves. I could scarce contain myself, when I saw Philip of Macedon there, as they pointed him out to me, in a corner, * healing the wounds of old shoes: many others, likewise, did I see begging in the

* *Healing the wounds.*] *Αἰσῆμα, τασαβρα*, says Lucian: the expression is most happily ludicrous. My author has given us here a better Pagan hell than any of the ancient poets, and dealt forth his rewards and punishments with more equity, as well as with much more wit and humour.

high-

highway ; your Xerxes's, Polycrates's, and so forth.

P H I L O N I D E S.

What you have told me, about our princes and great men, is truly ridiculous, and almost incredible : but how was Socrates employed, and Diogenes, and the rest of our philosophers ?

M E N I P P U S.

Socrates was walking about, and disputing with every body, accompanied by Palamedes, Nestor, Ulysses, and all the old praters ; his legs seemed to be swelled with the poisonous draught which he had taken. As for my worthy friend Diogenes, he kept constantly with Sardapalus the Assyrian, Midas the Phrygian, and the rest of our magnifico's ; and when he hears them groaning, and lamenting their lost grandeur, laughs at, and diverts himself with them ; sometimes lying along upon the ground, and, with a most sharp and piercing voice, drowning their cries ; whilst the poor creatures, thus tormented, consult together how, by change of situation, they may, if possible, escape from him.

P H I L O N I D E S.

Well ; no more of this. What was that

decree you were speaking of just now against the rich?

M E N I P P U S.

Well remembered: I intended to have repeated it to you, but, I do not know how, have wandered quite away from it: as I staid then, you must know, some time amongst them, I heard the * Prytanes give out that there was to be an assembly on some public affairs; and seeing, soon after, a number of people, I mingled with them, and soon became myself one of the council. Many things were agitated, and at last came on the affair of the rich: a number of accusations w^{as} brought against them, such as pride, violence, oppression, and injustice; when, at length, one of the demagogues rose up, and read the following decree.

THE D E C R E E.

“Whereas the RICH are, in their life-time,

* *The Prytanes.*] The *Prytanes*, were officers appointed by the senate, to assemble the members, and to engrave on tablets any thing proposed to be taken into consideration, that all the senators might previously be acquainted with it; it was their duty likewise to draw up in writing any business which, after public discussion, was to be passed into a decree.

guilty

guilty of many and very enormous abuses, plundering, oppressing, and by every other means shewing their contempt of the poor; the senate and people do hereby enact, that when they die, the bodies of the said rich men shall be punished as the bodies of other miscreants are, and their souls sent back again into life, metamorphosed into asses, in that state to continue from ass to ass, five and twenty myriads of years, bearing burthens, and driven by the poor, after which they may be at liberty to die. Baldpate, the son of Skeleton, inhabitant of Ghostland, and of the tribe of the Bloodless, proposed this Decree."

The Decree being read, the magistrates gave their votes, the populace held up their hands, Proserpine howled her consent, and Cerberus barked; for thus, whatever is proposed here, must be confirmed, and made valid.

I have told you every thing that passed in the assembly; and now, addressing myself to Tiresias, whom I went down in search of, I acquainted him with all my doubts and difficulties, and begged him to inform me which he thought the best rule of life: he smiled, and replied (for it is a little blind animal, with a

feeble voice), “ child, I know the cause of all your perplexity is, that your wife men are never agreed among themselves about this matter: but I must not instruct you, it is forbidden by Rhadamanthus.” Say not so, my little father, cried I, but tell me, do not leave me as blind as yourself with regard to this life. He then took me aside, a good way off from the croud, and gently whispered in my ear: “ The life of plain unlearned men is the best and wisest: wherefore, laying aside the folly of searching into sublime truths, and speculating on ends and principles, no longer swallowing the sophisms of the learned, but looking on them as idle trifles, seek after this alone, to manage as well as you can the present hour, and what lies before you; pass easily through life, laugh at most things, and be not solicitous about any.”

When he had said this, he retreated to a beautiful meadow, thick planted with asphodelus; whereupon, for it was now late, come, said I, Mithrobarzanes, what should we stay any longer for? let us return to the upper world. Take courage, replied he, my friend, for I will show you a short and easy way up: and immediately he led me to a path, darker
than

than that which we were in, and, pointing to a small glimmering light, at some distance from us, that shot as it were through a cranny, that, says he, is the temple of Trophœnius, from which the Bœotians come down; get up there, and you will soon be in Greece. Rejoicing at the news, I embraced my good magician, and crept along, with some difficulty, through the mouth of the cavern, and here I am, I know not how, in Lebadaia.

C H A R O N;

S P E C T A T O R S.

CHARON is one of **LUCIAN's** best Dialogues, *abounding in true Wit and Humour, great Ease and Elegance of Language, with most judicious Observations, and sound Morality.*

C H A R O N, M E R C U R Y.

M E R C U R Y.

CHARON, what makes you so merry? how happens it that you leave your boat, and come thus into open day-light, you, who never used to trouble yourself about any thing in these upper regions?

C H A R O N.

I wanted, you must know, Mercury, to see what was going forward in human life, how mortals employ themselves in it, and what those precious things are which they so much lament the loss of, when they come down to us; for not one ferries over with me but weeps bitterly: wherefore, begging Pluto's leave of absence
only

only for a day, like the Theſſalian youth, you ſee me ariſen to light, and happy am I to have lit on you, as I know you will walk about with, and ſhew me every thing ; for there is nothing here but what you are well acquainted with.

M E R C U R Y.

Indeed, ferryman, I am not at leiſure : I have ſome little earthly buſineſs to tranſact for my maſter Jupiter, which I muſt go about immediately ; he is pretty haſty, and if I delay it, I am afraid, may conſign me entirely over to darkneſs, and give me leave to wait on nobody but yourſelf ; or, perhaps, take me by the heel, as he formerly ſerved * Vulcan, and throw me headlong out of heaven : then may I turn cup-bearer, and hop about for the entertainment of the company.

C H A R O N.

And would you let me come up here for no-

* *Vulcan*] This uncivil treatment of poor Vulcan is generally attributed to the fiery Juno, as mentioned by himſelf, in his ſpeech to Juno, in the firſt book of Homer's Iliad,

Once, in your cauſe, I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong, downward, from th'æthereal height ;
Toſt all the day, in rapid circles round,
Not, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground ;
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motion loſt,
The ſmithians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.

See Pope, book i. l. 760.

thing ; a friend too, a brother sailor, and colleague, as you are ? In good truth, son of Maia, you ought to remember that I never made you labour at the oar, or set you to steer the boat ; you lay, stretched out at your ease, at the stern, with those broad shoulders of yours, or, perhaps, if you lit on some gossiping ghost, kept prating with him all the way : whilst I, a poor old fellow, was left to tug you over by myself. I beseech you, therefore, by your honoured father, my dear little Mercury, do not desert me, but lead me through life, and let me say, when I go back, that I have seen something : if you leave me, I shall be like the blind ; as they totter about and stumble in the dark, so shall I in the light : grant me this favour, then, good Cyllenius, and I will for ever acknowledge it.

M E R C U R Y.

This affair will certainly cost me some blows ; my circumambulation will be rewarded with a few stripes : however, I must consent ; what can one do, when a friend insists upon it ? but as to seeing every thing, and completely too, my good ferryman, it is impossible ; that would be a work of years : Jupiter, then, would have me cried as a runaway ; besides, that it would put a stop to all your business below : if you
left

left off transporting the dead for such a length of time, it would be very prejudicial to Pluto's empire, and Æacus would be in a rage, when not a farthing came into his coffers; but I must endeavour to shew you at least the heads of things as well as I can.

C H A R O N.

I leave you to judge in what manner we shall proceed; for, as to myself, being a stranger in these parts, I know nothing of the matter.

M E R C U R Y.

In the first place, then, Charon, we must find out some eminence, from which we may view every thing. If you could have gone up to heaven, now, I should not be at a loss; from our spying-place there, we might have overlooked the whole world: but, as it is not lawful for you, who are always in the shades, to visit the regions above, we must search for some high mountain.

C H A R O N.

You know, Mercury, what I used to tell you when we were on board of ship: if the wind blew hard, and the waves rose high upon us, some of you, who knew nothing of the matter, would be for furling the sails, letting the sheet loose, or running with the wind, whilst I, who was a better judge, told you to be quiet. Now
here,

here, my friend, Mercury, you are the pilot, therefore, do what you like : I shall sit still, as passengers ought, and obey you in every thing.

M E R C U R Y.

You are right ; I believe I know best in this case, and shall look out, therefore, for a proper observatory. Let me see ; Caucasus, or Parnassus, which is higher, or Olympus, which is higher than either of them : and, now we talk of Olympus, something comes into my head that may be of service to us ; but in this I shall want both your assistance, and implicit obedience also.

C H A R O N.

Command, and to the best of my power I will obey you.

M E R C U R Y.

The poet Homer tells us, that * the two sons
of

* *Two sons, &c.*] Otus and Ephialtes. Homer tells us they were nine ells, that is eleven yards and a quarter in height, when they were only nine years of age.

The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread,
Such were the youths ; had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.

Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book xi. l. 311.

And well, indeed, he might, if they could move Pelion
and Ossa, those immense mountains, with so much strength.

L on-

of Alous, when they were little boys, tore up Offa by the roots, and wanted to put it upon Olympus, after which they were to have placed Pelion upon Offa, and so to make a proper ladder and get up to heaven : the children, indeed, for they were wicked rogues, suffered for it ; but why should not we (for we have no design to do the gods any harm by it) build up something of the same kind, by piling mountain upon mountain, till we get to a proper height for our prospect ?

C H A R O N.

And do you think, Mercury, that we two by ourselves, could lift up Pelion or Offa

M E R C U R Y.

Why not ? Do you imagine we are not as able as those two boys ? We, who are gods too ?

C H A R O N.

Certainly : and yet the thing appears to me so difficult, that it is almost incredible.

Longinus calls this strange fable, an instance of the true sublime in his favourite poet. Lucian, with much more reason, treats it as absurd and ridiculous. Though Homer is by no means answerable for the improbability of the story, which he only gives as he found it. It was undoubtedly one of those fictions which the Grecians invented, to represent the building of the tower of Babel, as it is at large explained and illustrated by the ingenious and learned Bryant. See the beginning of the third volume of his *Mythology*.

M E R.

Very possibly : but you are a novice, Charon, in these affairs, and what is worse, no poet : the noble * Homer put his mountains together so expeditiously, that, by the help of two verses only, he scaled heaven. I am surpris'd you think this so miraculous, when you know how Atlas alone bears up heaven, and carries us all upon his shoulders. You may have heard, perhaps, too, of my brother Hercules, how he got under, in the room of Atlas, and eased him of his burthen for a little time. *

C H A R O N.

All this I have heard, most certainly : but you and the poets can best tell whether it be true or no.

M E R C U R Y.

All true, Charon, you may depend on it : how could such wise men ever tell lies ? First, therefore, as Homer the architect, and his verses direct us, let us root up Ossa, then —

On Ossa, Pelion nods, with all his wood.

Do not you observe how easily and poetically this is done ? Get up here, then, and see if this will do, or whether we must pile up some more : excellent, indeed ! we are got to

* *Homer.*] See the passage above referred to, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssæy*.

the bottom of heaven already, for I can just see Ionia and Lydia from the east, Italy and Sicily from the west, from the north only those parts that are near the Danube, and a very little of Crete to the south of us; therefore, look you, my friend, we must remove Oeta, and put Parnassus on top of all.

C H A R O N.

With all my heart; but let us take care how we weaken the building, by raising it too high, lest, if we chance to fall with it, and break our heads, we should prove Homer a bitter bad architect.

M E R C U R Y.

Courage, good Charon, and every thing will go well. Do you move Oeta, and roll Parnassus upon it: now I will get up again: all is right; I can see every thing: come, mount yourself.

C H A R O N.

Mercury, lend me a hand, for this is no little hill that I am to climb up, I assure you.

M E R C U R Y.

If you have a mind to see any thing, get up; to be a lover of fights and run no hazard is incompatible: but come, lay hold of my hand, and take care you do not slip; very well: you are up; and now, as Parnassus has two tops, ~~do not~~ sit down upon one, and I the other,
and

366 C H A R O N ; o r ,

and we may look about us : cast your eyes down upon the world below, and you will see every thing.

C H A R O N .

I see a great deal of land, and a kind of large lake round it, with mountains, and rivers, wider than Phlegethon or Cocytus ; men too, that appear very small, and some of their little hiding places.

M E R C U R Y .

Those little hiding places, as you call them, are their cities.

C H A R O N .

Do you know, Mercury, we have been doing nothing all this while ? heaping Parnassus, Oeta, Castalia, and all your mountains one upon another to no purpose ?

M E R C U R Y .

How so ?

C H A R O N .

Because from this eminence I can see nothing distinctly. Besides, I wanted to take a view, not of cities and mountains only, as we may in a map, but of mankind ; to know what they do, and what they say : something like what happened to me when I met you first, and you asked me why I laughed so : for I had heard a thing that had delighted me prodigiously.

M E R -

M E R C U R Y.

What was that ?

C H A R O N.

A man was invited by one of his friends to supper : I will come to morrow, says he, for certain : in the mean time, a tile from the house falls upon his head and kills him. I laughed at the fool for not keeping his promise. But that I may see and hear the better now, I will even get down again.

M E R C U R Y.

Be easy where you are, and I will take care to sharpen your sight with a certain charm that I have from Homer : as soon as I have pronounced the verses, observe now, how clearly you will see every thing without any obstruction.

C H A R O N.

Repeat away.

M E R C U R Y.

* From mortal mists I purge thy sight,
That men from gods thou may'st discern aright.

C H A R O N.

How is this ?

* *From mortal mists, &c.* See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 127. Pope has translated it,

From mortal' mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the moving deities.

Which (as in many other places), is not the sense of the original.

M E R C U R Y.

Now do you see ?

C H A R O N.

Perfectly : Lynceus was blind in comparison to me ; now instruct me, and answer when I ask you any thing : but shall I question you out of Homer, to shew you I am not such a stranger to him as you imagine ?

M E R C U R Y.

How should a sailer, and a ferryman, like you, know any thing of Homer ?

C H A R O N.

You cannot help being severe upon my profession ; but when I ferried him over, after his death, I heard several of his songs, and remember some of them still. We had a terrible storm, I know, at the time ; for as he was repeating one of his rhapsodies, an unfortunate one for the poor sailors, and telling us how Neptune gathered the clouds together, threw his trident, like a hook, into the ocean, and raised up so many tempests ; the sea, as if disturbed by his rhapsodies, rose in such a manner upon us, that, what with storm and darkness, our vessel turned topsy-turvy. The poet grew sick, and vomited up a heap of verses on Scylla, Charybdis, and the Cyclops.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y,

It was easy enough, indeed, for you to preserve a little, out of so plentiful an evacuation.

C H A R O N.

But tell me now——

* What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceeds the rest?

M E R C U R Y.

Milo, the Crotonian, a famous wrestler: the Grecians are applauding him for carrying a bull over the course, a whole furlong.

C H A R O N.

How much better, Mercury, shall I deserve their applause, when I put this same Milo on board my little boat, as I shall soon, when he comes down to us, laid low by the great conqueror, Death, and wondering who it was that tripped up his heels. Then will the memory of these crowns and acclamations make him weep and lament: though now he plumes himself thus, because he is held in admiration for

* *What chief, &c.*] These are the words of Priam to Helen, when he enquires of her concerning the Grecian heroes, in the third book of the Iliad, and are there applied to Ajax. See Pope's translation, book iii. l. 290. As soon as Charon has informed Mercury how he came by so much learning, he begins to shew it in his quotations. The lines suit our hero as well as they did the other.

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carrying a bull. What think you ? Does he ever expect that he is to die ?

M E R C U R Y.

What ! in the height of his prosperity, think of death ?

C H A R O N.

Well, let him alone, he will make us a good laugh when he comes down amongst us, and, instead of a bull, will not be able to carry so much as a gnat. But tell me who is that other venerable figure ? No Grecian, I see, by his dress.

M E R C U R Y.

That, Charon, is Cyrus, the son of Cambyfes, who transported the empire of the Medes to the Persians, conquered the Assyrians, took Babylon, and is now planning an excursion into Lydia, to subdue Cræsus, and be master of the universe.

C H A R O N.

And where is Cræsus ?

M E R C U R Y.

Cast your eyes towards yonder fortrefs, with three walls round it ; that is Sardis : do not you see Cræsus there, sitting on his golden throne, and talking with Solon the Athenian ? Shall we listen and hear what they are about ?

C H A R O N.

By all means.

C R Œ S U S.

Now, my Athenian guest, after seeing all my riches and treasures, what quantities of gold and precious furniture I am possessed of, tell me, whom do you think the happiest of men?

C H A R O N.

What do you think Solon will say to him?

M E R C U R Y.

Be easy about that: nothing unbecoming a great mind, I will answer for it.

S O L O N.

Very few in this world, Cræsus, are happy: but of all whom I know, Cleobis and Biton, the priest's sons, in my opinion, deserve to be ranked amongst the happiest of all mankind.

C H A R O N.

He means the men of Argos, who lately died, after drawing their mother in her chariot to the temple.

C R Œ S U S.

Well: grant them the first place, who deserves the second?

S O L O N.

* Tellus, the Athenian, who lived well, and died in the service of his country.

C R Œ.

* *Ælus, &c.*] The conversation of Solon and Cræsus is not a fiction of Lucian's, but related by several ancient authors.

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C R Œ S U S.

And am not I, thou wretch, do not I deserve to be called happy ?

S O L O N.

Of that, Cræsus, I cannot determine, till your * life is ended : death is the only criterion by which we can judge in these matters.

C H A R O N.

Excellent Solon, for remembering me ! my boat, after all, is the best place for settling such affairs. But who are those that Cræsus is sending out, and what have they got upon their shoulders ?

M E R C U R Y.

Some ingots of gold, which he is making a present of to the Pythia of certain oracles, which in the end will be his destruction : for he is a mighty lover of prophets.

C H A R O N.

And is that shining stuff, of a palish red

authors. See Plutarch's life of Solon, Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. Tully calls it, *nota tabula*, though it might, after all, have been invented by one of them, and, as many other good stories are, retailed by all the rest.

* *Life.*] A sentiment no less trite than true. Ovid, with his usual elegance, has turned it thus,

— Ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremæque tunc ætæ det.

colour,

colour, gold? I have often heard of it, but never saw any before.

M E R C U R Y.

That is the famous thing that men quarrel so much about.

C H A R O N.

I see nothing in it so extraordinary, except that those who carry it seem to be heavy laden.

M E R C U R Y.

This is the source of wars, murders, robberies, frauds, long voyages, merchandise, slavery, falshood, and perjury.

C H A R O N.

What! this! that seems little better than brass; for that, you know, I am acquainted with, by receiving a farthing from every passenger.

M E R C U R Y.

True: but there is plenty enough of brass, and therefore it is not esteemed: but this is dug out from a vast depth, and in small quantities, by the industrious labourer: the earth produces it as it does other metals.

C H A R O N.

Men, by your account, must be great fools; to be so fond of such pale heavy stuff as this.

M E R C U R Y.

But Solon, you see, does not seem to covet

it ; he laughs at Cræsus, and derides the vanity of the Barbarian : he is going to ask him something, let us listen.

S O L O N .

Tell me, Cræsus, do you think the Pythian stands in need of these ingots ?

C R Œ S U S .

By Jove, does he : there is not such an offering in his whole temple.

S O L O N .

And you really think, that in the midst of all his treasures, these golden ingots will make the god happy ?

C R Œ S U S .

Why not ?

S O L O N .

There must be great poverty in heaven, if the gods want gold to be sent them out of Lydia.

C R Œ S U S .

Where can they get so much as from hence ?

S O L O N .

Have you any iron here ?

C R Œ S U S .

None at all.

S O L O N .

Then you want the more valuable metal.

C R Œ S U S .

How can iron be better than gold ?

S O .

S O L O N.

If you will argue fairly, and without passion,
I will soon convince you.

C R Œ S U S.

Proceed then.

S O L O N.

Which is the greatest, the preserver, or the
preserved?

C R Œ S U S.

The preserver, most indisputably.

S O L O N.

If, therefore, Cyrus should attack the Ly-
dians, would you make golden swords for your
army, or do you think iron ones would not
be more necessary?

C R Œ S U S.

Iron, no doubt.

S O L O N.

Yes, or your gold would be carried captive
into Persia.

C R Œ S U S.

Good words, I beseech you, man.

S O L O N.

Heaven forbid it should be so: you see, how-
ever, that iron is confessedly better than gold.

C R Œ S U S.

And would you have me present iron ingots
to the deity, and call my gold back again?

S O L O N.

He stands no more in need of one than the other : but whether you give him gold or brass, or any thing else, it will only fall to the share of the Phocians, the Boeotians, the Delphians themselves, or, perhaps, to some royal plunderer : for the god himself cares very little for your gold-makers.

C R Œ S U S.

You are always railing at, and envying my riches.

M E R C U R Y.

You see, Charon, the Lydian cannot bear truth and freedom : it appears strange to him that a poor man should talk so openly to him without fear or trembling : but the time will soon come when he shall remember Solon, when he shall be taken prisoner by Cyrus, and ascend the funeral pile : for, but the other day, I heard Clotho reading over the destinies of men, where it was written that Croesus should be led captive by Cyrus, and Cyrus himself slain by the Massagete : seest thou that Scythian woman, on the white horse ?

C H A R O N.

I do.

M E R C U R Y.

That is Tomyris, who shall kill Cyrus with her own hand, and throw his head into a vessel

fel of blood. But do you see yonder, that youth? it is his son Cambyfes: he ſhall ſucceed his father in the empire, and after many miſfortunes in Lydia and Æthiopia, kill Apis, and die raving mad.

C H A R O N.

O ridiculous! who can bear to ſee theſe men looking down ſo contemptuouſly on their fellow-creatures: or who would think that one would ſo ſoon be a wretched captive, and the other have his head thrown into a veſſel of blood?

C H A R O N.

But who is that, Mercury, with the diadem and purple robe? * the cook is preſenting him with a gold ring that he found in a fiſh's belly.

* *The cook, &c.*] Polycrates having, as Herodotus tells the ſtory, been remarkably ſucceſſful in every thing he undertook, was adviſed by Amafiſ, king of Egypt, by way of ſacrifice to Fortune, to part with ſomething which he held moſt valuable, he, accordingly, took a ring from his finger, of immenſe value, and threw it into the ſea; when lo, to his great aſtoniſhment, but a few days after, the very ſame ring came again to his hands, his cook finding it in the belly of a fiſh, which had been preſented to the tyrant, and which he immediately carried to him. The ſtory adds, that Amafiſ, hearing of the event, foretold that Polycrates ſhould die a violent death. Imagining, we are to ſuppoſe, that ſuch extraordinary good fortune muſt, ſome day or other, be followed by an equal calamity.

Ev'n

Ev'n in a † sea-girt isle—he seems to boast
Of royal pomp.

M E R C U R Y.

Well applied, Charon: that is Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, who thinks himself completely happy; but he shall fall in a moment from the summit of felicity, be betrayed by his servant Mæandrius, given up to Orætes the satrap, and hanged on a gibbet: for this also did I learn from Clotho.

C H A R O N.

Excellent Clotho! go on, most noble Clotho; hang some, behead others, that they may know themselves to be but men: raise them to the utmost height, that their fall may be the greater, and their punishment the more severe. I shall laugh hereafter, when I see them in my boat, stripped of every thing, without their purple, their tiaras, or their golden thrones.

M E R C U R Y.

That you most certainly will. But do not you observe a large multitude yonder, some fighting, others sailing, some going to law, others to plough, some getting money by usury, others by begging?

† *Sea-girt isle.*] Charon quotes part of one verse in Homer, and part of another, making up one whole hexameter.

C H A.

C H A R O N.

I see all life full of trouble and labour, crouds of people of every kind, and their cities like so many hives, where every man is armed with a sting to wound his neighbour, and some of them, like great hornets, are perpetually driving about and harassing their inferiors: but what are those that hover thus round them unseen?

M E R C U R Y.

Those, Charon, are Hope, Fear, Pleasure, Folly, Love of Money, Anger, Hatred, and the rest of the passions, which are mingled together, and scattered amongst men, without their knowlege; and in the same city you will find them all. Fear flies aloft, and then descending, strikes terror and amazement into their hearts. Hope, in like manner, hovers over their heads, and, whilst every man eagerly catches at it, flies away, and leaves the fools gaping with open mouths behind: just as you have seen Tantalus served in the infernal regions. But, if you look narrowly, you may observe the Parcae above, turning some spindles with slender threads hanging down over the heads of every one of them, like spider's webs.

C H A R O N.

I see a little thread tied up on each.

M E R-

You do so ; and the reason is, because the Fates have decreed that one should be killed by one, and another by another. He whose thread is longest shall be heir to him that has the short one ; and he succeeded by another who has a still longer than himself ; their being entangled together forebodes something of this kind. You see what a slender thread they all hang by ; behold him who is so exalted above the rest : in a very short time he shall find himself unequal to the weight he sustains, the cord will break, and he shall fall with a mighty noise : the other, who is raised but a little way from the earth, shall drop in silence, and even his nearest neighbour shall scarce hear his fall.

C H A R O N .

It is really pleasant enough.

M E R C U R Y .

O, it is impossible to say how ridiculous these mortals are : mark their care and solitude, and observe how suddenly death lays hold on them ; see what a heap of ministers he has, Agues, Fevers, Consumptions, Peripneumonies, Sword, Poison, Thieves, Judges, and Tyrants ; and yet not one of these do they ever think on whilst they are in prosperity ; but,
when

when affliction comes upon them, then it is, O me ! and alack, and alas ! Whereas, if they had considered in early youth that they were but mortals, doomed to wander for a little while on earth, and quickly to awaken from life, as from a short dream, and leave every thing behind, surely they would live more prudently, and die with less reluctance : but now, fondly imagining they shall for ever enjoy their present possessions, when the minister of death calls upon them, and they are snatched away on a sudden, they cannot bear to part with life, because they so little expected to be torn from it. Observe that man, who is urging on the workmen to finish his house with all diligence, what would he not rather do, if he knew that he must die and leave it to his heir, before he had himself once supped in it ? Look on him who rejoices that his wife has brought him a son, and entertains his friends on the event, and calls the boy by his own name ; if he knew that the child should die in his seventh year, would he, think you, be so happy at his birth ? But he is thinking of one of his neighbours, who is happy in a son that has conquered at the Olympic games ; and pays no regard to another, who is carrying out his to the last fire : Mark what a crowd of usurers there is yonder,

yonder, * heaping up their gold; before they will be able to enjoy it, they will be called away by those same messengers whom I before mentioned to you.

C H A R O N.

I see it all, and am reflecting within myself, what there can be in life so very desirable, that the loss of it should appear so dreadful to them.

M E R C U R Y.

Take the happiest of their sovereigns, those who are placed, as we may say, out of the reach of fortune, you will find more wretchedness than felicity amongst them: surrounded as they are with tumults, fears, conspiracies, hatred, wrath, quarrels, flattery, and disquietude, to pass over those sorrows and distempers, and that perturbation and anxiety of mind, which they have in common with the vulgar: it would take up, in short, as much time to recount their miseries as those of their inferiors.

C H A R O N.

I tell you what, Mercury, I think the lives of men may very properly be compared to;

* *Heaping up, &c.*] Agreeable to the reflection of the holy Psalmist,

“ Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.”

you

you must have seen those bubbles that rise from the rapid torrent, and swell into a foam: some of them, that are small, quickly break and disappear, others last longer, and meeting with more in their passage, grow to a larger size; but these also, in a little time, burst, and are dissolved into nothing; nor can it be otherwise: such are the lives of men; some long, some short, some swelled up for a time by a momentary blast, others ceasing to be, almost as soon as they exist: for all must break and vanish.

M E R C U R Y.

Your comparison, Charon, is as good as Homer's, who compares them to the * leaves of trees.

C H A R O N.

And yet, such as they are, how do men

* *Leaves, &c.*]

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these when those are pass'd away.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 181.

There is the same thought in the book of Ecclesiasticus,
"As of the green leaves of a thick tree, some fall and
some grow: so is the generation of flesh and blood; one
cometh to an end, and another is born."

employ

employ them, how eagerly do they contend for honours, wealth, and empire ; all which they must leave behind them, and come down to us at last with a single farthing ! As we are seated on an eminence, suppose I should call out to them as loud as I can, and exhort them to leave off their idle pursuits, and, in the midst of life, ever to have death before their eyes : “ Fools, as ye are, would I say to them, why do you seek after these things with so much anxiety ? Cease from your labours, for you cannot live for ever : none of those things, which now appear so desirable to you, are eternal ; nor, when you die, can you carry them along with you : naked you must all depart hence ; your houses, fields, and riches must go to others, and soon change their master.” By talking thus to them, could I make them hear, might not, think you, human life be improved, and men grow wiser ?

M E R C U R Y.

Bless you, friend ; you know not what slaves they are to ignorance and error : you may bore their ears through before they will hear you : they stop them up with wax, as * Ulysses did

* *Ulysses.*] The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
And, from excess of frenzy, lock'd the brain.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, book xii. l. 208.

those of his followers, that they might not hear the songs of the Syrens. You may strain your voice, therefore, till it cracks again : ignorance is to them, what Lethe is to you. Some few, indeed, there are amongst them, whose ears are not shut against truth, who see into things with penetration, and know what they are.

C H A R O N.

Shall I call out to them ?

M E R C U R Y.

That would be unnecessary, because it would be only telling them what they know already : you see how, withdrawing themselves from the vulgar, they laugh at the follies of others, not delighted with any worldly enjoyments, but meditating their flight from life to the regions below : shunned and hated by all those whose errors they condemn.

C H A R O N.

Noble and generous souls : but these, Mercury, are very few indeed.

M E R C U R Y.

These, however, must suffice : but let us get down.

C H A R O N.

One thing more, Mercury, I would fain know, and then our tour would be complete ;

I must take a view of the repositories for human bodies, which are dug in the earth.

M E R C U R Y.

You mean, what they call monuments, tombs, and sepulchres: do you observe, close to the cities, those heaps of earth, columns, and pyramids? those are all receptacles for dead bodies.

C H A R O N.

Why must they hang garlands upon them, and anoint them with sweet ointments? Some are making fires about the graves, digging fosses, pouring wine and † honey into them, and consuming, if I see right, magnificent entertainments in the flames.

M E R C U R Y.

In truth, Charon, I cannot conceive what business the dead have with these things: but they believe that the departed souls return from the shades, hover over the suppers, and, attracted by the fumes, as it were, partake of it, and drink the wine and honey out of the fofs.

† *Wine and honey.*] The ancients made libations to the dead of blood, honey, wine, &c. to render the ghosts propitious. Honey was accounted θανάτου συμβολόν, a symbol, or emblem of death: hence, as some think, the ghosts of the deceased came to be termed, μελιναι, the infernal gods μελιχχοι, and their oblations μελιχηματα. See Potter.

C H A-

C H A R O N.

What! dead men eat and drink, whose heads have no moisture in them! but it is ridiculous to talk so to you, who carry them down every day, and must know whether, after they once get below the earth, they ever return to it again. I should be foolishly employed, indeed, if, with all the business that I have, I should be obliged, not only to carry them over, but to bring them back again to drink. Fools and madmen, as you are, not to know how wide the distance is between the living and the dead, and what passes with us below, where

* All are the same, the man who hath a tomb,
Or hath it not; in equal honour there
Is the poor Irus, and the great Atrides,
'Theristes, or the fair-hair'd Thetis' son,
All dry and wither'd are the sculls that dwell
In the fair fertile meads of asphodel?

M E R C U R Y.

O Hercules! what a quantity of Homer have you pumped up! and now, you put me in mind of it, I will shew you the tomb of Achilles; look, yonder it is, by the sea side, near the cape of Sigæum; over against it Ajax was buried, in Rhætium.

* *All are the same, &c.*] This is a parody of Homer, consisting of passages and expressions, selected from different parts of his works, and humorously applied by Lucian to his subject.

C H A R O N.

It is not very magnificent: but shew me those famous cities, which we hear so much about in our lower regions, Nineveh, the residence of Sardanapalus; Babylon, Mycene, Cleone, and Troy itself: I remember carrying over so many from thence, that, for ten years together, I could never get my boat ashore, or have time to refit her.

M E R C U R Y.

Nineveh is totally destroyed, nor is the least vestige remaining of her, to point out where she once stood. Yonder is Babylon, surrounded by an extensive wall, and defended by many towers; in a few years, she, like * Nineveh, will be no more, and you may search for her in vain. As for Mycene, and Cleone, I am ashamed to shew them to you, and, above all poor Troy: for I know, when you return, you will throttle the poor bard for his magnificent encomiums: these were all in their time flourishing

* *Nineveh.*] Swift seems to have had this passage in his eye, when he wrote the following,

If neither brass nor marble can withstand,
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassoc (said a Welch divine),
Is out at elbows, why shou'd I repine?

and

and happy, but they are gone; cities, like men, must perish: and, what is more astonishing, whole rivers also, inasmuch that not the least remains of Inachus are now to be found in Argos.

C H A R O N.

What, Homer, then avail thy pompous titles of sacred Troy, so famed ~~for~~ her broad streets,

Well built Cleone, &c.

But see, whilst we are talking, who are those yonder, that fight so, what is the cause of their quarrel?

M E R C U R Y.

Those, Charon, are the Argives and Lacedæmonians, with their dying general † Othryades, erecting a trophy, and writing his own name upon it in his own blood.

C H A R O N.

What is the cause of the war?

M E R C U R Y.

The very field on which they fight.

C H A R O N.

O the folly of these mortals, who are so ignorant as not to see, that if every one of them were now masters of all Peloponnesus, a little spot of scarce a foot long, must be all they shall receive from Æacus hereafter; another and an-

† *Othryades.*] See Ovid's *Fast.* book ii. l. 665.

other owner shall till this field, and with their ploughs tear up the trophy from its foundation.

M E R C U R Y.

It must, indeed, be so : but let us get down ; put these mountains in their places again, and away, I to my business, you to your boat. I shall be with you soon, on my old errand.

C H A R O N.

Mercury, you have highly obliged me, you shall be enrolled amongst the great * benefactors, and I will set you down amongst my best friends, for helping me to this agreeable tour. What wretches are these mortals ! kings, hecatombs, battles, riches, are all they talk and think of : but not a syllable of Charon.

* *Benefactors.*] The word *εὐεργετας*, or benefactor, was frequently used in public inscriptions coins, statues, &c.

S A C R I F I C E S.

In this little Tract several Parts of the ancient Theogony, with many of the absurd Stories propagated by the Poets, are severely ridiculed.

WHEN we consider how ridiculously men act with regard to their sacrifices, solemn feasts, and supplications to the gods; what they pray for to, what they expect from, and what they think of them, I know not whether any of us, be he ever so grave or melancholy, can refrain from laughing, who beholds the folly of it. But, before he laughs, might he not ask himself, whether those should be called good and pious, or rather, on the contrary, miserable wretches, and enemies to the gods, who can suppose the divine nature so mean and illiberal as to want the aid of man, to rejoice in flattery, and to be angry when neglected. For all the calamities of Ætolia, the misfortunes of the Calydonians, all the battles and slaughter, with the destruction of * Meleager, all,

* *Meleager.*] The story is briefly thus : Oeneus, king of Calydon, a city of Ætolia, made a sacrifice to all the gods,
 C c 4 in

all, it seems, was the work of Diana, who was incensed at being forgotten in the sacrifices; so heinously did she resent the affront. I see her, methinks, left all alone in heaven, whilst the rest of the gods were gone to Oeneus, lamenting her fate, and complaining what a noble feast she had been disappointed of. Thrice happy, on the other hand, must we esteem those Æthiopians, whom Jupiter so kindly remembered; because, as we read in the beginning of Homer's poem, they feasted him, and the rest of the gods whom he carried along with him, for twelve days. Thus, nothing, it should seem, of all they do, will they do without being paid for it, but sell all sorts of good things to mankind: one, perhaps, buys health of them for the small price of a heifer; another gets riches for four oxen; a third purchases a

in gratitude for a year of remarkable plenty in his kingdom; but happening, either by chance, or designedly, to forget Diana, she resented the neglect, and sent a furious wild boar, who ravaged the whole country. Meleager, the son of Oeneus, destroyed the boar; but a quarrel afterwards arose, stirred up, it seems, by the goddess, between the Curcetes and the Ætolians, about the head and skin of the beast: each party claiming them as the reward of their valour: the Ætolians were worsted, and on the brink of destruction, but were saved at last by the valour of Meleager. For a full account, see Ovid, Met. book viii. Homer's Iliad, book ix. and the first book of Apollodorus.

king-

kingdom with a hecatomb ; for * nine bulls a man may return from Troy, safe and found to Pylos ; but the passage from Aulis to Ilium will cost a † royal virgin. ‡ Hecuba purchased the redemption of Troy, of Minerva, for twelve oxen, and a fine garment. Many things, however, we must suppose will come cheaper, and may be bought for a cock, a garland, or even a little common incense. For this reason, I suppose, Chryses, the high-priest, an old man, and well skilled in divine matters, after his unsuccessful attack on Agamemnon, expostulates with Apollo, whom he had bribed high for his favour, asks a proper return for it,

* *For nine bulls.*] When old Nestor returned from Troy, to Pylos, his native country, he offered up seven oxen to Neptune, in gratitude, as Lucian intimates, for his safe delivery. Telemachus, when he landed at Pylos, found him engaged in this pious office. See Homer's *Odyssey*, book iii. the beginning.

† *Royal virgin.*] Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon. This story is too well known to stand in need of any illustration.

‡ *Hecuba, &c.*] See the sixth book of Homer's *Iliad*, where Hector retires from the battle, on purpose to tell Hecuba to make this sacrifice :

Twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke :
But thou, aton'd, by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare !

Pope's Translation.

and,

and, scarce refrains from abuse, when he says,
 § “ Thy temple, O good Phœbus, unadorned before, with garlands often have I crowned with them, and with the thighs of many a bull and goat have I fattened thy altars ; but thou thinkest no more of me, who have suffered so much, and holdest in no esteem him who has deserved so well of thee.” This speech made the god so much ashamed of himself, that he took up his arrows, placed himself on an eminence near the ships, and smote the Grecians, mules, dogs and all, with the pestilence. And, now I am speaking of Apollo, I will mention some things, which the learned report concerning him. To pass over his unfortunate amours, the slaughter of Hyacinthus, and Daphne’s contempt of him, he was condemned for killing the * Cyclops,

§ *Thy temple.*] Alluding to those lines spoken by Chryses, in the beginning of the Iliad :

If e’er with wreaths I hung the sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
 God of the silver bow, &c.

Lucian puts the words into prose, and adds something of his own, the better to turn it into ridicule.

* *The Cyclops.*] Apollo lamented much the death of his son Æsculapius, but, not being able to revenge his death on Jupiter, turned his resentment against the Cyclops, who made the thunder and lightning which was supposed to have destroyed that famous physician. Pluto, it seems, had complained to Jupiter, that his dominions were thinned by the numbers

clops, was banished, by † ostracism, from heaven to earth, and sentenced to live like a mere mortal: he served in Thessaly with Admetus, and in Phrygia under Laomedon; with the latter, indeed, not alone, but in company with Neptune, both of them making bricks, and hiring themselves out, from mere want, to build walls, for which they say the Phrygians never paid them their whole wages, but to this day owe them above thirty Trojan drachmas.

How many things of this kind have the poets most gravely and pompously related concerning the gods; how many, still more solemnly, about Vulcan, Prometheus, Saturn, Rhea, and almost all the family of Jupiter! and this they do, in the beginning of their poems, not without invoking the gods to assist

numbers of people whom Æsculapius had cured, and consequently, kept upon earth. Jupiter, in compliment to his brother, immediately knock'd him o'the head. How few modern physicians run the hazard of Jupiter's displeasure on this account!

† *Ostracism*] *Οστρακισμος*, so called from the assemblies giving their votes in an *οστρακον*, or shell. This was a kind of popular judgment, or condemnation, peculiar to the Athenians, being a sentence of banishment against persons whose extraordinary power and influence were thought dangerous to the state. It generally lasted for ten years, but the banished person had, during the whole time, the enjoyment of his estate. No less than six thousand citizens must be in the assembly when the decree was passed.

them

them in their songs, where, inspired, as it seems, by the deity, they recite, how Saturn cut off his father Heaven, and reigned in it, and eat up his children, like the Grecian Thyestes; and how, moreover, Jupiter, Rhea having privily put a stone in the room of him, was exposed in Crete, and nourished by a goat, as Telephus was by a hind, and Cyrus, the Persian, by a dog; how, afterwards, he expelled his father, threw him into prison, and took possession of his kingdom: how he took many wives, and, last of all, Juno, his own sister, according to the laws of the Persians and Assyrians: how general a lover he was, and so given to venery, that he soon filled heaven with his offspring; some of celestial breed, others of terrestrial; most benevolently transforming himself into a bull, or a swan, or an eagle, or a shower of gold: more changeable than Proteus himself. How he begot Minerva alone, out of his own head, and conceived her in his brain: as to Bacchus, we are told, who was snatched, half-formed, from his burning mother, he hid him in his thigh, and when the labour-pangs were over, cut him out again.

Something of the same kind do they sing concerning Juno, that, without knowledge of man, she brought forth Vulcan, whom she conceived

cd

ed by the * wind, that unfortunate dirty blacksmith, a dealer in brass and fire, living in perpetual smoke, furrounded with furnaces and flames, short of one leg, and lame from the fall he received, when Jupiter threw him out of heaven; if the Lemnians, indeed, had not kindly received him, there would have been an end of our Vulcan, who had perished like Aftyanax, thrown from the tower. All this is tolerable: but who has not heard of Prometheus, and what he underwent, for loving mankind too well! and how Jupiter sent him to Scythia, hung him upon mount Caucasus, and placed a vultur near him, to feed every day upon his liver.

He has suffered sufficiently. Rhea too (for this likewise should, perhaps, be mentioned); how indecently did she act, and unworthy of herself, an old woman, as she is, and worn out, the mother of so many gods, to love the boys, to be jealous, to put the lions to her ear, and take her Attis about with her; one, besides,

* *The wind.*] Pliny believed conceptions of this kind to be probable, and relates them as matters of fact. It is told likewise of Spanish mares. This idea gave rise to an excellent pamphlet, published some few years ago, abounding with wit and humour, under the title of *Lucina sine Concubina*, to which I refer my readers, if it is now to be purchased.

who

who can be of so † little service. If these things are so, who can be angry with Venus for her adulteries, or Luna for stopping so often half way to meet her Endymion?

But, to say no more of this, let us take poetical licence, and get up at once into heaven, by the same road as Homer and Hesiod travelled thither, and see how every thing above is adorned and beautified. That the outside is * brass, we know from Homer. As soon as you come in there, raise your head up, and peep about you, or lay along upon your back, and look at it, the light becomes more clear, the sun emits a purer ray, the stars shine brighter, we meet with perpetual day, and a golden pavement. At the entrance of it are the Hous, who open the gates, then appear

† *Little service.*]

Virilia enim ipsi sibi excidunt: unde postea

Cybelis sacerdotibus mos iste. See Lactantius.

* *Brass.*] Thetis, in the first book of the Iliad, says to Achilles,

Then will I mount the *brazen* dome —

But in the fourth book, Homer talks of the gods being met, χρυσῶν ἐν δηπέδῳ, in golden pavements. Pope, for what reason I know not, has turned this pavement into a throne—
they

Assume their thrones of gold.

Lucian probably mentions these two expressions on purpose to ridicule them, as contradictory to each other.

Iris

Iris and Mercury, the ministers and messengers of Jove, then Vulcan's work-shop, filled with instruments of every kind : then comes the residence of the gods, and the palace of Jupiter : all the beautiful work of the lame deity.

† And now Olympus' shining gates unfold ;

The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold.

(For when you get into heaven you must speak pompously), and look down upon earth, casting their eyes on every side, to see if there are any fires lit, or any fumes from the fat rising up before them : if any sacrifices are going forward, they feast upon the smoke, and suck in the blood from the altars, like so many flies. When they sup at home, they have nothing but nectar and ambrosia. Formerly, mortals were admitted to eat and drink with them ; Ixion, for instance, and Tantalus ; but they were insolent, and told tales, for which they suffer to this day, and from that time heaven has been inaccessible to men.

Such is the life of the gods. Agreeable to it, and such as might be expected, is the religion of men ; they hallow groves, dedicate mountains, make birds sacred, and give to every god his favourite plant. Various nations worship various deities, and make them fel-

† *And now Olympus.*] See Iliad, beginning of book iv.

low-citizens; the Delphian and Delian has his Apollo, the Athenian his Minerva, (the ‡ name sufficiently points out the affinity), the Argive his Juno, the Mygdonian his Rhea, the Paphian his Venus; and, as to Jupiter, the Cretans assert, not only that he was born and bred up amongst them, but shew his tomb also: we have therefore been mistaken all this time, in supposing that Jupiter thundered, and rained, and did every thing else, and forgot that he was dead, and buried with the Cretans.

When they have built temples for them, lest they should be without a house, or an altar, they procure images and resemblances of them, calling in the assistance of a * Praxiteles, Polycletus, or Phidias: these, though how they came to the † sight of the gods I know not, give you an exact representation of

‡ *The name.*] The city of Athens took its name from *Athena*, *Athene*, *Minerva*, its protectress.

* *Praxiteles, &c.*] The three eminent sculptors of Greece.

† *To the sight.*] Agreeable to this idea of Lucian's, is a very pretty epigram, which we meet with in the *Anthologia*, which pays no little compliment to one of the ingenious artists abovementioned, and which is thus translated by Addison. Venus is supposed thus to address Praxiteles.

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view:
All this I frankly own, without denying;
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

them?

them : Jupiter has a long beard, Apollo is for ever young, Mercury just approaching to manhood, Neptune has his blue hair, and Minerva her blue eyes. Those who enter the temple, behold not the Indian ivory, or Thracian gold ; but the very son of Saturn and Rhea is brought down upon earth by Phidias, and ordered to preside over the Pææan deserts, and to think himself well off, if, at the Olympic games, once in † five years, any one, perchance, shall honour him with a sacrifice.

When the altars, and the edicts, and the lustral vases, are prepared, they bring the victim ; the husbandman his plough-ox, the shepherd his sheep, the goat-herd his goat ; some offer a cake, or a little incense ; and a very poor man, perhaps, appeases the deity only by kissing his hand. But, to return to the sacrificers ; they crown the animal with garlands, first taking care that it is whole and perfect, that nothing impure and unworthy should be offered up ;

† *Five years.*] The Olympic games, celebrated at Olympia, a city of Elis, in honour of Olympian Jupiter, returned every five years, because, according to Pausanias, the brothers, called the Idæi Dætyli, of whom Hercules, the founder of these games, was the elder, were five in number. They lasted also five days. For a full and comprehensive view of this subject, I would refer my readers to the late learned Mr. Gilbert West's Dissertation, subjoined to his excellent translation of Pindar.

they lead it then to the altar, and, in sight of the god, murder it; the creature making a melancholy noise, which they interpret as a lucky omen, and accompany the dying sounds with the flute: who can suppose but that the gods must be highly pleased with such a sight?

The edict sets forth, “ that none must dare to enter into the interior part of the temple with impure hands;” but the high-priest, himself, stands all over blood, like the * Cyclops, pulling out the heart and the entrails, † sprinkling the blood upon the altars, and performing every thing that is good and pious; then, lighting the fire, he places on it the goat with his skin, and the sheep with his wool on: then a holy fume, worthy of the deity, ascends, and penetrates into, and diffuses itself by degrees, all over heaven. The Scythian leaves all victims, which he thinks an ignoble sacrifice, and offers up men at the altar of Diana: and with this the goddess is well pleased.

* *The Cyclops.*] Polypheme. See Homer’s *Odyssey*, book xii.

† *Sprinkling the blood, &c.*] This part of the heathen sacrifice, we find practised by the Hebrews in the Mosaic dispensation. “ In the place where’ they kill the burnt-offering shall they kill the trespass-offering, and the blood thereof shall be sprinkled round about the altar.” *Levit.* vii.

These

These customs, perhaps, are not worse than what we meet with amongst the Phrygians, Lydians, and Assyrians. But if you go into Egypt you will see many things truly worthy of heaven and the gods: Jupiter with the face of a ram, the noble Mercury with that of a dog, Pan a goat all over; one in the shape of † ibis, another of a crocodile, another of an ape.

§ But, if still more it is thy wish to learn, there you will hear sophists, scribes, and prophets, with their heads shaved, who will tell you, (crying out beforehand, drive away the profane from these doors), that the gods, afraid of the rebellion of their enemies, the giants, fled into Ægypt; where, in hopes of being concealed, they took the shapes, one of a goat, another of a ram, every one, in short, that of some beast or bird; and that this was the cause of their appearing in such forms to this day. Thus has it been written above ten thousand years ago, in the inner* parts of the temples.

† *Ibis.*]

Crocodilon adorant

Pars hac, illa pariet saturam serpentibus Iberi.

For a full account of Ægyptian worship, I refer my readers to the *Mensa Isiaca* of Pignorius.

§ *But, if, &c.*] From a line in Homer.

With regard to the sacrifices amongst them, they are the same as the others, except that they stand round, and weep over the victim that is slain : others bury after they have destroyed it : but if Apis, the chief of their gods, dies, who is it that prizes their hair so much as not to cut it off immediately, and shew his naked grief upon his head, even if he had the purple locks of Nisus? Apis, you must know, is a god selected from the herd, voted so for his excellency, being handsomer and more venerable than the common oxen. These tales are believed by the multitude, who want only an Heraclitus, or Democritus ; one to laugh at their folly, the other to deplore their ignorance.

T H E

SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

A D I A L O G U E.

The Title of this Dialogue in the Original is Βίωσις Πεποις, which Translators have interpreted, VITARUM AUCTION, or, the AUCTION OF LIVES: but where there is no Bidding one upon another, we cannot, with any Propriety, call it an Auction: we have, indeed, no Authority to suppose the Ancients acquainted with this Method of selling Goods, at least, according to our modern Idea of it; I have therefore called it, what it certainly is, THE SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS, whom LUCIAN thinks proper to put up, as so many Slaves, in the Market-Place. The absurd Tenets, Modes, and Principles of every Sect are here exposed with infinite Humour. It may not be improper to observe, that throughout this Dialogue, by the Life of the Philosopher (a peculiar mode of Expression) is understood, the Philosopher himself.

J U P I T E R.

PREPARE the seats there, and get the place ready for the company; bring out the goods in order, but brush them up first, that they may appear handsome, and invite

customers to purchase them. You, Mercury, must be crier, and give notice to the buyers to assemble at the place of sale: we intend to sell philosophers of every sect and denomination whatsoever: if they cannot pay ready money for them, they may give security, and we will trust them till next year.

M E R C U R Y.

A large croud is already assembled: we must have no delay.

J U P I T E R.

Begin the sale then.

M E R C U R Y.

Who shall we put up first?

J U P I T E R.

This Ionian, with the * long hair; he seems to be a respectable personage.

M E R C U R Y.

You, Pythagoras, come down here, and shew yourself to the company.

J U P I T E R.

Now cry him.

M E R C U R Y.

Here, gentlemen, I present you with the best and most venerable of the whole profession.

* *Long hair.*] Pythagoras. Iamblichus calls him, Ὁ ἐν Ζαμῷ Κομῆτης, the Samian with the long hair. See also Diogenes Laertius.

Who

Who bids for him? Which of you wishes to be more than man? Which of you would be acquainted with the † harmony of the universe, and desire to live a second time in the world?

B I D D E R. .

The appearance of him is not amiss; but what is his principal skill in?

M E R C U R Y.

Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geome-

† *Harmony of the universe, &c.*] Pythagoras asserted that the world was made according to musical proportion; and that the seven planets, betwixt heaven and the earth, which govern the natiivities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and intervals correspondent to musical diatonics, rendering various sounds according to their several heights, so consonant as to make the sweetest melody, or what we call the harmony of the spheres. He likewise told us, which we may believe or not as we think proper, how many stadia there are betwixt the earth and every star; from the earth to the moon is 2600 stadia, and that distance, according to musical proportion, is a tone; from the moon to Mercury, half as much, or a hemitone; from thence to Phosphorus (the star Venus), another hemitone; from thence to the sun, a tone and a half; thus the sun is distant from the earth, three tones and a half, or diapente; from the moon, two and a half, or diatessaron; from the sun to Mars, one tone, from thence to Jupiter, a hemitone; from thence to the highest heaven, another hemitone; from heaven to the sun, diatessaron; and from heaven to the top of the earth, six tones, or a diapason concord: he referred, moreover, to other stars, many things which the ancient musicians treat of, and held that all the world was enharmonic. See Stanley's Life of Pythagoras.

try, music, enchantment : a tip top prophet, I assure you.

B I D D E R.

May I ask him a few questions ?

M E R C U R Y.

Ask him, and welcome.

B I D D E R.

What countryman are you ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

A Samian.

B I D D E R.

Where were you educated ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

In Ægypt, amongst the wise men there.

B I D D E R.

Well, and if I buy you, what will you teach me ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

I shall teach you nothing, but recall things to your memory.

B I D D E R.

How will you do that ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

By first purifying your soul, and washing away the unclean parts of it.

B I D D E R.

But suppose it is purified already, how are you to recall the memory ?

P Y.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

First by long repose, silence, and saying nothing for * five whole years.

B I D D E R.

This may be good instruction for the † son of Cræsus; but I want to talk, and not to be a statue. And, after this five years silence, what is to be done next ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

You will be exercised in music and geometry.

B I D D E R.

An excellent method, indeed; so we must

* *For five whole years.*] The injunction of five years silence, said to be laid by Pythagoras on all his disciples, probably meant no more, than a prohibition from attempting to teach or instruct others, till they had spent that portion of time in fully acquainting themselves with every part of his doctrine: an injunction very proper in every age, and which would not be unserviceable in our own, by preventing many of our raw young divines from exposing themselves in the pulpit, before they have read their Greek Testament.

† *Son of Cræsus.*] This alludes to the following story. The son of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who was born dumb, and had continued so to the age of maturity, attending his father to battle, saw a soldier, in the heat of the engagement, lifting up his sword over the head of Cræsus; the apprehension of a father's imminent danger worked so powerfully on the mind of an affectionate child as on a sudden to loosen his tongue, which had been tied up for so many years, and he cried out immediately, "Soldier, do not kill Cræsus."

be

be fidlers first before we can be wise men.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Then you must learn figures.

B I D D E R.

I can count already.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

How do you count ?

B I D D E R.

One, two, three, four —

P Y T H A G O R A S.

There now ; you see : what you call * four are ten, the perfect triangle, and our great oath.

B I D D E R.

Now, by the great oath, the holy four,

* *Four are ten.*] i. e. 1, 2, 3, 4, make up ten.—The Pythagoreans, seeing they could not express incorporeal forms and first principles, had recourse to numbers. Four, or the tetrad, was esteemed the most perfect number, the primary and primogeneous, which they called the root of all things. Ten is the tetractys, or great number, comprehending all arithmetical and harmonical proportion. All nations, Greeks and Barbarians, reckon to that, and no farther. Now the tetrad is the power of the decad, for before we arrive at the perfection of the decad, we find an united perfection in the tetrad, the decad being made up by addition of 1, 2, 3, 4. See Stanley's History of Philosophy, p. 381.

This whimsical kind of reasoning, as practised by the Pythagoreans, was a fine fund of ridicule for the laughing Lucian.

never

PHILOSOPHERS. 411

never did I hear such sacred and divine discourse.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

After this, stranger, I will instruct thee concerning the earth, and the water, and the fire, what their action is, what their body, and how they are moved.

B I D D E R.

Have fire, air, and water, a shape then?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Most manifestly; for without form or body how could they be moved? hence you will learn that god himself is number and harmony.

B I D D E R.

Wonderful, indeed!

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Besides this, I shall convince you, that you yourself, a seeming individual, appear to be one, and in reality are another.

B I D D E R.

How say you? that I, who now converse with you, am not myself, but another?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

At present you are here, but formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name, and, hereafter, you shall be changed into a different person.

B I D-

THE SALE OF
B I D D E R.

Sayest thou that I shall be immortal, and put on different forms? but enough of this. How are you with regard to diet?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

I eat no animal food; but abstain from nothing else, except BEANS.

B I D D E R.

And why do you hate beans?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

They are sacred, and their nature is marvellous: in the first place, they are all over genitals: take a young bean, and strip the skin off, and you will find it an exact representation of the virile member and its appurtenances. Moreover, if you leave it in the open air for a certain number of moonlight nights, it will turn to blood. And what is more, the * Athenian law enjoins that their magistrates shall be chosen by a ballot of beans.

* *The Athenian law.*] The most ancient way of determining matters in courts of justice was by black and white sea-shells; they afterwards used pellets of brass, which were at length exchanged for black and white beans, a mode of balloting which we have ourselves adopted. Lucian, after mentioning other superstitious notions of the Pythagoreans with respect to beans, humorously introduces this, which he supposes might be just as good a reason for abstaining from beans as any of the rest.

B I D-

PHILOSOPHERS. 413

B I D D E R.

Wonderful is all thou hast said, and worthy of a sacred character: but strip, for I must see you naked. O Hercules! he has got a† golden thigh: surely he is no mortal, but a ‡ god. I must buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

M E R C U R Y.

Ten minæ.

B I D D E R.

I will give it: he is mine.

J U P I T E R.

Write down the buyer's name, and whence he comes.

M E R C U R Y.

He seems to be an Italian, and one of those who inhabit that part of Greece which lies round about Croton and Tarentum: the truth is, he is not bought by one, but by three or four hundred of them, who are to possess him in common.

† *A golden thigh.*] The story of the golden thigh is mentioned by Porphyry, Iamblichus, and several other writers. Origen alone has turned the golden into an ivory one.

‡ *But a god.*] Alluding to the last of what are generally called the Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

Εσσιαι αθανατος Θιος ανθρωπος. ουκ εστι θνητος.

Thou shalt not be a mortal, but a god.

J U.

J U P I T E R.

Well, let them take him away: bring out another.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have that dirty fellow, from Pontus?

J U P I T E R.

By all means.

M E R C U R Y.

Hark ye! you round-shoulders, with the fatchel on your back, come this way, and walk round the bench. Here is a character for you, gentlemen, manly, noble, free: who bids here?

B I D D E R.

What is that you say, cryer? sell a freeman!

M E R C U R Y.

Yes.

B I D D E R.

And are not you afraid he should summon you to the Arcopagus for making him a slave?

M E R C U R Y.

He never minds being sold; for he thinks himself free in every place.

B I D D E R.

But what use can I make of such a dirty ill-looking fellow! unless I wanted a digger, or a water-carrier.

M E R C U R Y.

O he is fitter for a porter at your door; you
will

will find him faithful as a dog; * a dog, indeed, he is called.

B I D D E R.

What sort of a fellow is he; and what does he profess himself?

M E R C U R Y.

Ask him, that is the best way.

B I D D E R.

I am afraid, by his fierce surly countenance, that he will bark at me when I come near him, or perhaps bite: do not you see how he takes up his staff, knits his brow, and looks angry and threatening?

M E R C U R Y.

Do not be afraid of him, he is quite tame.

B I D D E R.

In the first place, then, good man, of what country are you?

D I O G E N E S.

Of all countries.

B I D D E R.

How is that?

D I O G E N E S.

I am a citizen of the world.

B I D D E R.

Who are you a follower of?

* *A dog, indeed.*] For the appellation I refer the reader to a former note. Lucian's account of the Cynic philosopher is excellent.

Hercules.

B I D D E R.

I see you resemble him by the club; have you got the lion's skin too?

DIOGENES.

My lion's skin is this old cloak: I wage war, like him, against pleasures, not, indeed, by * command, but of my own free will, appointed to reform the world.

B I D D E R.

A noble design: but what is your art, and in what does your principal knowledge consist?

DIOGENES.

I am the deliverer of mankind, the physician of the passions, the prophet of universal truth and liberty.

B I D D E R.

Well, Mr. prophet, if I buy you, in what manner will you instruct me?

DIOGENES.

I shall take you first, strip you of all your finery, put you on an old cloak, keep you poor, make you work hard, lie upon the ground, drink water, and take what food you can get: if you have any riches, at my com-

* *By command.*] The labours of Hercules were all performed by command of Eurystheus, at the instigation of Juno.

mand you must throw them into the sea: wife, children, and country you must take no notice of, deeming them all trifles: you must leave your father's house, and live in a sepulchre, some deserted tower, or a tub. Your scrip, however, shall be full of lupines, and parchments, scrawled over * on the outside. In this condition you shall say you are happier than the † great king. If any body beats or torments you, you shall think it no hardship, nor complain of it.

B I D D E R.

How! not complain when I am beaten: I have not the shell of a crab or a tortoise.

D I O G E N E S.

You shall say, with a very little alteration, what Euripides did.

B I D D E R.

What's that?

* *On the outside.*] People of fashion never wrote but on the inside of the parchment, though the poorer sort made use of the outside also. Juvenal alludes to this in his first Satire,

Scriptus et in tergo, &c.

† *The great king.*] The king of Persia,

Μηγας δε βασιλευς ουχι δια τετον κομα;

Aristophanes in his *Plutus*, ver. 170.

So Horace also,

Perfarum vigui rege beator.

‡ My mind is hurt, but my tongue shall not complain. But now, mind how you are to behave: you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to every body, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanor suitable to it: every thing you say savage and uncouth: modesty, equity, and moderation you must have nothing to do with: never suffer a blush to come upon your cheek: seek the most public and frequented place; but when you are there desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire. Do that boldly, before every body, which nobody else would do even in § private, and let your amours be as ridiculous as possible: at length, if you chuse it, you may die with eating a raw || polypus, or an onion.

‡ *My mind, &c.*] See the Hippolytus of Euripides, v. 612.

§ *In private.*] Quid ego de Cynicis loquar? says Lactantius, quibus in propatulo coire cum conjugibus mos fuit? Sic Crates cum uxore palam in pocile rem habuit.

|| *A raw polypus.*] Alluding to the death of Democritus, who,

union. And this felicity I heartily wish you may attain to.

B I D D E R.

Away with thee : thy tenets are filthy, and abhorrent to humanity.

D I O G E N E S.

But hark ye, friend, after all, mine is the easiest way, and you may go it without any trouble : it is a short cut to glory ; you will want no education, learning, or trifles of that sort : be you ever so ignorant, a cobbler, a sausage-monger, a blacksmith, or a futler, you will not be a whit the less admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuse.

B I D D E R.

I want you not for such things : you may serve, however, by and by, for a sailor, or a gardener, if he will sell you for two oboli.

M E R C U R Y.

Aye, aye, take him ; for he is so troublesome, makes such a noise, and is so abusive and insolent to every body, that we shall be glad to get rid of him..

who, some say, died in this manner. Laertius, however, assures us, that he lived to the age of a hundred, and died of old age.

J U P I T E R.

Come, call up another: let us have that Cyrenian there, in purple, with the garland on.

M E R C U R Y.

Now, gentlemen, draw near: this a valuable commodity, indeed, and demands a rich purchaser. The sweet, the lovely, the thrice happy: which of you longs for pleasure? Which of you buys my most * delicate of all philosophers?

B I D D E R.

Come this way, you, and tell me what you know; I will buy you if you are good for any thing.

M E R C U R Y.

Do not disturb him, friend, nor ask him any questions; for he is so tipsy, and his tongue falters so, he cannot answer you.

B I D D E R.

What man in his senses then would buy such a debauched good-for-nothing fellow! How he smells of ointment! staggers as he walks,

* *Most delicate, &c.*] Aristippus (see Stanley), chief of the Cyrenaic sect of philosophers: he leaned to the doctrine of Epicurus, and, from what we can gather concerning him, was rather of base principles. Pope, however, has put him into better company than Lucian, if now alive, would probably think him fit for,

— Like Aristippus, or St. Paul,
— Grow all to all.

and

and goes all a-wry ! but tell me yourself, Mercury, what is he good for ?

M E R C U R Y.

To sum up his character, he is a boon companion, and an excellent toper ; very fit, in company with a fidler, to wait upon a luxurious and intriguing master ; an expert cook, extremely knowing in dainties, and, in short, a perfect master in the science of luxury. He was brought up, and served under the tyrants of Sicily, with whom he was in high esteem : the whole of his philosophy consists in treating every thing with indifference, enjoying as much as he can, and industriously searching after pleasure wherever it can be met with.

B I D D E N.

You must look for another buyer amongst the rich and great ; I cannot afford to purchase such a very merry companion.

M E R C U R Y.

I fancy, Jupiter, he must stay with us, for nobody will buy him.

J U P I T E R.

Let him stand on one side. Bring out another, or let us have those * two, one from Abdera, that is always laughing, the other from Ephe-

* Two.] Democritus and Heraclitus.

fus, that is for ever crying : we will sell them both together.

M E R C U R Y.

Come down, you, and stand here in the middle. Take notice, gentlemen, I am putting up two of the best and wisest philosophers in the world.

B I D D E R.

O Jupiter ! what a contrast ! one never ceases laughing, the other seems to lament the loss of somebody ; for he is weeping perpetually. Hark ye, you, what do you laugh at ?

D E M O C R I T U S.

Can you ask me ? Every thing you have is ridiculous, and you yourselves as ridiculous.

B I D D E R.

Sayest thou so ? You laugh at us all then, and think every thing we have is of no value !

D E M O C R I T U S.

Most certainly : there is nothing serious in them : all is vanity : the sport of atoms : all infinite, all undefinable.

B I D D E R.

No such thing : you are vain indeed, and undefineable yourself. What insolence ! you will never have done laughing.—But now to you, friend, for you I had rather talk with : what is it you cry for ?

H E R A-

HERACLITUS.

Stranger, I think all the affairs of men deserve our lamentation and our tears, nor is there any thing belonging to them that is not doomed to misery; therefore do I weep and lament. The present evil I hold not so great, but those to come are terrible indeed: the burning and total destruction of all things. I lament that nothing is firm and permanent, but all mixed, as it were, into one bitter potion, * painful pleasure, ignorant knowledge, great is small, and high is low, for ever turning about and changing in the childhood of human life.

BIDDER.

What then would you call life?

HERACLITUS.

A child playing, throwing marbles about, and quarrelling.

BIDDER.

What are men?

HERACLITUS.

Mortal gods.

* *Painful pleasure.*] Τερψις ἀτελέη. The followers of Heraclitus talked also of καιρός ἀκαιρός, ἀσοφὸς σοφία, ἀσέλης νοεσία, with a hundred other quaintnesses of the same kind, merely to puzzle and perplex. Hippocrates, in his treatise De Diæta, gives a particular account of Heraclitus's philosophy, to which I refer my readers.

B I D D E R.

And what the gods?

H E R A C L I T U S.

Immortal men.

B I D D E R.

You talk in riddles and † *griphi*, friend;
like the Loxian Apollo, you speak nothing
clear or intelligible.

H E R A C L I T U S.

I trouble not my head about you.

B I D D E R.

Nobody, therefore, in their senses will pur-
chase you.

H E R A C L I T U S.

I command you all to weep, buyers or no
buyers, great and small, one with another.

B I D D E R.

This borders upon melancholy madness. I
will have nothing to do with either of them.

M E R C U R Y.

Neither of these, then, will go off, I find.

J U P I T E R.

Put up another.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have the Athenian? the prating
man?

† *Griphi*.] The *griphi* were not very different from our
riddles and conundrums, though they required, perhaps, a
little more learning to unravel them. See Athenæus, book x.

J U P I.

JUPITER.

Aye.

MERCURY.

Come hither, you Sir: here, gentlemen, is the good, the prudent, the most holy: who bids for him?

BIDDERS.

Tell me, Sir, what are your perfections?

SOCRATES.

I am fond of boys, and a great proficient in the art of love.

BIDDERS.

Then I must not buy you, for I wanted a tutor for my child, who is very handsome.

SOCRATES.

And who is fitter than myself to take care of a beautiful youth? I am no lover of the body; it is the beauty of the soul that I admire: be not alarmed, though they lie under the same * covering with me, they will tell you I never hurt them.

* *The same covering.*] The story, here alluded to, is told at large by Alcibiades, in the Symposium of Plato, to which I refer the curious reader. Lucian is not the only writer who has attacked the character of Socrates with regard to his pæderasty. The silence, however, of contemporary authors on this head, particularly Aristophanes, who treated him so severely in other respects, seems to exculpate him from any crime of this nature.

BID.

B I D D E R.

A lover of boys, and think of nothing but their minds ! under the same covering too. It is rather incredible.

S O C R A T E S.

By the † dog and plane-tree, but it is so.

B I D D E R.

O Hercules ! what strange kind of gods to swear by !

S O C R A T E S.

How ! is not the dog a god ? Knowest thou not how great Anubis is in Ægypt, and Sirius in heaven, and Cerberus in hell ?

B I D D E R.

You are right ; I was mistaken : but what is your manner of living ?

S O C R A T E S.

I live in a certain city, which I built myself, in a new * republic, and abide by my own laws.

B I D-

† *By the dog.*] That is, by Cerberus ; this is called *Ῥαδάμανθινος ὀρκος*, the oath of Rhadamanthus, who, it seems, made a law that his subjects should swear thus (for a very good reason), *ὕπὲρ τοῦ μή τις θεὸς ἐπὶ παντὶ ὀνομαζῇ*, that they might not make use of the names of the gods on every trifling occasion : Socrates, therefore, did it conscientiously, and with a pious intention. Lucian's making him swear this strange oath puts us in mind of Bobadil's swearing by the foot of Pharaoh, &c.

* *A republic.*] Alluding to Plato's famous tract *De Republica*. My readers will observe, that this account of Socrates

B I D D E R.

I should be glad to hear one of them.

S O C R A T E S.

I will tell you one that I made, the greatest of them all, concerning women: it is enacted, that none shall be the property of any particular person; but that as many as please may come in for a share of her after marriage.

B I D D E R.

How is that! annul the laws against adultery!

S O C R A T E S.

Aye, by Jove, and put an end at once to all the idle talk about such trifles.

B I D D E R.

And what have you decreed with regard to boys in the flower of their youth?

S O C R A T E S.

These are reserved for the good and brave, as their reward after any noble and great action.

B I D D E R.

What amazing generosity! But what is your great discovery, the crown, as it were, of your wisdom?

S O C R A T E S.

The ideas and resemblances of things: for know, of whatever thou beholdest, the earth, and all belonging to it, heaven, and the sea on

crates is meant by Lucian as a ridicule on every part of the Platonic philosophy.

the

the outside of this world, there are certain invisible images.

B I D D E R.

And where are they?

S O C R A T E S.

No where; * if they could be in any place, they would not be at all.

B I D D E R.

I see no such images as you talk of.

S O C R A T E S.

And no wonder; for the eyes of your soul are blinded: but I see the images of all things: I see another body of thine, not visible to the corporeal eye, and another of myself: every thing, in short, is double.

B I D D E R.

You are so wise, and so sharp-sighted, I must purchase you—What do you ask for him?

M E R C U R Y.

You must give me two talents.

B I D D E R.

I take him at that price. I will pay you the money presently.

* *If they could, &c.*] See Stanley's Plato. The Platonic doctrine of ideas is, to say the truth, very obscure and unintelligible, as may be seen by consulting the works of that philosopher, and Lucian has accordingly represented it in the most ridiculous light.

MERCURY.

What is your name?

BIDDER.

† Dion of Syracuse.

MERCURY.

Take him away, and speed you well with him. Now, Epicurus, I must call you. Who buys him? This, gentlemen, is a ‡ disciple of the laughing philosopher, and the drunken one, whom I just now put up to sale: he has the advantage of them both in one thing, that he has more wickedness in him. Moreover, he is very good-natured, and a great lover of eating.

BIDDER.

What is the price of him?

MERCURY.

Two minæ.

BIDDER.

Take them: but tell me what food is he most fond of?

MERCURY.

He lives upon sweet things, such as have the taste of honey, particularly, figs.

† *Dion of Syracuse.*] See Cornelius Nepos's *Life of Dion*. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Plato was sold in Sicily for twenty minæ. Book xv. p. 461.

‡ *A disciple, &c.*] Epicurus is called a disciple of Democritus, because he adopted his theory of atoms; and of Aristippus also, because his ideas of sensual pleasure were supposed to coincide, in a great measure, with those of that celebrated philosopher.

B I D D E R.

They are easily procured: I will buy him a load of—good * Carians.

J U P I T E R.

Call another: him yonder, with the bald pate and sorrowful countenance, from the Portico.

M E R C U R Y.

Well thought on: for a number of people are got, I see, about the market-place, in expectation of him. I am now, gentlemen, going to sell the most perfect of all men, virtue itself: which amongst you is desirous of engrossing all knowledge?

B I D D E R.

What sayest thou?

M E R C U R Y.

He alone is wise, he alone is beautiful, just, brave, a rhetorician, a legislator, a monarch, and what not?

B I D D E R.

An excellent cook too, I suppose, a cobbler, a smith, and so forth.

M E R C U R Y.

So it seems.

* *Carians.*] i. e. Carian figs: the best figs came from Rhodes; those of Caria were an inferior sort, and generally given to slaves, and for this reason, as being cheaper, they are preferred by the purchaser of Epicurus, for whom he thinks they would be good enough.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

Come this way, friend, and tell me, for I am going to buy you, what sort of a man you are : and first of all, inform me, whether you are not sadly chagrined at being sold thus for a slave.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Not at all : these things are not in our own power, and what is not in our power should be indifferent to us.

B I D D E R.

I do not understand you.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Not understand me ? do not you know that some things are † preferable and others rejectable ?

B I D D E R.

Still unintelligible.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

May be so : you are not accustomed to our terms, nor have the faculty of cataleptic perception ; but the learned, who understand the

† *Preferable.*] See Stanley's account of the Stoics. It would take up more time than either I or my readers have to spare, to explain all the tenets and opinions here alluded to. I must refer the curious, therefore, to Diog. Laertius, Cicero De Finibus, and, above all, to the excellent Stanley's History of Philosophers, and shall never enter into a full explanation of the terms but when it is absolutely necessary.

rationale of things, not only know this, but can tell the difference between the symbama and parasymbama.

B I D D E R.

Symbama and parasymbama! in the name of philosophy, I intreat thee let me know the meaning of them: for I know not how it is, but the harmony of these words strikes my ear most surprisngly: do not refuse me.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

I will not: suppose a man that is lame hits his lame foot against a stone, and is suddenly wounded, now the lameness which he had before was symbama, or the accident; and the wound which he got over and above is the parasymbama, or accident upon accident.

B I D D E R.

How ingenious! What else are you famous for?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Word-nets, which I catch every body in that talks to me: I hedge them in, and dumbfound them immediately; and this I do by my renowned syllogism.

B I D D E R.

A most powerful and invincible faculty indeed!

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Observe now: suppose you have a little boy.

B I D.

B I D D E R.

Well, what then ?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

If by chance, as he is rambling by the river side a * crocodile should seize upon him, and promise afterwards to restore the child to you, on condition that you tell him truly whether he had determined at that time, in his own mind to restore him or not : what would you say was the crocodile's resolution ?

B I D D E R.

You have asked me a question not easy to be resolved, nor can I possibly answer it. I beseech you answer it yourself ; lest, before I am able to do it, my boy should be devoured.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Never fear : I will teach you more wonderful things than this.

B I D D E R.

What are they ?

* *A crocodile.*] This species of argumentation, quibble, quiddity, or whatever we may chuse to call it, takes its name, like the rest, from a ridiculous and improbable circumstance, invented for the purpose, and is amongst those absurdities, the bare mention of which, without any remark or illustration, renders it sufficiently ridiculous.

CHRYSIPPUS.

* The reaper, the ruler, the Electra, and the mask.

BIDDER.

What do you mean by the mask, and the Electra?

CHRYSIPPUS.

I mean Electra, the famous daughter of Agamemnon; who knew something, and at the same time knew it not. When Orestes stood before her undiscovered, she knew Orestes was her brother, but she knew not that he who stood before her was Orestes.

* *The reaper, &c.*] “Sophismatis hujus (says the famous annotator M. du S.) inveniunt alii antiqui scriptores, nemo autem exemplum affert unde certo quid fuerit, constet:” and a little after, speaking of the ruler, “hujus, says he, Diog. Laert. oblitus videtur, nec quid sit, conjectura assequi possum.” M. du S. we see fairly, acknowledges, with regard to both the reaper and the ruler, that he cannot tell what they were, nor does he know how to explain them. It is a task, therefore, which I shall not presume to undertake: though, by raking painfully into the dust of antiquity, all these strange riddles might probably be solved: but the reader, I hope, will think with me, that, “il ne vaut pas la peine.” Chrysippus and his followers had, we are told, a great many more of these pretty sophisms of different appellations, such as the Sorites, Achilles, Cornuta, Nemo, and several others, equally ridiculous with those which Lucian laughs at: these were adopted and improved upon by our schoolmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

But

But now you shall hear the mask, that most admirable of all syllogisms. Answer me, now, do you know your own father ?

B I D D E R.

Aye, sure.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Suppose then a man standing before you masked, and I ask you, do you know this man ? What would you say ?

B I D D E R.

Certainly : that I did not know him.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And yet that very man was your father : if you did not know him, therefore, it is plain you do not know your own father.

B I D D E R.

True ; but if he was unmasked, I should know him well enough. But, inform me ; what is the end of all your wisdom, and when you are arrived at the perfection of virtue, how will you act ?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Follow nature, and enjoy her blessings, as riches, health, and so forth : but first we must labour hard, pore over small written manuscripts, collect commentaries, abound in * sole-

* *Solecisms.*] See Watts's Logic.

cisms and obscurity; and, to crown all, you can never be a wise man without taking three draughts of hellebore.

B I D D E N.

All this is noble, and worthy of a man; but, tell me, to be a usurer (for so you seem to intimate), does that too become the man who is purged with hellebore, and arrived at the perfection of virtue?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Most certainly: only the wise should be usurers: for to † syllogize, you know, and to scrape together is the same thing; moreover, it becomes the wise man, not only to take interest, but interest upon interest: for knowest thou not that there is a first usury, and likewise a second usury, the daughter of it? you see, therefore, what the ‡ syllogism says, if the wise man may take the first usury, he may take the

† *To syllogize, &c.*] The wit of this depends on the similarity of sound between two Greek words of different significations: but puns, as Addison observes, are untranslatable.

‡ *The syllogism.*] Lucian's observation here is no less arch than true, and in ridicule of the ancient philosophers, tends to shew, that by puzzling syllogism, and false reasoning, men may prove any thing; and not only this, but immediately after, by the same method, prove the direct contrary, as appears in the example of the stone which follows.

second;

second; now he does take the first, ergo, he may take the second.

B I D D E R.

We may say the same thing then with regard to the stipend you receive from your pupils, whence it plainly appears, that none but good men take a reward for teaching virtue.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

You are perfectly right; nor do I take it for my own sake, but for the sake of him that gives it to me; for as one man must be the pourer in, the other the pourer out, is it proper I should be the former, and my disciple the latter.

B I D D E R.

I thought you said just the contrary: that the young man took every thing in, and that you, who alone are rich, were the pourer out.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

You make a jest of it: but take care I do not shoot at you with my * indemonstrable syllogism.

B I D D E R.

And what am I to fear from that arrow?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Eternal doubt, everlasting silence, and total distraction of mind. This moment, for in-

* *Indemonstrable.*] See Diogen. Laert.

stance, if I have a mind, I can prove you to be a stone.

B I D D E R.

Into a stone, say you? You are a † Perseus then, it seems.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Thus, then, I proceed : is a stone a body ?

B I D D E R.

Certainly.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And what is an animal, is not that a body ?

B I D D E R.

No doubt of it.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And are not you an animal ?

B I D D E R.

So it seems.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

If you are a body, therefore, you must be a stone.

B I D D E R.

By no means : but for heaven's sake set me free, and make me a man again, as I was before.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

So I will, with all the ease in the world : answer me now, is every body an animal ?

† *A Perseus.*] Alluding to the well-known story of the Gorgon's head, which turned the beholder into stone.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

No.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Is it stone an animal?

B I D D E R.

No.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Are you a body?

B I D D E R.

Certainly.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Being a body, you are an animal!

B I D D E R.

True. /

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Being an animal, therefore, you cannot be a stone.

B I D D E R.

Very well done, indeed; the vital spirit was just departing, and my limbs, like Niobe's, began to petrify. I will buy you, however: what is the price of him?

M E R C U R Y.

Twelve minæ.

B I D D E R.

Here, take the money.

M E R C U R Y.

Do you purchase him for yourself only?

B I D D E R.

No: for all these that you see here.

MERCURY.

A fine number of them, indeed, rare broad-shouldered fellows, and fit for * reapers.

JUPITER.

Come, let us have no delays; call out another.

MERCURY.

Come forth, you † Peripatetic there, the beautiful, the rich: now, gentlemen, who buys my wisest of all philosophers, skilled in every science.

BIDDER.

What is he famous for?

MERCURY.

Temperance, justice, knowledge of life, and, above all, for his * double character.

BIDDER.

What do you mean?

* *For reapers.*] Τὸ θειζόντος λόγῳ ἀξιοί, says Lucian, i. e. digni qui collegant manipulas, aut opus agris faciunt: proper fellows for reapers, alluding to the sophism above mentioned, called by that name.

† *Peripatetic.*] Aristotle.

* *Double character.*] Alluding to Aristotle's τῆς λόγου ἐσωτερικῆς τῆς διαλεκτικῆς ἐξωτερικῆς τῆς ῥητορικῆς, the doctrine of Aristotle, we are told, was of two kinds, exoteric, andacroatic: under the first were ranked rhetoric, meditation, nice disputes on the knowledge of civil things; under the other, the more remote and subtle philosophy, the contemplation of nature, and dialective disceptations. See Stanley's Life of Aristotle.

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M E R C U R Y.

He appears one thing without, and another within ; remember, therefore, before you purchase him, some call him esoteric, and some exoteric.

B I D D E R.

What are his principal tenets ?

M E R C U R Y.

That the † *summum bonum* consists in three things, in the soul, in the body, and in externals.

B I D D E R.

He seems to have great knowledge of mankind. What do you ask for him ?

M E R C U R Y.

Twenty minæ.

B I D D E R.

A great price !

M E R C U R Y.

By no means, friend ; for he seems to have something rich about him, so that you would be no loser by the purchase : besides, he can tell you how long a flea lives, to what depth the sea is lighted by the sun, and what sort of foul oysters have.

† *Summum bonum.*] Aristotle held that the *summum bonum*, or greatest possible beatitude, consisted in the function of perfect life, according to virtue ; and the use of virtue, according to nature, without any impediment.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

O Hercules ! what a curious discussion !

M E R C U R Y.

What would you say if you were to hear his infinitely more subtle discoveries concerning feed, and generation, and the formation of embryos in the womb ; and how man is a risible animal, and an ass neither a risible animal, nor a building, nor a sailing one.

B I D D E R.

Most wonderful doctrines, indeed, and amazingly useful ! I will give you twenty for him.

M E R C U R Y.

Very well. Who have we left ? O, this Sceptic, you * Pyrrhia there, stand forth, that you may be sold immediately : numbers are going away, I see, and the sale must be amongst a very few. Now, gentlemen, who buys him ?

B I D D E R.

I will : but first tell me, you, what do you know ?

† P H I L O S O P H E R.

Nothing.

B I D-

* *Pyrrhia.*] Meaning Pyrrho, the famous sceptic ; as he is putting up to sale, he calls him Pyrrhia, the name of a slave.

† *Philosopher.*] As nothing remains in the original but the initial letters ΦΙΛ. the commentators are in doubt whether

B I D D E R.

What do you mean?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That nothing appears to me to be certain.

B I D D E R.

And are we nothing ourselves?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That I am not certain of.

B I D D E R.

And do you know yourself to be nothing?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That I am still more in doubt about.

B I D D E R.

Strange perplexity! but what are those scales for?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

In them I weigh the reasons on each side, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing.

B I D D E R.

And can you do any thing else well?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Every thing, but overtake a fugitive.

whether Lucian meant the contraction Phil. for Philosopher, or the famous sceptic Philo. I have preferred the former, because Pyrrho, the founder, had been mentioned before, and Lucian did not mean to change the person, but only to call him by the general name of philosopher; it is a matter, however, of no great consequence which name we call him by.

B I D.

B I D D E R.

And why not that ?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Because, friend, I cannot * apprehend him.

B I D D E R.

I believe you, for you seem very lazy, and very ignorant : but what is the sum of all your knowlege ?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

To learn nothing, to hear nothing, and to see nothing.

B I D D E R.

And so, you say, you are deaf and blind.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Aye, and, moreover, without sense or judgment, and in nothing differing from a mere worm.

B I D D E R.

With all these good qualities, I shall certainly buy you : what do you think him worth ?

M E R C U R Y.

An Attic mina.

* *Apprehend him.*] ε καταλαμβάνειν. “Καταλαμβάνειν, says a learned commentator, ad intellectus facultatem creberime referunt Sceptici, negantque aliquid a se COMPREHENDI.” The word apprehend, luckily answers exactly to the original in its double sense.

B I D.

B I D D E R.

There it is: what say you, friend, have I
† bought you?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That remains a doubt.

B I D D E R.

By no means, for I have bought and paid
for you.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That I must consider on, and call in ques-
tion.

B I D D E R.

Follow me, however, as a servant ought.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Who knows whether you speak truth or
not?

B I D D E R.

The crier there, my money, and every body
here present.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

And are there any present?

B I D D E R.

I shall throw you into the * mill, and con-

† *Have I bought you.*] The Sceptic's doubting, after
all, whether he was bought or not, and whether any body
was present, are fine strokes of true humour. The whole
satire on the absurdity of universal Scepticism, is, indeed,
inimitable.

* *The mill.*] This was a common punishment, both
amongst the Greeks and Romans. Terence always sends
his slaves ad pistrinum.

vince

vince you that I am your master, by † chirology.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Of that I beg leave to doubt.

B I D D E R.

By heaven, but I have determined it already.

M E R C U R Y.

Cease contradicting, and follow your master. I invite you all here, gentlemen, tomorrow, when I shall sell you some common people, lawyers, mechanics, and so forth.

† *Chirolology*.] The critics explain this passage, by telling us that the *κρείττω λόγος*, or best kind of argument, was that which, by dint of sophisms, could make the weaker cause appear the strongest; and, on the contrary, the *πτω*, or *χειρῶ λόγος*, was the worst, or weakest kind of argument, which made even a good and just cause appear to be a bad and unjust one: and this is the argument by which the buyer was to convince the philosopher that he was in the wrong. Lucian, however, seems to me, in this place, though it is not suggested by any of his commentators, to play upon the word *χειρῶ*, and to intimate that the philosopher should be convinced by the hand argument (in the same manner as we say *argumentum baculinum*), or a good beating, which I have ventured to render by the word *chirology*, which may be applied to both meanings.

